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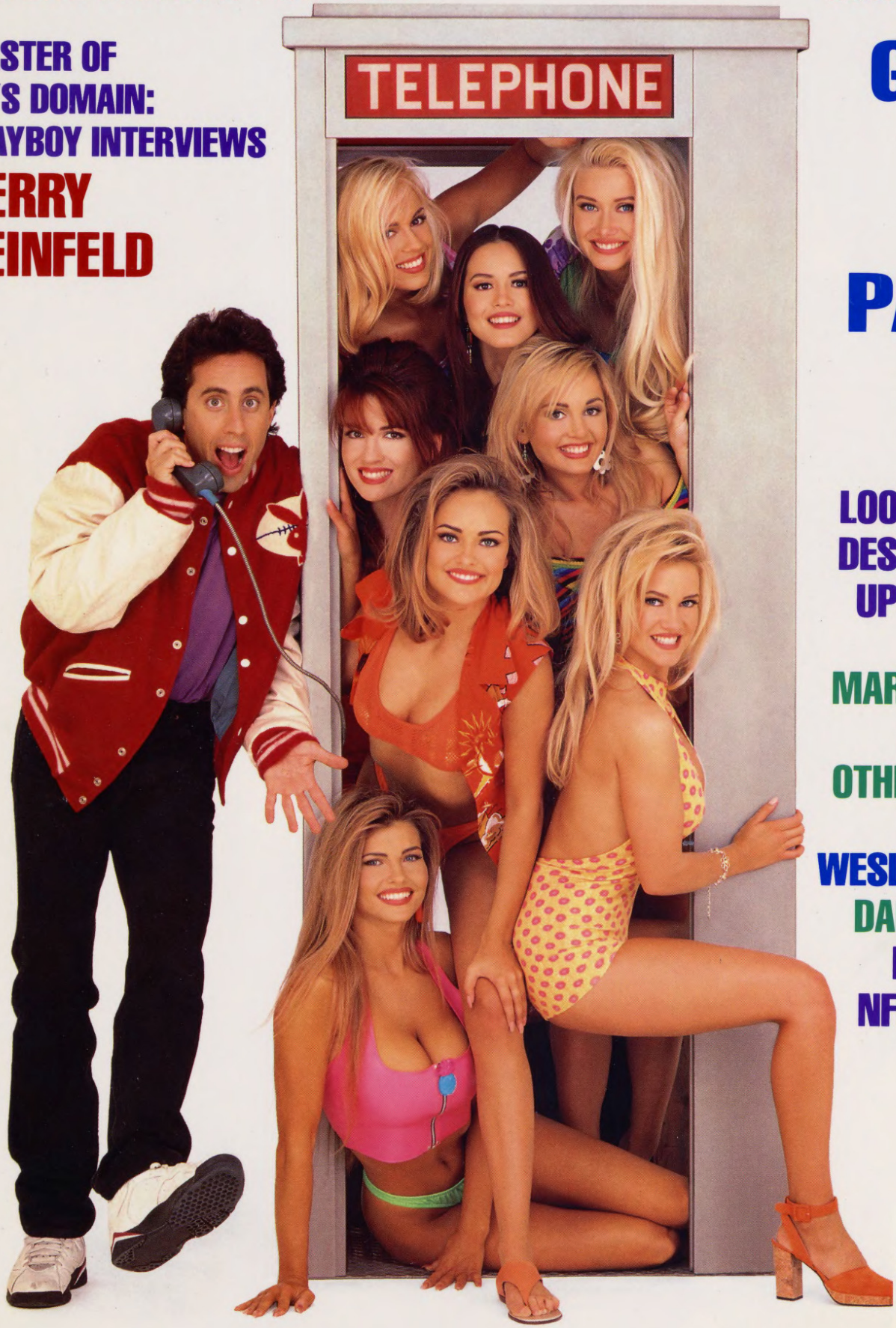

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

RHONDA SHEAR LOOKING GOOD DESPITE BEING UP ALL NIGHT

MARRIED GUYS AND THEIR OTHER WOMEN

WESLEY SNIPES

DAN JENKINS

PLAYBOY'S NFL PREVIEW

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Stereo Review, November 1992

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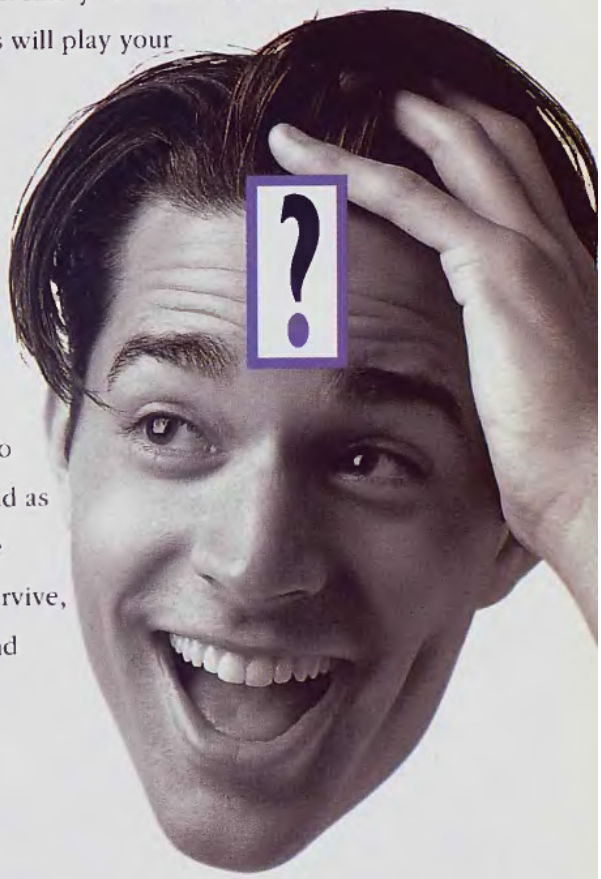

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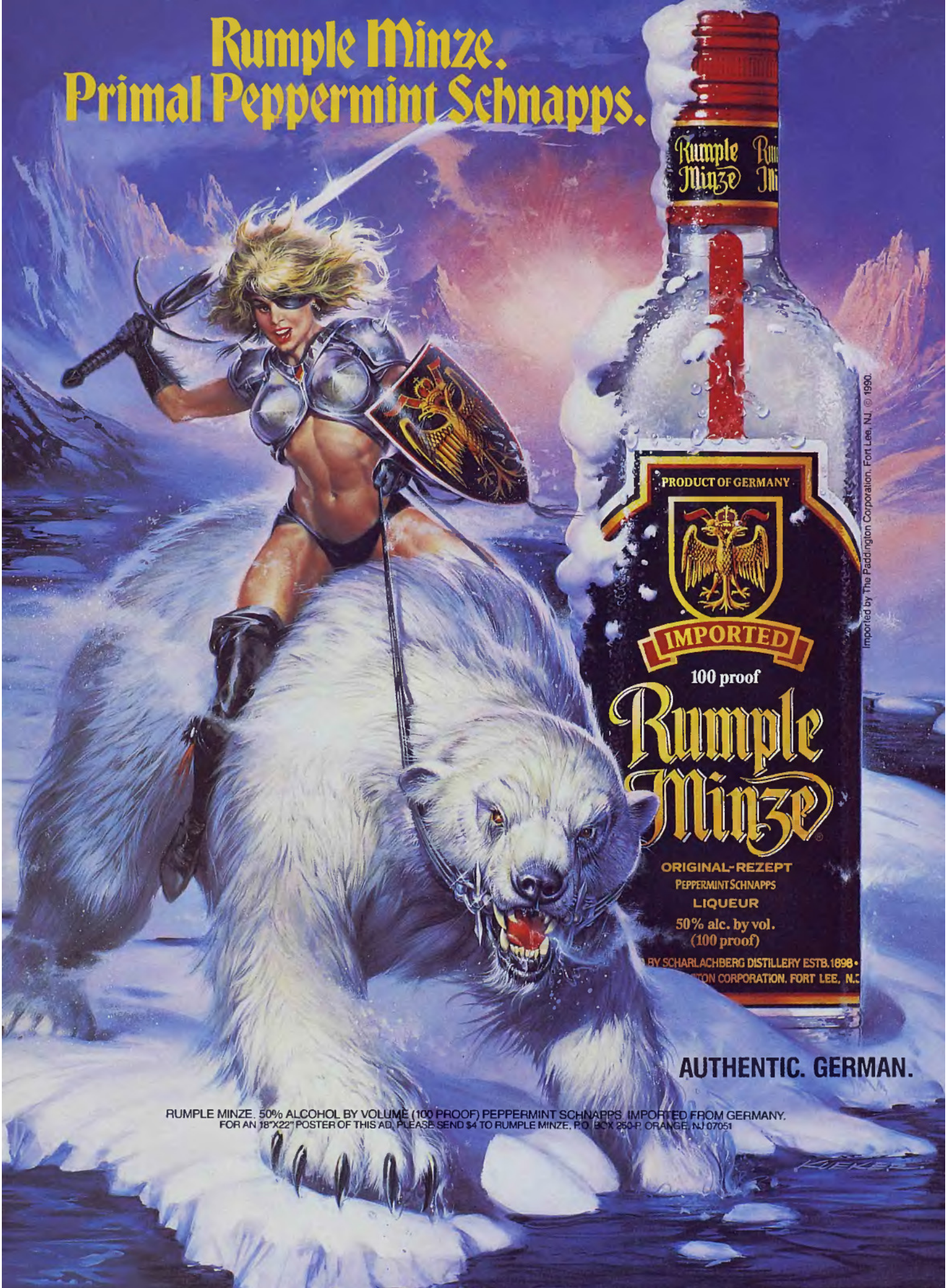
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PLAYBILL

COMEDIAN **Jerry Seinfeld** likes to say he doesn't have a big opening. So we've given him one: a cover shot with eight beauties in a telephone booth. It seems appropriate for a guy who wanted to be Superman when he was a kid. Now that he's a superstar, we asked him to talk with our ubiquitous colleague, Contributing Editor **David Rensin.** In this month's *Playboy Interview*, bachelorhood's newest cultural ambassador gives up the goods on his sneaker fetish, where jokes come from and how he remained master of his domain until his 20s.

Left jab, right hook. Our Q&As establish who Seinfeld is, and our second humorous offering casts light on the rest of us. *Who Is Bubba?* (excerpted from *Bubba Talks*, Main Street Books) marks the return to our pages of author and Bubbaphile **Dan Jenkins,** who has isolated the Bubba gene. (**Don Baum** conceived the accompanying sculpture.) Telltale sign of Bubba DNA: fascination with women, wrestling, Elvis and sports. Such as football. We kick off our gridiron package with pigskin swami **Danny Sheridan,** sports analyst for *USA Today* and CNN. In *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* (illustrated by **John Thompson**), Sheridan weighs the new free-agent agreement, juggles stats, trades and injuries, tosses it all into a Gatorade cup and reads what floats to the surface. Most of his predictions rest on the arm of Dallas Cowboys QB **Troy Aikman,** subject of a profile by veteran journalist **Pat Jordan.** In *Troy's Triumph*, Jordan dissects the enigmatic Aikman without offending his sensibilities—unlike Aikman's aggressive, pantie-tossing female fans—and offers clues as to why his season will end in either a Super Bowl or the second fall of Troy. Falling hard is what *56–0*—football fiction by master satirist **T. Coraghessan Boyle**—is all about. The author of the hit novel *The Road to Wellville* charts the descent of the Caledonia College Shuckers. **Janet Woolley's** artwork makes the hurt look good.

Our other fiction story, *Equilibrium*, is by **Roland N. Kelts,** winner of our College Fiction Contest. Kelts' prize entry explores the power struggle between a fading campus stud and his newly aerobicized girlfriend. She's a tough, high-octane beauty who could easily have been modeled after any of the ladies in our pictorial, *Women of the Pac Ten*. In the accompanying text, **Dean Kuipers,** our resident social analyst who explained Generation X, reveals that these women are so confident that some have gone for the brass ring—and put it through their nipples. Our fashion department, directed by **Hollis Wayne,** also did its homework—*Phat Chance* is a primer on far-out campus fashion shot by photographer **Daniela Federici.**

Married men who fool around don't usually fess up to it. Detroit talk-show producer **Lori Weiss** gathered a group who did—and candidly. The talk in *Cheating Hearts* is all about lies, lipstick and love. Representing the softer side is **Rhonda Shear,** night nurse to sleepless men as host of USA Network's *Up All Night*. The cable conquistadora romps through her pictorial and confides that she hopes she flirts just enough to have every man want her. She does and we do.

It took them a while, but moviemakers finally figured out that **Wesley Snipes'** flicks make money. Lots of it. In his *20 Questions* chat with **David Rensin,** the prince of new jack Hollywood rhapsodizes about the power of booty and notes that if he were white and had the same moves, he'd own this magazine. (P.S.: It's not for sale, except on newsstands.)

Finally, our cover also serves as a metaphor for this issue—packed with good things that'll have you talking. Words may fail you, however, when you see Playmate **Jenny McCarthy** (shot by Contributing Photographer **Pompeo Posar**). She's a gambler who likes risk-takers. Feel lucky? We sure do.

RENSIN

JENKINS

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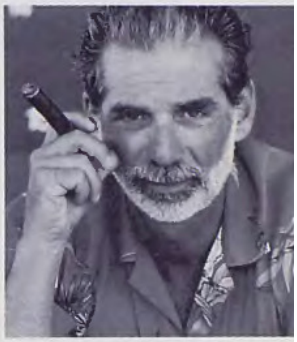
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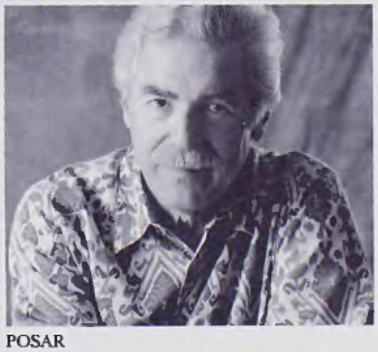
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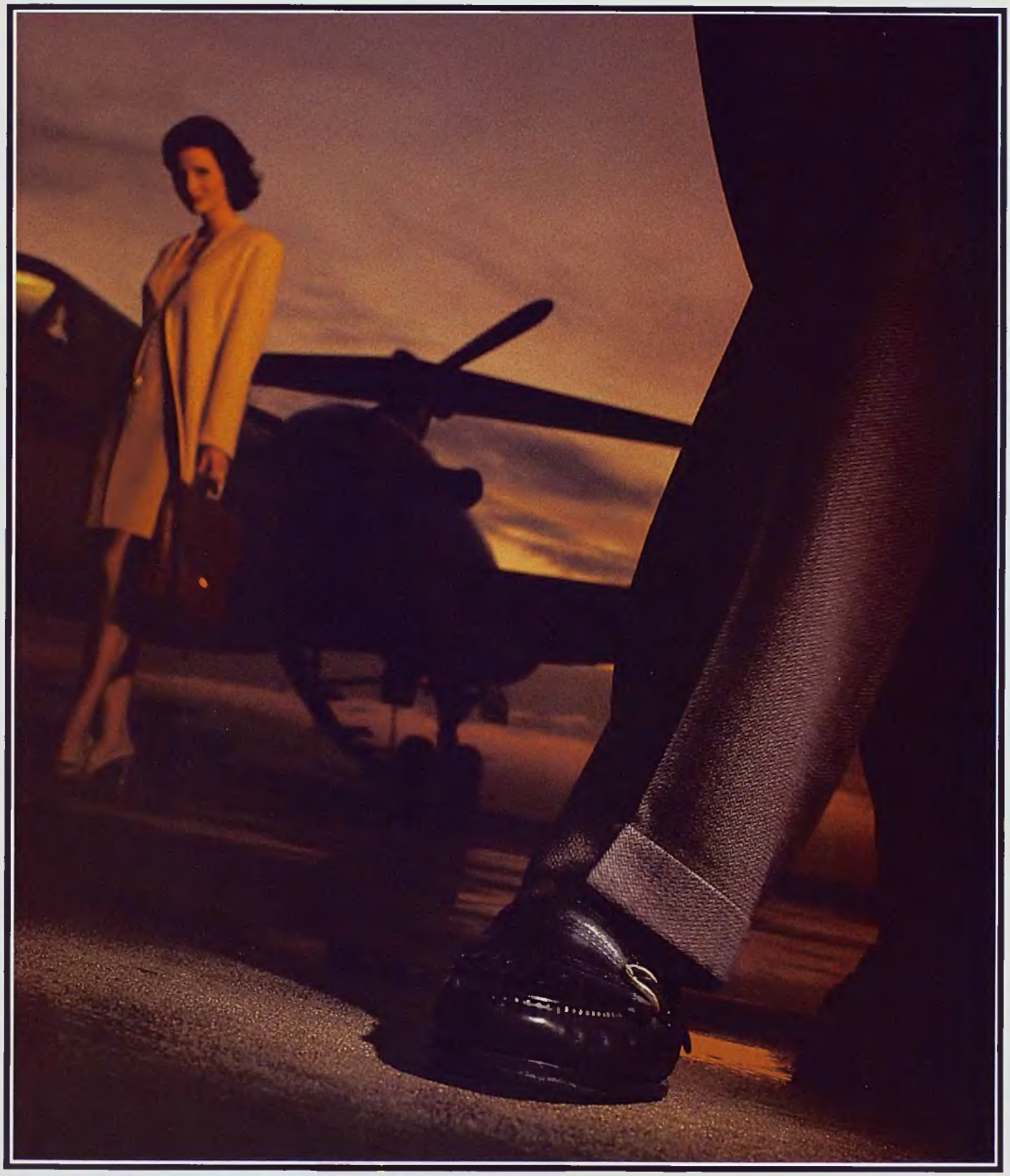

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COVER STORY

How many Playmates (and friends) can squeeze into a telephone booth? Echo Johnson, Barbara Moore, Kimberly Danley, Suzi Simpson, Carrie Westcott, Tylyn John, Cheryl Bachman and Alex Philip go for the record, and Jerry Seinfeld spreads the news. Our caver was designed by Len Willis, produced by Linda Kenney, styled by Monique St. Pierre and Mari Deno and shot by Stephen Wayda. Playmates' makeup and hair by Alexis Vogel and Tracy Cianflone.

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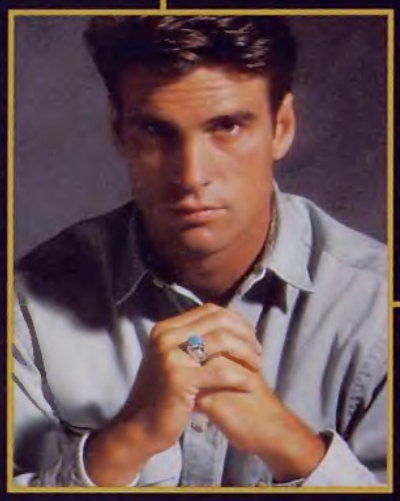

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BARRY BONDS

Congratulations to Contributing Editor Kevin Cook for his fine *Playboy Interview* with baseball star Barry Bonds (July). PLAYBOY is probably deluged with letters serving notice to Barry that there is no relation between the experience of rape and that of failing to hit a baseball often enough. Barry, you and I know nothing of what it's like to be raped, and that is the most stupid, puerile comment I've seen from an athlete in a long time. If I were to imagine a relative scale of human miseries, rape and a .170 batting average would be nowhere near each other.

Brian Donohue
Brooklyn, New York

Thank you for the excellent interview with Barry Bonds. It is frustrating to see the media continually criticizing Bonds for childish behavior when I see so many greater offenders in other sports. OK, Barry Bonds has made his mistakes off the field—he would be the first to admit that—but the young man has grown and matured and is now a valuable contributor to his community. No one can criticize his all-out effort on the field.

Britt Whitmire
Jacksonville, North Carolina

Kevin Cook's interview with Barry Bonds is informative and saddening. I'd always known that Barry is a self-centered hot dog, but I never thought of him as racist until I read his view that "black people in general have the genetics for sports." If Barry were white, he would have been banned from baseball for making that remark, or at least suspended for a year or two.

Since Barry will never be the man his father is, or half the man Dusty Baker is, one can only wonder how much the liberal news media will allow him to get away with. Then there's another question: Since he married a white woman, does that mean Barry loves the genetics of white women more than the genetics of black women?

Eddy E. Arnold
Doyline, Louisiana

Having watched Barry Bonds' entire career with the Pirates—including my annual trek to Bradenton, Florida for spring training—I've always tried to be objective when fans and sportswriters criticize him for his moodiness. But now that I have read his interview, it is obvious that my defense of him was undeserved. He is an embarrassment not only for baseball but for all mankind.

Robert S. Bates
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

SINS OF THE FATHERS

As a 24-year-old who has read PLAYBOY for four years, I commend you for the sterling articles you've provided your readers with over the past few years, especially Charles M. Sennott's *Sins of the Fathers* in the July issue. Like James R. Petersen did in *When the Church Sins* (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1992), Sennott helps bring to light the egregious subject of clerical child molestation. The small, albeit significant, percentage of priests who are led astray from the vow of celibacy as a result of repressed sexuality must be dealt with on a secular level. "God will forgive you" is about as reliable a response as "Just say no" is to a crack addict.

After reading these articles I know why the Church is pushing to ban the sale of PLAYBOY by Waldenbooks. Hypocrisy is found where we least expect it.

Todd Garbarini
South Plainfield, New Jersey

Charles M. Sennott writes that some sexual predators wear a collar, hear confession, bless the host and rape the altar boys. Can the Church respond?

I believe it can.

It can abolish the restriction against clerical marriage. The author quotes

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Father Andrew Greeley, a well-known social commentator and novelist, as saying that celibacy has nothing to do with the problem. Father Greeley has many fans—I'm among them—but I disagree with him on this point. True, marriage wouldn't solve every priest's problem, but a normal sexual outlet would go a long way toward providing the water to douse burning passions. Was it not Saint Paul who said it is better to marry than to burn?

Izzy Siev
Ozone Park, New York

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and writer Charles M. Sennott for the accurate and insightful *Sins of the Fathers*. As a young man who was raised Catholic, I've always been sickened by the Church's insistence that sex is dirty and should be covered up with guilt and ignorance. In perhaps the greatest act of hypocrisy, the Church has railed against the "dangers" of pornography while simultaneously turning loose a herd of sexual deviants on the children of America. The time is long overdue for the Church to admit that sex is a healthy, pleasurable activity that married or unmarried adults should not feel ashamed about participating in.

Brian Lonergan, Jr.
Scranton, Pennsylvania

SCALIA THE TERRIBLE

As I sat down with Joe Morgenstern's profile of Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia (*Scalia the Terrible*, PLAYBOY, July), I was prepared to read an article criticizing Scalia's warped views on abortion or censorship. Instead, Morgenstern attacks Scalia's attempts to reduce the influence of the Court.

Decreasing the power and influence of the Supreme Court is of paramount importance to the continued functioning of our country. The sole purpose of the Court is to ensure that the various executive and legislative bodies make no attempt to interfere with the basic freedoms guaranteed to each citizen. It is not the Court's place to act as a legislative body, as it has done in the past.

Any attempt by Justice Scalia to reduce the power of the Court should be welcomed. Maybe Congress could be persuaded to write laws guaranteeing abortion rights if the Court is no longer looming in the foreground.

Wes Hart
Dallas, Texas

Like many liberals, Joe Morgenstern doesn't understand the "proper business of the Supreme Court." The Court was established to interpret the law, not make law, as it did in *Roe vs. Wade*. To the framers of the Constitution, the Court was to be "the least dangerous branch of government," not the most active. Antonin Scalia is one of the brightest justices ever to sit on the bench. He is exactly what a judge should be: a nonideological interpreter of law. Nothing more, nothing less.

Todd C. Bank
Madison, Wisconsin

Scalia the Terrible? Fancy that—a judge who carries out his mandate to a tee. He applies the laws the way they are written by elected officials and understood by the citizenry. Sounds like democracy to me.

Rod Monteith
Alexandria, Virginia

LEISA SHERIDAN

After seeing July Playmate Leisa Sheridan (*Walk on the Wild Side*), I am compelled to share something I'm sure many bachelors like myself feel. Another

knockout blonde? Yes, but she's also almost 30 years old and still single. What's so interesting about that? I'll tell you. I'm 32 years old, and every time I look at the ages of most of the Playmates, I feel like an old man.

When I saw Leisa, I felt a glimmer of hope that it isn't too late—that there are still some lovely women out there not yet spoken for. So, PLAYBOY, keep those rare finds coming and give hope to us aging bachelors.

Robert B. Beman
Southwick, Massachusetts

CHARLOTTE LEWIS

My collection of PLAYBOYs dates back to the late Sixties, but never have I seen such an eye-catching cover as July's, featuring Charlotte Lewis. The golden body, red bikini, blue water—wow! Wake me up again when summer is over.

Phil Morrison
Stamford, Connecticut

THE MYTH OF MALE POWER

Warren Farrell makes some thought-provoking observations in *The Myth of Male Power* (PLAYBOY, July), but his tone rubs me the wrong way. At a time when it seems that every American is part of some victimized group, must white men jump on the bandwagon? I assert that we are not victims. We helped create this society with its rigidly defined gender roles, and the solution to our problems lies in our own hands. Instead of whining and seeking sympathy, why doesn't Farrell point out how we men can free ourselves from the cage we helped build? Twenty-five years ago only a woman with great courage and independence could become a doctor or a lawyer in the U.S. Such a woman faced disapproval from men and women alike. Today, male homemakers, nursery school teachers, secretaries and nurses encounter an analogous situation.

Men are free to baby-sit instead of mow lawns, to be art historians instead of engineers, to date women who will buy us dinner. We simply must show the same courage and independence that female pioneers have shown.

Dan Nathan
Toledo, Ohio

For several decades we have been hearing "the woman's story," and it was badly in need of being told. But until Warren Farrell's *The Myth of Male Power*, no one had properly told the other side, "the man's story." The need to have this story told is no less urgent. Farrell deserves our appreciation for showing so eloquently how traditional sex roles harm both genders, not only women. He helps us to see that men and women merely hang on different crosses. Will men have the courage and self-esteem to stand up for themselves and challenge the roles history and culture have assigned to them?

Nathaniel Branden
Beverly Hills, California

Just when I thought the myth of blaming the victim (as in "the woman was asking to be raped") had been laid to rest, Warren Farrell uses this same argument to blame men for being victims (it's men's fault for allowing themselves to be pushed into dominant roles). Farrell doesn't seem to believe that men have any responsibility whatsoever for the failure of a marriage—it's all the fault of the feminist wife, not the husband.

Do I hear the whining of an ex-feminist man who is still bitter about his divorce from a successful, highly paid executive wife?

Eilene Halse
Durango, Colorado

RIP TORN

Thanks for the terrific *20 Questions* (PLAYBOY, July) with that least appreciated of actors—Rip Torn. You guys brought out the best in him.

Burt Eliot
New York, New York

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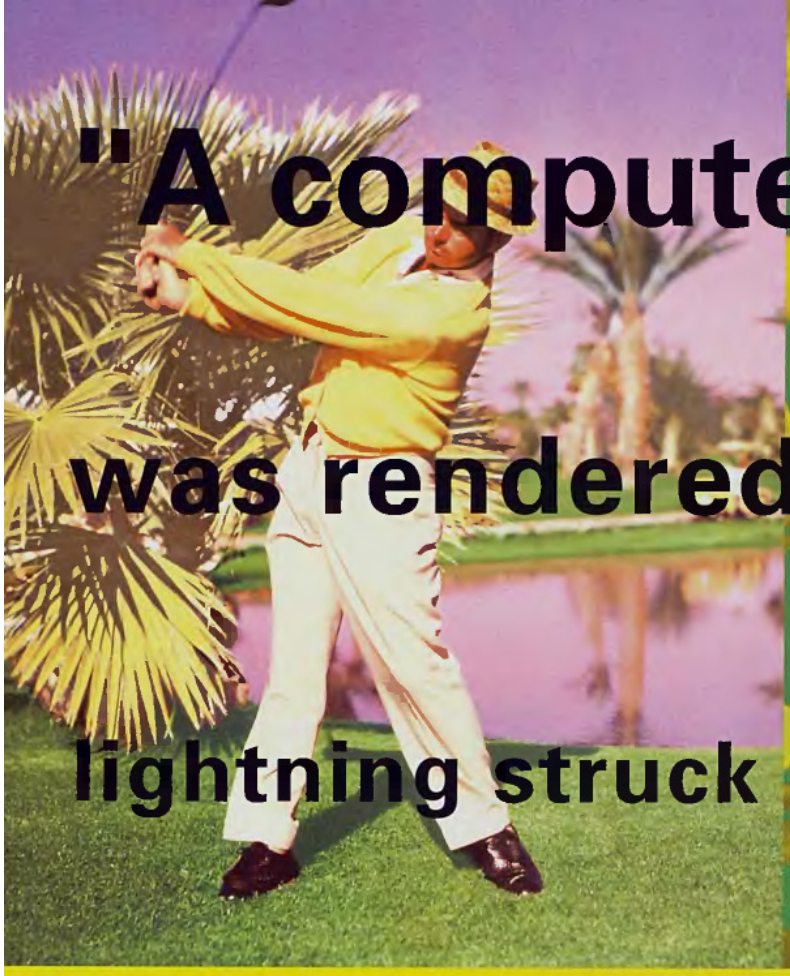
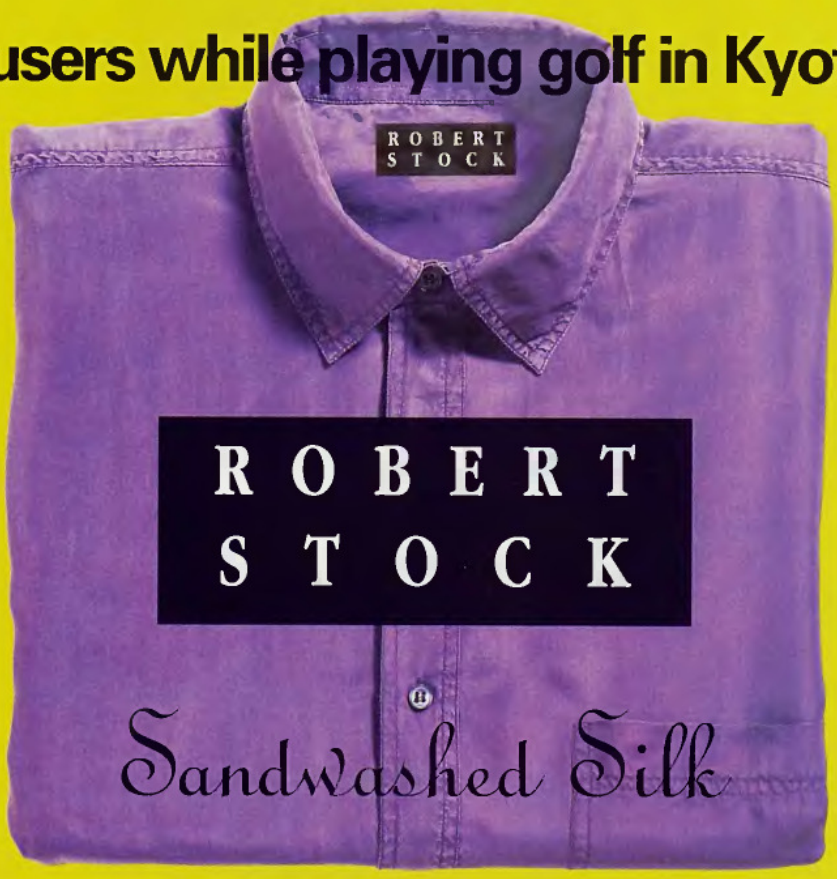


"A computer salesman

was rendered sterile when

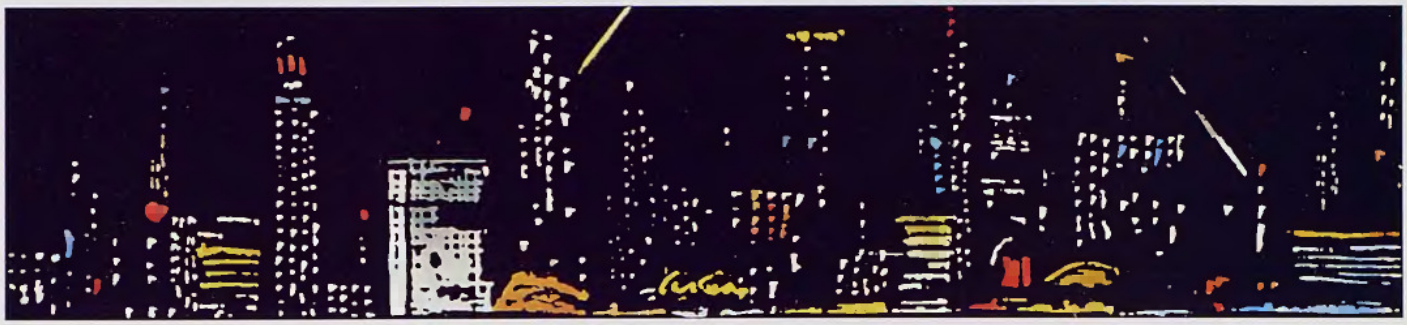
lightning struck the metal zipper

on his trousers while playing golf in Kyoto, Japan."



What are you waiting for?

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ROUND NUMBERS

News from the front: In the past five years, the average bust size has increased from 34B to 36C, says Mimi Field, a spokesperson for the Intimate Apparel Council in New York. Field attributes the increase to "better nutrition for women today" and says that "women are exercising more." She also acknowledges the popularity of implants. One drawback to all this bounty is that many women—70 percent, in fact, according to the council's estimates—are unaware of their own growth and continue to wear the wrong bra size.

And in happy coincidence comes the best perk-up line of the month, from *Natural Breast Enlargement*, a series of audiotapes by Sublime Software: "Focus your attention on my words. Your breasts become whatever they are willed to be. You are the authority over your breasts."

DIM, SOME

Business Horizons, an Indiana bimonthly, recently reported on the cultural literacy of graduate management students. It should be heartening to the culturally challenged in other disciplines that the future M.B.A.s of America are often just as clueless. When four professors at Wake Forest University gave 96 students a test to assess their understanding of 250 words and terms, the students correctly identified only 17.2 percent of them. Here are some representative items and the percentages of correct responses: Gang of Four (7 percent), Rasputin (10 percent), adenoids (8 percent), Managua (37 percent), Shylock (15 percent) and common law (1 percent). Under the heading "Some Answers We Did Not Expect" come: actuary, "a home for birds"; duodenum, "number system in base two"; annunciation, "to speak clearly"; Aquinas, "a Roman god"; Stradivarius, "as in rex."

DUMBO JETS

According to Bangkok's newspaper *Thai Rath*, government efficiency experts in Thailand have quickened the pace of their traditional postal system by feeding amphetamines to 30 elephants. Local animal-protection officials are troubled because many of the now not-so-poky pachyderms seem to be addicted to the drug. How do the big guys come down off the high? We assume they're fed Babar-turates.

•

According to *Buzz*, a Los Angeles monthly, the latest trend to hit Hollywood hotshots is semen retention. One studio honcho told writer Mary Gwynn that he holds back from sex each Sunday to get a jump on Monday, claiming, "All that testosterone gives me an edge. It makes me nasty and more aggressive."

BREWHAHA

Despite the recent push for mandatory labeling of the nutritional content of foods, the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms informed a microbrewery in Washington that it can no longer advertise what's in its Grant's Scottish Ale. The ale has a surprising number of healthy ingredients. For the record: 170 percent of the daily requirement of vitamin B_{12}, 62.5 percent of folacin, 14.6 percent of niacin, 13.6 percent of vitamin B_6, some protein and potassium. Those who depend on the beverage to supply their entire daily vitamin allowance will not be dissuaded, nor, we suspect, left thirsty.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

•

Daniel Michaud, the well-respected French wine maker, is now placing labels on his Beaujolais that are in Braille—presumably making it easier for those who are already blind drunk to pick out a fruity, unpretentious wine.

•

Plain Geometry, a California company, has introduced a baseball cap without a brim—inspired, perhaps, by all the folks who wear their caps backward. It goes for about $16. We are disposed to applaud the ingenuity, but we fear they may be missing the point.

BALL BUSTER

The Wyoming Supreme Court sent back for retrial Richard Osborn's fraud suit against a video store. It seems he bought *Belle of the Ball*, an X-rated videotape that featured actress Busty Belle on the cover. He was chagrined to discover that she was featured in only eight or nine of the video's 60 minutes. He was so chagrined that he endured "pain and suffering" and is seeking $50,000 in damages, a refund of the $29.95 purchase price (plus tax, we suppose) and $55.79 reimbursement for medicine he needed for the asthma attack brought on by the stress of Busty's meager on-screen appearance.

•

Britannia rules the waves: Eight rowers from Oxford's St. John's College recently decided to practice after a late-night drinking session. They took to the river Isis bare-ass naked while their coach, also nude, rode his bike along the

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The Chicago Bears is the NFL team that has retired the most numbers: Eleven possible jersey numbers are no longer available to new players.

DAN YACARINO

QUOTE

"The same fundamentalists who continue to endorse Leviticus' call for the death penalty for homosexuals are never heard demanding capital punishment for the sin of cursing one's parents (Leviticus 20:9) or for adultery (Leviticus 20:10), rules that would wipe out much of the U.S. population, including some well-known televangelists."—TIM UNSWORTH, IN *SALT*, A CHICAGO-BASED PUBLICATION

HOW MEN SCORE

In a survey of American women concerning their love lives, the percentage who rate their husbands as excellent lovers: 74; who occasionally use erotic material in lovemaking: 47; who like their husbands, sexually speaking, just the way they are: 39.

THE TRADE IMBALANCE, STUPID

Worth of Japanese products bought annually by each consumer in the U.S.: $363; worth of American products bought by each Japanese consumer: $389.

•

Population of the U.S.: 250 million; of Japan: 124 million.

SPY, INC.

In a survey by *Macworld* magazine of 301 businesses in the U.S., the percentage that electronically monitor their employees: 21. Of those that admitted to spying, the percentage which had searched employees' computer files: 74; their electronic mail: 42; their voice mail: 15; which warned their employees of their snooping: 31.

FOR WHOM BELL TOLLS

Cost in 1991 to American taxpayers for keeping callers to the Social Security Administration toll-free phone number on hold: $11.5 million. Percentage of the total cost of operating the 800 number that was spent this way: 30.

DIGGING THE DITCH

Estimated number of visitors who hike the Grand Canyon each year: 350,000. Number of sightseers who viewed the Grand Canyon from a helicopter in 1992: 249,500.

VITAL SIGNS

In a survey by Families USA Foundation, the amount Americans assume each chief executive at Aetna, Cigna and Travelers insurance companies earns: $400,000; amount the respondents felt would be a fairer income: $115,000; actual compensation for each CEO: more than $1 million.

•

Amount believed to be the yearly income for the heads of Bristol-Myers Squibb, Abbott Laboratories and Eli Lilly: $600,000; amount respondents felt would be fair compensation: $150,000. Actual 1991 compensation for the head of Bristol-Myers Squibb: $12.8 million; for the head of Abbott Laboratories: $4.2 million; for the head of Eli Lilly: $2.8 million.

MARATHON MEN

Number of Americans who jogged at least once last year: 30.4 million; percentage who were men: 58. Number who stuck with it for at least 100 days: 8.3 million; percentage who were men: 66. Number who logged more than 1000 miles during the year: 1.8 million; percentage who were men: 75. —BETTY SCHAAL

bank and shouted instructions. "I could not believe my eyes when I saw the lads completely naked and obviously the worse for drink," said lockmaster John Chandler, who called the constable.

ROOTS

There are no bad-hair days at the Breck Girl Hall of Fame. Situated in the lobby of Dial Corp. headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona, the Hall of Fame is a pantheon to all-American women with full-bodied tresses. Open to the public, the gallery contains 150 portraits—once used as advertisements for Breck shampoo—of wholesome babes who were "recognized, praised and coveted for their beautiful hair." Their faces aren't too bad, either: Jaclyn Smith, Christie Brinkley, Brooke Shields, Cheryl Tiegs, Cybill Shepherd and Kim Basinger were all Breck girls. Sorry, all portraits are head shots only.

•

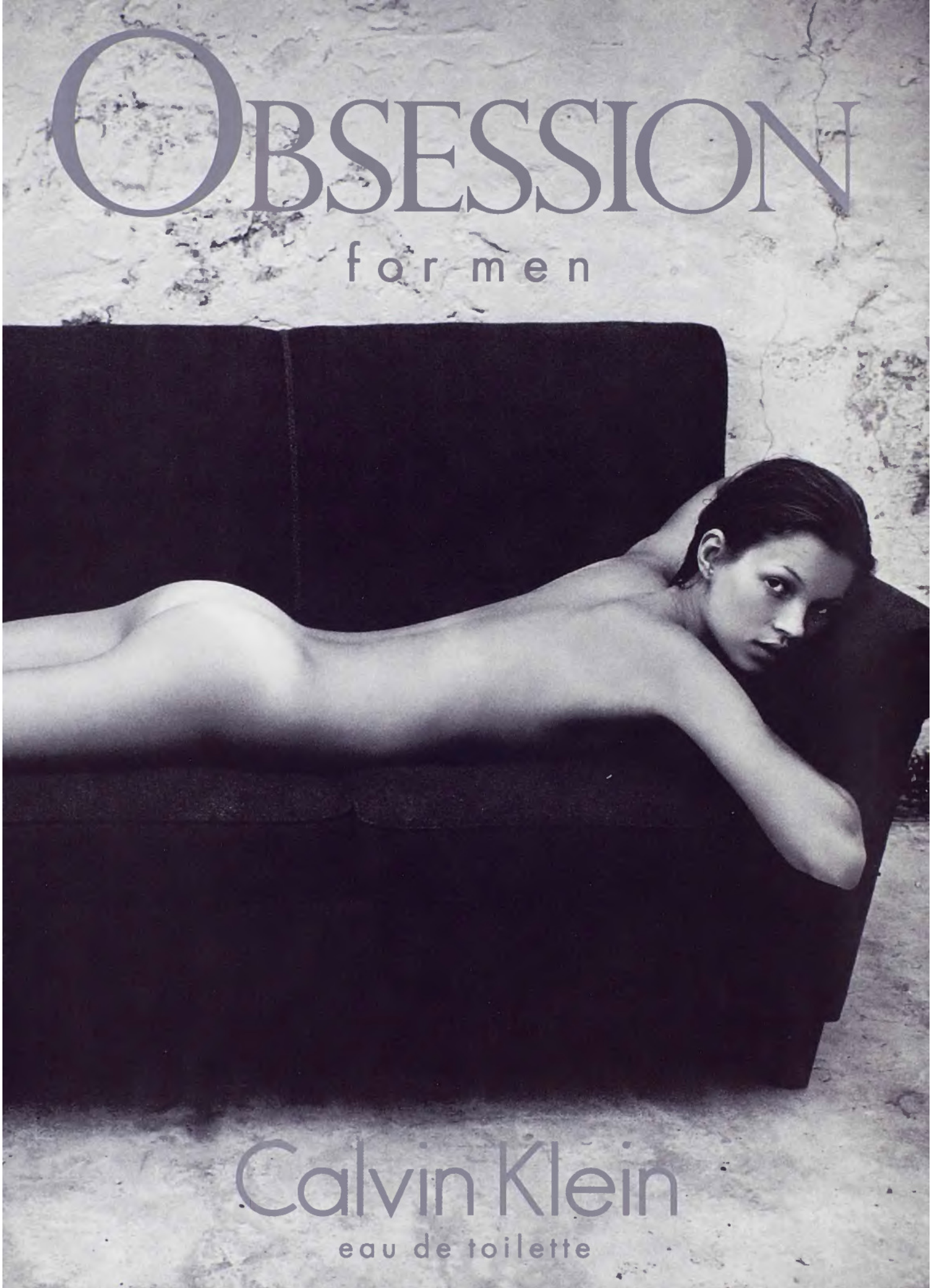
Hungry diners in Oacama, South Dakota are stampeding to Al's Oasis, where they're served the Buffalo Burger, touted as "100 percent pure buffalo" from the "herd that appeared in *Dances with Wolves*."

ARTS AND SHAFTS

Dr. Karen Norberg, a child psychiatrist, is concerned "with the issue of self-care and women protecting themselves. A lot of women won't assert themselves by asking their partners to wear condoms." Hence, she uses regular condoms to make art—condoms encased in their own lifesaving jackets or transformed into beaded, sequined pouches and kaleidoscope lenses. She conducts condom-art workshops in women's shelters in Boston as a way "to educate women who are at high risk for HIV and who are feeling disempowered. Rather than women being the objects of art, they are the actors. And they have fun." But it may make more difficult the sometimes already vexing chore of finding an ordinary condom to use during an erotic emergency.

WILD PITCH

According to a radio ad by Joe Morgan, former manager of the Boston Red Sox, they don't expect to be paid unless they win, they don't complain about playing time, they don't feud with the press and "they don't even think about messing around with women until they retire." Obviously, Morgan wasn't referring to his old team. He was talking about horses in a commercial for a Boston-area racetrack. Nevertheless, the Red Sox refused to air the commercial during its broadcasts. One more: Horses don't care what people say about them.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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

REVIEWERS of ***Suede*** (Columbia) are in a pickle. The excitable British music press seems to think Suede will be the U.K.'s next big thing. But U.S. critics feel defensive because the band's posturing is the sort of thing red-blooded Americans usually disdain.

Suede frontman Brett Anderson is everything Anglophobes can't stand—nasal, arch and flamboyant. Hetero in his private life, he flaunts an androgynous p.o.v. in his desperately sexy songs. He's given to quotes such as "I'm a man who feels like a woman sometimes. I'm very in touch with my feminine side." His band's glam roots, from Bowie to the Smiths, are highly U.K.-specific.

Me, I kind of hate Anderson's voice. And I kind of love Suede. Guitarist Bernard Butler's elegiac riffs recall the unshakable high points of early Bowie and Mott the Hoople. And Anderson can write. Unlike so much adolescent weltschmerz, these evocations of post-teen life bear the mark of observed, if not lived, experience. In the context of his songs, Anderson's vocal outrageousness seems brave and funny. Churls should think of Suede as a compelling dispatch from an alien culture. We all know good sex is where you find it. Well, so is good rock and roll.

FAST CUTS: RuPaul, ***Supermodel of the World*** (Tommy Boy): This 6'7" drag queen wants you to believe not only that classic disco was pop's proudest moment but also that she was put on earth to save it. And believe it or not, she tempts you to go along.

Liz Phair, ***Exile in Guyville*** (Matador): So you really want to know how women feel about sex? Here's a shameless heterosexual who likes it so much she'll rub your face in it.

NELSON GEORGE

Concert recordings were once a staple of black pop. Since so much of the music revolved around the vocal and instrumental improvisations that occurred during performance, the albums weren't rote reproductions of studio tracks. Today, black in-concert recordings are rare. The requirement now is to reproduce the records onstage, limiting the improvisational possibilities of the live event, and the lack of stage experience of so many contemporary stars has diminished a once-robust category. The chief reason Uptown Records, the self-titled "hip-hop soul" label, created ***Uptown MTV Unplugged*** (MCA/Uptown) was not simply to showcase its roster live but to curry favor with MTV's unplugged format.

Suede: The U.K.'s next big thing.

Nineties glam rock, rap unplugged and Janet gets sexy.

As a listening experience, *Uptown MTV Unplugged* is uneven. Its vocal artists fare far better than its hip-hoppers. The mediocre rapper Father MC is predictably forgettable. Heavy D is backed on this show by a band and not by the precision of sampled tracks, which cuts deeply into his party-time appeal. Christopher Williams' self-consciously sexy set is marred by way too much stage patter.

Not surprisingly, the label's best vocalists, Mary J. Blige and K-Ci of Jodeci, are served best by this format. K-Ci, a man who has easily the most distinctive lead voice of the new wave of black harmony groups, trades sexy riffs with Blige on the duet *I Don't Want to Do Anything* that seem to confirm their rumored romance. Another highlight is a duet between K-Ci and his brother Jo Jo on the Stevie Wonder standard *Lately*. In fact, when you combine those two duets with the three Jodeci songs (*Forever My Lady, Come and Talk to Me, Stay*), you realize that *Uptown MTV Unplugged* is really K-Ci unleashed, which is fine by me. K-Ci has a voice in the great tradition of soul music.

FAST CUTS: Walter and Scotty Scott, lead singers of the Whispers, have recorded an album of duets under the banner ***My Brother's Keeper*** (Capitol). The 12 cuts showcase these vocalists' strengths as creamy-smooth, jazz-influenced crooners. The highlights are *Rest My Lips*, L.A. & Babyface's *With All My Heart* and the cover of the Gamble and Huff classic *I Want to Know Your Name*.

VIC GARBARINI

I'll never forget the first and only time I saw Paul Westerberg's legendary ex-band, the Replacements. The members told the initially sympathetic audience to go fuck themselves before playing a single note, then proceeded to self-destruct onstage in a drunken frenzy. Many critics revered them as tragic, noble losers. Right. And the guy who threw up all over my date at the prom was a performance artist. On his first solo album, ***14 Songs*** (Sire), a soberer and wiser Westerberg has finally learned that sharing your pain doesn't mean spewing it all over your audience. The raucous Dolls-meet-the-Stones workouts are fun and a nod to the Mats at their best. But the real heart of *14 Songs* is in the intimate tales of self-revelation and redemption on mid-tempo rockers such as *Runaway Wind* and *First Glimmer*. You can even share Westerberg's sense of wonder at discovering the hope and promise behind his angst on the celebratory *Dice Behind Your Shades*. Westerberg claims he always used to write in his basement. But for *14 Songs*, he went upstairs and opened the windows.

FAST CUTS: Moby Grape, ***Vintage*** (Columbia/Legacy): With its five-part Beatlesque harmonies, stinging guitar interplay and exhilarating arrangements, Moby Grape's 1966 debut was simply miraculous. This two-CD retrospective includes almost all of that masterwork, plus cuts from their later efforts.

DAVE MARSH

"Concept album" ought to be a more elastic term than it is. Pete Townshend's ***Psychoderelict*** (Atlantic) qualifies by the standard definition. It offers dramatic dialogue interspersed with narration. *Psychoderelict* is like a radio play, with themes of rock's fallen grandeur taking the place of more conventional soap operatics. Townshend's songs are excellent, recycling motifs from his great unfinished rock opera, *Lifehouse*. The playing is fine, too, and for once, his story makes sense. But as Ray High, the psychoderelict in question, makes plain, this isn't the future. It's just one veteran's way of getting on with the past.

janet (Virgin), the third album Janet Jackson has written and produced with Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, wouldn't meet anybody's idea of rock opera, but

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bad Religion *Recipe for Hate*	6	7	9	5	8
Suede	9	6	8	3	6
Pete Townshend *Psychoderelict*	3	7	7	7	7
Various artists *Uptown MTV Unplugged*	4	8	7	6	7
Paul Westerberg *14 Songs*	8	8	6	7	6

SIGN OF THE TIMES DEPARTMENT: Have you heard *Grunge Lite*? It's Muzak-like interpretations of songs such as *Smells Like Teen Spirit* by **Nirvana, Soundgarden's** *Rusty Cage* and **Mudhoney's** *Touch Me, I'm Sick* by synthesizer player **Sara Debell.** Now we know for sure that grunge is dead.

REELING AND ROCKING: Ice-T will star with **Rutger Hauer** in *Surviving the Game*, about a homeless man lured into the woods and hunted for sport by wealthy hunters. . . . Film director **Jim Jarmusch** is working on a series of short films called *Coffee and Cigarettes*, the first of which had its premiere at Cannes and starred **Iggy Pop** and **Tom Waits.** . . . **Phil Collins'** movie *Frauds* will be the first CD-I release from Philips Interactive Media. Fans with CD-I players will be able to hear the movie in different languages, zoom in on something, create seamless jumps from one part of the film to another and save stills in memory. The future is now.

NEWSBREAKS: The four-CD box of **Velvet Underground** classics, rarities and bootlegs is set for release any day now. . . . **Joni Mitchell** plans to record an LP of **Dylan** songs. . . . *The Monterey Jazz Festival* is cranking up to top volume right now. . . . The **Jimi Hendrix** tribute LP is moving ahead with Hendrix producer **Eddie Kramer** involved in the project, which reportedly will include a version of *Hey Joe* by **Ice-T** and other tracks by **Paul McCartney, Steve Winwood, Pearl Jam,** the **Chili Peppers,** the **Cure, Seal** and **Spin Doctors.** . . . The historic Fillmore West in San Francisco could be rocking again by New Year's Eve. **Bill Graham's** company, which still holds a long-term lease on the property, is considering giving it a major face-lift and reopening. Home to the early performances of the **Dead,** the **Airplane** and **Janis Joplin,** it was once one of the jewels of concert halls. . . . **Johnny Cash's** comment about signing with **Rick Rubin's** record company, Def American, is the understatement of the year: "I'll be expanding my scope of activity while experiencing the excitement of today's contemporary music." . . . The Grammy awards will move back to New York in 1994. . . . In other New York news: The Museum of the City of New York announces a series of events for *New York Salutes Duke Ellington*, which includes an exhibition at the museum of rare photos, musical manuscripts, posters and memorabilia and a concert performed by the **Smithsonian Jazz Orchestra** at the Apollo Theater on October 15. . . . PBS plans a ten-hour documentary called *Rock and Roll*, tracing the development of rock. . . . **Michael Jackson, Garth Brooks** and **En Vogue** will be helping out **Theodore, Simon** and **Alvin** on the next **Chipmunks** LP. . . . FYI: **Janet Jackson's** *janet* outsold **Michael Jackson's** *Dangerous* in its first week of release. . . . **Chuck D** shared a podium at the New Music Seminar this past summer with France's former Minister of Culture, **Jack Lang.** . . . You'll need a copy of the Country Music Hall of Fame's *Country Music Catalog* (800-255-2357). It includes Rocketbuster boots, personally autographed **Chet Atkins** Gibson guitars and savings on videos, CDs and books. . . . Finally, **Patti LaBelle** wants it known that she is not on **Mick Jagger's** bedroom list. Said Patti: "Mick's a nice guy and a terrific rocker, but there were never any backstage or bedroom shenanigans. If you're going to write who slept with who, baby, you better get it right." Isn't it amazing that a 50-year-old guy can still get people going? —BARBARA NELLIS

it's as much a concept album as Townshend's. The concept here involves extending into adulthood the sassy persona Jackson developed on those earlier records and (much more quietly than her siblings) establishing her claim as a major artist. I'd say Jackson is about an album away from the universal acclaim to which *janet* aspires. But I think she's worthy of it now. She's as fully, frankly sexual as any adult woman in pop history, and she knows it. That's why this album's stuffed with aural allusions to Diana Ross and the Supremes. It's also why she can pull off her near-rewrite of *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*. There's a concept Townshend could profitably pilfer.

FAST CUTS: Terence Trent D'Arby, ***Symphony or Damn*** (Columbia): "Damn" is a legitimate initial reaction to D'Arby's rock-soul-gospel stew. But repeated listening uncovers towering, even visionary contemporary soul.

Chris Isaak, ***San Francisco Days*** (Reprise): Modern mood music from the pre-Beatles Sixties, redeemed by a voice that owes its soul to Roy Orbison and a guitar as warm as George Harrison's.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Virtuoso punk rock—that is, plenty of chaos within the parameters of a tight band—should exhilarate and provoke the listener. As true-believer punks from Los Angeles, Bad Religion has mastered its art form, creating defiant, burning music and an independent record company to distribute it. Titled ***Recipe for Hate*** (Epitaph), the band's seventh album is reminiscent of the Clash and the Buzzcocks, but with surprising harmonies and an emphasis on anthemic choruses amid the guitar banging. Lyrically, Bad Religion seeks not to shock or gross out so much as to pound the table and demand you listen. Its "recipe for hate" is "our history as it's portrayed," the nightmare of which we relive on a daily basis. Of course, the suspicion among the young is that they've been lied to about everything significant. Bad Religion encourages that suspicion about as well as anybody since the Dead Kennedys.

FAST CUTS: ***Twang Thang: The Duane Eddy Anthology*** (Rhino): Definitive collection by one of the pioneers of demented electric guitar. He could do more with a simple bend of the low E string than most latter-day guitarists can accomplish with the entire neck.

Rumble: The Best of Link Wray (Rhino): Another definitive collection by one of the pioneers of demented electric guitar. Wray was the first guy to discover that distortion was cool, and that led inevitably to the invention of the power chord. Without the power chord, rock would still sound like 1966.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ROBERT DE NIRO'S impressive debut as a movie director is at least equal to his fine acting stint in ***A Bronx Tale*** (Savoy Pictures). First-rate as always, De Niro plays a bus driver trying to convince his growing son that a hardworking man is more heroic than a mobster. The boy is introduced as a nine-year-old who witnesses a shooting but doesn't identify the miscreant, a charismatic local hood named Sonny, played vividly by Chazz Palminteri (see *Off Camera*). Francis Capra plays the kid, known as "C" by the time he's a streetwise teenager, when Lillo Brancato takes over the role. While both are marvelous amateurs recruited for the occasion, Brancato is picture-perfect as the confused youngster torn between family values and his special status as a mob mascot. In his teens, he becomes Sonny's boy, joins the gang's wiseguys at ball games and defies the prejudice of his parents and peers by trying to date a beautiful black classmate (Taral Hicks). *Bronx Tale* straddles moral issues in a stirring, funny coming-of-age story populated by characters so true to life that you relish them without judging them. For their close-order collaboration on a real winner, De Niro and Palminteri can take a bow. ¥¥¥¥

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Another actor taking up the directorial reins is Morgan Freeman. He doesn't appear in ***Bopha!*** (Paramount) but puts plenty of sting into this tale of a South African family's travail. Danny Glover, with Alfre Woodard as his wife, plays a policeman in one of the townships after the 1976 Soweto uprising. Their son (played by Maynard Eziashi) is a freedom fighter whose friends at school have little respect for law and order under apartheid. Gritty and violent in its depiction of blacks against white rule, the movie gives new impact to a familiar saga of oppression. Based on a play performed in South Africa's townships, *Bopha!* takes its title from a Zulu cry of protest meaning "arrest and detention." The worst of the bad-ass white officials is played by Malcolm McDowell with chilling conviction. ¥¥¥

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A wicked young woman ultimately gets her just deserts in ***Crush*** (Strand), by Canadian-born director Alison Maclean. Set in New Zealand, the movie stars Marcia Gay Harden as an American troublemaker whose reckless driving leaves her friend Christina (Donogh Rees) brain-damaged and immobilized. Harden seduces a novelist (William Zappa) and tries to draw his plain teenaged daughter (Caitlin Bossley) into her web of deceit and devilry. Such arrant displays of evil are seldom dull to watch, though a viewer's interest may start to flag well before *Crush* closes with a kind of standard grim comeuppance. ¥¥

Little Jo's Auberjonois with Amis.

A city kid meets mobsters, a black kid fights apartheid and an eastern gal goes macho.

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The Swedish-language ***House of Angels*** (Sony Classics), directed by England's Colin Nutley, draws its sex appeal and vitality from the cheeky screen presence of Helena Bergstrom. She is Fanny, a blonde nightclub performer who inherits a farmhouse and land in Sweden. It's a quiet place where people such as Fanny and her gay companion (Rikard Wolff) are not appreciated. Since her late mother seems to have been a popular attraction, Fanny is not quite sure who her father was. She shakes things up considerably by staging a nude swim for some bohemian friends from abroad and generally agitating gossips. *Angels* is featherweight fluff about an airhead, given some additional buoyancy by Bergstrom. ¥¥½

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The Oscar nods for Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven* and the earlier *Dances with Wolves* clearly told Hollywood that out West is the way to go. Mario Van Peebles' recent *Posse* put black actors in the saddle, and two upcoming Westerns—*Wyatt Earp*, with Kevin Costner, and *Tombstone*, another biographical epic, with Kurt Russell playing Earp—are set for release in the next few months. Meanwhile, writer-director Maggie Greenwald delivers ***The Ballad of Little Jo*** (Fine Line), inspired by the true story of a well-bred young Eastern woman named Jo Monaghan (Suzy Amis), who endures crude sexual bartering (by Rene Auberjonois) as she travels westward after being ostracized at home for bearing a child out of wedlock. By the time she reaches Ruby City, Jo has disguised herself as a male settler. She learns to ride, shoot and pan for gold. She also has to cope with a drunken, suspicious miner (Ian McKellen) and ultimately shares her secret—as well as her bed—with an Asian helper known as Tinman (David Chung) after she saves him from a lynch mob. Amis is a charismatic and highly capable actress in a fascinating saga about a woman who stubbornly refuses to become either a frontier baby-maker or a dance-hall girl. *Little Jo*'s deception isn't always credible, but it does deserve rapt attention. ¥¥¥

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It's the last day of high school, 1976, and the teens in a Texas town go noisily berserk. The next class of freshmen is hazed by the juniors, who inflict various punishments that include paddling them until their bottoms turn blue. Marijuana is the drug of choice. At the center of the action in ***Dazed and Confused*** (Gramercy) are Mitch (Wiley Wiggins), a graduating eighth grader trying to save his butt, and Pink (Jason London), a football star who might want to play again in the fall but resists the macho coach's demand to sign a no-alcohol, no-drugs pledge. The day ends with a big beer bust, where girls, booze and high levels of testosterone keep the movie kinetic if not coherent. Writer-director Richard Linklater, whose *Slacker* was a fresh and original comedy that hinted of better things to come, hasn't delivered his second time around. In 1973 George Lucas' memorable *American Graffiti* may have said it all about youth in the early Sixties. In contrast, *Dazed and Confused* makes Linklater's lost generation look fairly dull. ¥¥

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Woody Allen must have had other things on his mind when he made ***Manhattan Murder Mystery*** (Tri-Star). His latest is definitely second-string material, a comedy of loose connections in which Woody, Diane Keaton, Alan Alda and company look less like real people than like performers overworking to revive a stiff. Because Allen co-wrote and directed, *Murder Mystery* has many funny bits of dialogue, but it seldom comes together as the latter-day *Thin Man* lark

Duck Head

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Palminteri—all that's Chazz.

OFF CAMERA

His overnight success as the author and co-star of *A Bronx Tale* (see review) feels damn good, admits **Chazz Palminteri.** At the age of 41, he's a longtime wanna-be whose one-man stage show shot him into the big time. Palminteri played all 18 roles when *Tale* opened in Los Angeles. "The day the reviews came out my life changed," he recalls. "Every Hollywood studio and major director wanted my script, but they didn't want to make a $25 million movie with me in a leading role." Like Stallone, who became a legend by insisting he write and star in *Rocky*, Palminteri held out. "The price kept going up, and in the end I got everything I wanted—seven figures and more."

Along with the money, Chazz got De Niro to make his debut as a director. "De Niro told me: 'Let me make it, I'll make it right.'" Originally a singer who decided he preferred to act, Palminteri cut his teeth on routine TV roles, including one on *Hill Street Blues*. "When you're Italian, you're usually cast as a cop or a crook." His one-man show struck him as the perfect way to be noticed. "There's nobody else to look at, right? And I knew I was good."

Palminteri insists that *Bronx Tale* "isn't really autobiographical, but I did witness a murder from my front stoop when I was little. I befriended a lot of wiseguys in those days. But I owe a lot to my dad. He always said the saddest thing in the world is wasted talent."

Now Palminteri is writing a movie for himself and Danny DeVito, and he has finished penning "a comedy thriller" called *Faithful*. He also just signed to play one of three leads in Woody Allen's new movie. ("He doesn't tell you what it's about.") Exuding utter conviction without a trace of conceit, he adds: "Eventually, I want to direct, and I will—without a doubt."

he meant it to be. Woody and Diane play a middle-aged Manhattan couple whose marriage problems are exacerbated when she decides that the old man next door must have killed his wife, though she ostensibly died of a heart attack. The best sequence is a largely irrelevant scene borrowed from *Born Yesterday*, with Woody as a book editor getting a poker lesson from Anjelica Huston, a worldly writer who looks more than ready to play. Clues pile up, well-meaning friends pop in, everyone talks at once and the plot starts to look as shaky as the handheld camerawork that marred last year's far superior *Husbands and Wives*. OK, Woody. Call this one a setback reflecting your blue period. We'll wait for you. ¥¥½

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Irish-born Stephen Rea, an Oscar nominee for *The Crying Game*, can take another bow for ***Bad Behavior*** (October Films). Rea co-stars with Sinead Cusack (wife of actor Jeremy Irons), and both are flawless in this unabashedly low-key domestic comedy about a married pair coming to grips with friends, family, aging and the daily grind of life. Director Les Blair's brilliant company of players generally speaks improvised dialogue as if nothing else would do. Their showcase sometimes resembles a TV sitcom—dealing with such trivia as the Mrs. joining a chum for a tipsy night on the town, or eccentric construction workers pausing for tea when they're supposed to retile the bathroom. *Bad Behavior*'s unique and appealing achievement is to make such small matters loom large. ¥¥¥

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Director Claude Chabrol's subtitled ***Betty*** (MK2), adapted from a novel by Georges Simenon, is an intensive character study with minimal plot. In the title role, Marie Trintignant (daughter of French actor Jean-Louis Trintignant) coolly plays an amoral young matron who drinks too much, casually severs ties with her husband and children, picks up strangers and destroys a friendly widow (Stéphane Audran) by making out with her lover. In some hands, *Betty*'s saga might resemble nonstop sleaze. Instead, the Chabrol touch creates mystery and provokes second-guessing about a self-destructive psychopath. ¥¥½

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Director Philip Kaufman's film of the Michael Crichton best-seller ***Rising Sun*** (Fox) plays down Japan-bashing and even has a different killer doing away with a good-time girl in the boardroom. The movie is as hard to follow as a financial report, but you should have a good time with Sean Connery and Wesley Snipes as L.A. detectives knee-deep in big-business chicanery, karate chops and rough sex. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Amongst Friends (Reviewed 9/93) On Long Island, three guys screw up big-time. ¥¥¥

Bad Behavior (See review) English domestic crises, deftly done. ¥¥¥

The Ballad of Little Jo (See review) She ain't what she used to be. ¥¥¥

Betty (See review) She's French, bad and getting badder. ¥¥½

Bopha! (See review) Down but not quite out in black South Africa. ¥¥¥

Boxing Helena (9/93) Odd take on love from Jennifer of the Lynch mob. ¥¥¥

A Bronx Tale (See review) De Niro directing scores a bull's-eye. ¥¥¥¥

Crush (See review) That's what she does to everything, everybody. ¥¥

Dazed and Confused (See review) Linklater looks at school days. ¥¥

Dr. Bethune (9/93) Donald Sutherland as a fabled but flawed physician. ¥¥¥

The Firm (9/93) Screws up the book's ending, but still pretty taut. ¥¥¥

House of Angels (See review) Some Swedes steamed up about sex. ¥¥½

In the Line of Fire (9/93) Eastwood vs. Malkovich—aces back to back. ¥¥¥¥

Into the West (9/93) All about two Irish lads and a horse on the lam. ¥¥¥

La Vie de Bohème (8/93) Mimi and Rodolfo very tongue-in-cheek. ¥¥

Manhattan Murder Mystery (See review) Woody, sort of marking time. ¥¥½

Me and Veronica (9/93) Elizabeth McGovern is a "me" to remember. ¥¥

Much Ado About Nothing (6/93) Out of Shakespeare and Branagh, a deft sex comedy about a country weekend. ¥¥¥¥

The Music of Chance (7/93) A bizarre gamble, with James Spader and Mandy Patinkin. ¥¥¥

Needful Things (9/93) King-sized horrors spring from a gift shop. ¥¥

Okoge (8/93) Two restless Japanese gays meet just the right girl. ¥¥¥

Orlando (7/93) She's a man, a woman, she's Tilda Swinton—and a marvel in the title role of Woolf's novel. ¥¥¥¥

Rising Sun (See review) Nasty business in a Japanese-owned high rise. ¥¥¥

Sleepless in Seattle (7/93) Ryan and Hanks share a fine romance. ¥¥¥½

Tokyo Decadence (9/93) A callgirl with lots of calls—and a quest. ¥¥

Undercover Blues (8/93) Two espoused spies, drolly played by Turner and Quaid, on a lively vacation. ¥¥¥

The Wedding Banquet (8/93) How a gay Chinese New Yorker survives a marriage planned to please his folks. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"Our school was watching videos," says **Albert Hughes,** 21, the technical-wizard half of the Hughes twins, who co-directed the street-smart big-screen hit *Menace II Society*. "So whenever we're home," says brother and business-end partner **Allen,** "we watch movies. We have four VCRs and three laser disc players and it's like osmosis—we learn about films by being around them." Among the twins' perpetual replays: Pacino's *Scarface* ("our number-one pick of all time"), Bruce Lee's *Enter the Dragon*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Terminator 2*, *Batman* and anything by mentor Martin Scorsese. With all this inspiration, what's the enterprising pair's fantasy project? "To have a hidden camera on Madonna's sex life," says Allen. Or better yet, adds Albert, "to see how Madonna has sex in our house—with me. I'd like that. Teach her a few things." —NANCY MILLS

VIDEO SIX-PACK
this month: back to college

Horse Feathers (1932): Best campus comedy. The Marx Brothers invade Huxley College (Groucho is prez) and help win the big game against Darwin U. Rah.

Getting Straight (1970): Best campus protest drama. Student Elliott Gould is torn between Sixties idealism and academic conformity. Celeb lookout: young Candice Bergen and Harrison Ford.

Love Story (1970): Best campus romance. Boy meets girl, girl gets incurable disease, boy loses girl, audience loses lunch. Vintage mush.

Knute Rockne, All American (1940): Best campus sports bio. Pat O'Brien is Notre Dame's legendary football coach; future liberator of Grenada Ronald Reagan is his star player. Gipper this.

Too Many Girls (1940): Best campus musical. Four Potawatomi College guys chaperone coed heiress Lucille Ball. Offstage action: Ball meets bit player Desi Arnaz.

National Lampoon's Animal House (1978): Best excessive male bonding. Toga parties and food fights as fraternal rites of passage. Belushi's big breakthrough. (Best female bonding? ***The Group*** [1966]: Vassar-type coeds versus the world. World loses.) —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDBITS

Warner's ***NASA Space Flight Series*** is literally a blast from the past—make that several blasts. The sharp five-volume collection traces the American space program from the Mercury project to the moon landings to the shuttle—and beyond—with archival footage and computer-enhanced animation. $19.95 each, $99.92 for the set. . . . Two new entries in the TV-to-tape parade: ***A Year in Provence,*** the witty A&E–BBC adaptation of Peter Mayle's best-seller, in which a couple flees London for pastoral French climes (four tapes), and Oliver Stone's ***Wild Palms*** (ABC), the futuristic, techno-crammed drama, now packaged as two full-length features. . . . As if there weren't enough people telling you what to watch, now comes ***The Phantom of the Movies' Videoscope,*** a bimonthly newsletter straight from the desk of the *New York Daily News*' secret B-movie critic. Designed as a carry-along cheat sheet for "the nabe vidstore," the handsome 20-pager features reviews of the Phantom's faves (from the hard-to-find to vintage camp to Killer Filler), as well as a handy Hit List and Dis List. Call 908-739-8509.

VIDEO SLEEPERS
good movies that crept out of town

Dance with a Stranger: Recent Academy Award nominee Miranda Richardson dazzles in this 1985 drama as hot-blooded Ruth Ellis, the last woman executed for murder in modern England.

Love Field: Michelle Pfeiffer was also up for a 1993 Oscar for this stint as a Dallas beautician who meets a black mystery man en route to D.C. for JFK's funeral.

One False Move: Crime and punishment belted out with old-fashioned fervor in a kinetic Nineties film noir co-starring Bill Paxton and Cynda Williams.

Rich in Love: Albert Finney's fine as a feisty family man whose wife (Jill Clayburgh) leaves him flat after 27 years. Directed by Bruce (*Driving Miss Daisy*) Beresford.

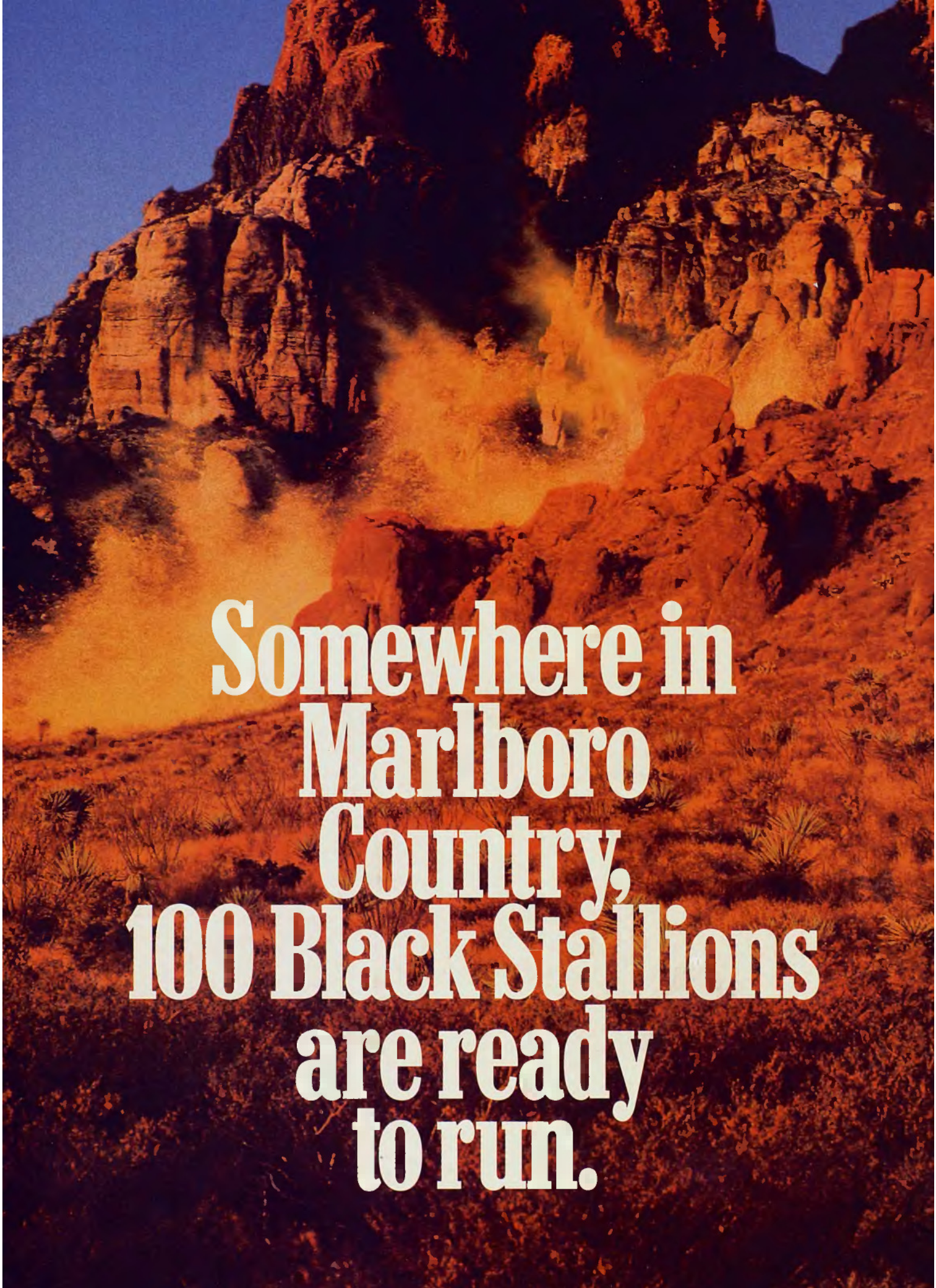
The Waterdance: Wheelchair-bound paralytics Wesley Snipes and Eric Stoltz put a spin on adversity with high spirits and surprising humor. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LASER FARE

Still selling after all these years? Absolutely. Warner Reprise's laser release of ***Paul Simon: Born at the Right Time*** ($34.98) tags along with the living legend on his 1991 world tour—from China to South Africa to Queens. Program also features Q&As with musicians and artists, among them Art Garfunkel. . . . Buckle up: Fox Video and Image Entertainment have joined forces for an exclusive wide-screen release of ***The Star Wars Trilogy,*** a nine-disk monster (all 18 sides in CAV) that includes remixed sound, backstage footage, commentary by real-life Yoda George Lucas, a 16-page color booklet and Charles Champlin's hardcover history of Lucasfilms' first 20 years. May the cash be with you—it goes for 250-bucks. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Sommersby*** (Foster wants to believe returned Civil Wor vet Gere is her hubby; *Return of Martin Guerre* solidly remode), ***Falling Down*** (M. Douglas with o buzz cut does a last-ongry-man number on L.A.; flawed, but boy, can we relote).
COMEDY	***Groundhog Day*** (time warp makes fed-up weathermon re-live Februory 2nd ad infinitum; sappy finole, but Bill Murroy is o hoot), ***Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam*** (HBO's hot block-comedions series, hosted by Martin Lawrence).
ROMANCE	***Benny & Joon*** (Johnny Depp comes between sibs Aidan Quinn ond schizoid Mory Stuort Masterson—then steols pic), ***Untamed Heart*** (smartass waitress Moriso Tomei dodges doting dishwosher Christian Slater with help from Rosie Perez).
CHILLER	***The Vanishing*** (Kiefer Sutherlond chases girlfriend's psychopathic obductor, Jeff Bridges; the 1988 Dutch originol's even better), ***The Dark Half*** (writer Tim Hutton's split personality is a killer; decent Stephen King tale).
MUSIC	Country couple from Best Film & Video: ***Hunks with Hats*** (heortbreok golore from Gorth, Clint ond cowboy company) ond ***Country's First Ladies*** (equol-time love laments led by Loveless, long, Mottea ond Emmylou).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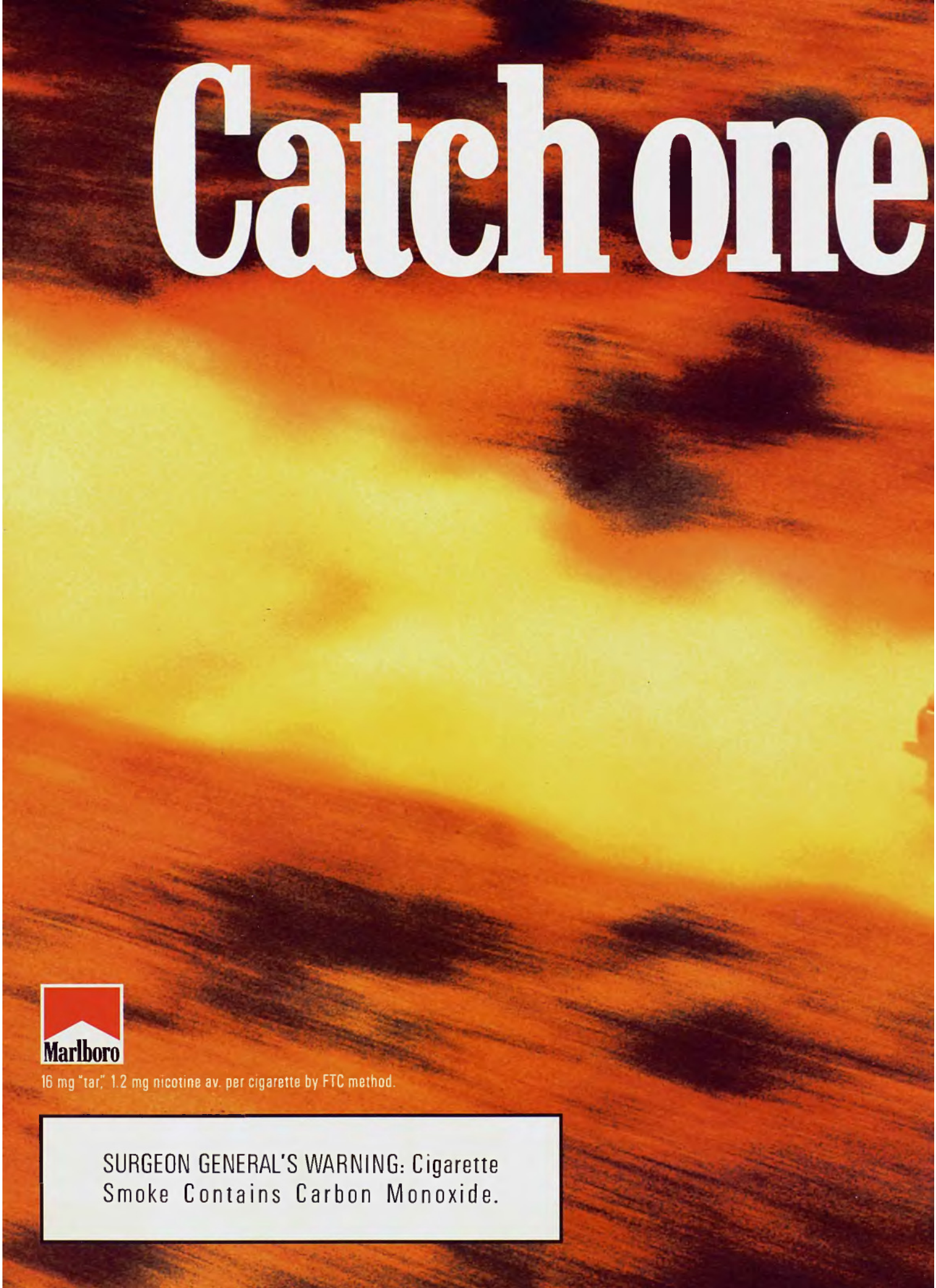

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WIRED

PHONE ZAP

When federal courts forced the breakup of AT&T in 1984, it looked as though all the chime had been wrung from Ma Bell. Not so. Along with news about a forthcoming wireless multimedia telephone and involvement in the new 3DO interactive system, AT&T has also announced that within a year you'll be able to play Sega Genesis video games with a friend over the phone lines. All it will take is $150 for

STEVE BOSWICK

a modem called the Edge 16. The modem, which attaches to the Genesis unit, comes equipped with a speakerphone and slots for flash memory cards. The cards enable you to capture and customize a character from compatible softwear and introduce it into other games. Yes, that means Sonic the Hedgehog could someday walk those mean Street Fighter streets.

SUPERCHARGED COMPUTERS

Green computers are headed our way. As a part of its Energy Star program, the EPA is working with top electronics manufacturers to build earth-friendly hard drives and monitors. Initially, the new equipment will reduce electricity consumption and pollution by powering down to 30 watts or less when not in use. Later, manufacturers plan to introduce recycled materials into production. The first green machines are AST's Bravo LPs ($900 to $2000), with systems from IBM, Hewlett-Packard, Compaq and Apple on the way. In other computer news, you can now talk to your PC and it will listen, thanks to Voice Assist, a speech-recognition technology built into Sound Blaster's IBM-compatible 16 and 16 ASP audio accessory boards ($249 and $349, respectively). Once programmed, the Sound Blaster–equipped computers recognize voice commands, which you issue into a headset or lapel microphone. Say "print," and the laser jet instantly fires up; DOS commands or mouse clicks are no longer required.

THE ORIENT IS LISTENING

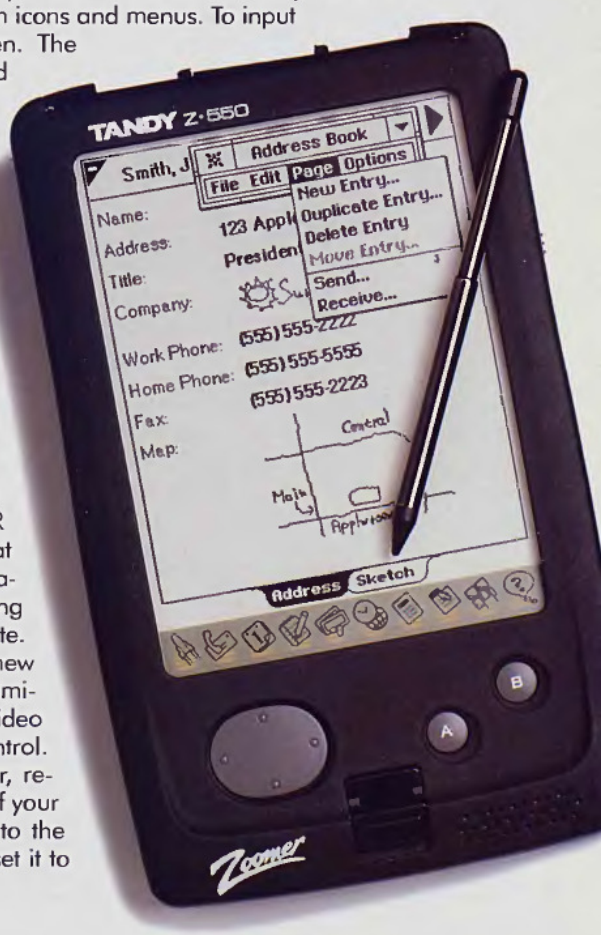
Japan's $200 million annual itch to own high-end audio equipment is mainly being scratched by exclusive American-made components. Wilson Audio Specialties in Provo, Utah, for example, sells about 60 percent of its line of speakers to the Far East. Wilson's latest entry, the sculptural X-1 Grand Slamm, illustrated here, is a six-foot-tall, 450-pound speaker with fidelity specs that are so remarkable, the company has already sold about a dozen pairs to eager Asian buyers with deep pockets. The price: $58,950 per pair in the U.S. and almost double that figure in Asia. Ron Sutherland of Sutherland Engineering, a manufacturer of exotic amps and preamps in Lawrence, Kansas, explains the Far East's fascination with U.S. high-end audio this way: "Americans buy brands. The Pacific Rim consumers are

DAN CLYNE

more interested in the individual sonic perfectionists who put their personal stamps on a product."

WILD THINGS

One in a lineup of pen-based computer-organizers headed our way, Tandy's Z-550 Zoomer, pictured here, replaces the keyboard with a tablet and stylus. To execute commands, you tap on program icons and menus. To input information, you write on the screen. The Zoomer can read your notes and translate them into text or store them as is. Programs include date, address and bank books, a dictionary, a calculator and more. Look for it in stores this month, priced at about $700. • Listed in the *1994 Guinness Book of Records* as the world's smallest fax machine, the palm-sized Pocket Faxxer looks like a calculator with a mini-keyboard. The device receives incoming telephone colls and electronic mail and transmits messages to fax machines, computers and alphanumeric pagers. The price: $400. • First, Gemstar introduced VCR Plus+, the video recording system that uses program codes listed in newspapers and in *TV Guide*. Now it's offering the VCR Plus+ with Universal Remote. Priced at $70, this device feotures a new technology colled Call Set, which eliminates the need to program audio–video component codes into the remote control. Instead, you call a Gemstar operator, reveal the brond and model numbers of your equipment and put the remote next to the phone handset. A tone will instantly set it to operate your TV, VCR and stereo.



Where & How to Buy on page 167.

STYLE

IT'S A STITCH

After years of back-to-basics styles, menswear has become detail-oriented. Take the new trim called overstitching, which is giving everything from pants to outerwear a rugged, country feel. From J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud comes whipstitch detailing on the blanket-plaid hooded jacket shown here ($395). In the same rustic style, Donna Karan's DKNY label includes a distressed wheat-colored suede vest with thick whipstitching on the edges ($295) and suede jeans with lace-up seams on the side ($595). And Assets London makes sharp stitched sweaters, including a natural-colored Shetland wool and silk cardigan with blue stitching ($195). Newcomer Shaka King takes a streetwise approach, offering a vest of black wool and alpaca with white whipstitching ($205).

FINE AND DANDY

Fairchild's Dictionary of Fashion defines dandy as a "term used from about 1816 on for a man excessively fond of and overly concerned with clothes." Well, get ready to button up a long, lean jacket and fluff out a ruffled shirt, Beau Brummels. Calvin Klein has just created an updated dandy taupe-and-cream pin-striped wool suit with a traditional high (four-button) stance ($1190) and matching vest ($270). Style Counsel New York also offers dandy suit separates, including a three-button belted-back jacket in taupe or black wool-crepe ($250), a long vest ($80) and double-pleated trousers ($150). Want to go just slightly dandy? Pick up a vest with a high-button stance such as Wilke-Rodriguez' brown suede one ($195). Wear it Jimi Hendrix–style over a ruffled shirt by Camicia ($70).

HOT SHOPPING: DALLAS

If you're looking for the unexpected, go to Ellum—Deep Ellum, that is—a warehouse zone turned artists' haven with the kind of shopping opportunities the folks from South Fork never dreamed of. Rancho Loco (830 Exposition): A mix of Western wares and club wear, including skintight Ts and ruffled dandy shirts. • Right Brain Left Brain (2924 Main): A toy store for grown-ups, with everything from science kits to cactus alarm clocks. • N-V-US (2644 Elm): Stocks Stussy and other leading surf-to-street labels. • Blues Suede Shoe (2815 Main): This shop sells vintage cowboy boots, reconditions old ones and custom-makes virtually all leather goods. • Xeno (2928 Main #102): A contemporary furniture gallery and favorite stop for visiting celebs, including Lenny Kravitz and David Bowie.

CLOTHES LINE

No designer duds at work for comedian **David Alan Grier**. Instead, the co-star of Fox TV's *In Living Color* says he rehearses in workmen's overalls from the Fifties and other comfortable thrift-shop threads. After hours, however, it's a different story. He recently added a Calvin Klein suit to his wardrobe that "looks like something you would have seen on Cary Grant." And for formal occasions, he has a Yohji Yamamoto tuxedo that he wears with a collarless tux shirt and gold studs. "The right shoes are also essential," advises Grier, who finishes off his formal look with a pair of velvet, gold-crested dress slippers by Joan & David. Despite his success, Grier insists that "it's the little stuff I like"—and that includes Brooks Brothers boxer shorts.

HATS ALL, FOLKS

Blame it on grunge, rave or even male-pattern baldness. Hats are back for fall. Topping the list are stocking caps. There are versions with stripes from Northern Cap (about $13) and ones by Epperson featuring long tails that double as scarves ($95). Another big seller is Elmer Fudd–type hunting caps, which come in solid wool from Nick & Nora ($30), red-and-black buffalo plaid from Northern Cap ($30) and distressed leather from Seifter Associates (from $45). On the refined side, Calvin Klein topped off his runway threads with fedoras by Makins Hats ($135).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SWEATERS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Relaxed, boxy shapes; rollnecks; loose turtles; zipped or buttoned cardigans; vests	Banded cuffs and waistlines; hoods; second-skin knits; pullover vests
COLORS	Solid or tweed neutrals such as oatmeal, gray, steel blue, olive or black	Overly bright colors; iridescent or metallic threads; sugary pastels; stark white
PATTERNS AND KNITS	Beefy textures; large cables; blanket plaids; Nordic or Native American motifs	Stripes; bold patterns such as allover argyles or optical designs

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WE LAUGHED till we cried when we read Carl Hiaasen's latest novel, ***Strip Tease*** (Knopf). Hiaasen's book opens at 2:30 A.M. in a Fort Lauderdale nude-dancing bar called the Eager Beaver, where the drunken guest of honor at a bachelor party crawls onto the stage to hug a stripper. Suddenly, he is attacked by an equally drunken U.S. congressman wearing a wig and dark glasses, who beats him senseless with an empty champagne bottle. From there, we follow a fast-moving tale of lust, blackmail, political corruption and murder. Congressman David Dilbeck, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, turns out to be the man who makes millionaires out of sugar growers in Florida by pushing outrageous price-support subsidies through Congress each year. The grateful millionaires, naturally eager for him to continue, give generously to his reelection campaigns.

Paralleling the zany escapades of the Eager Beaver gang is a story of greed and corruption that you might expect from a highly regarded investigative reporter from the *Miami Herald*. Hiaasen details the scandalous abuses of Big Sugar in Florida so vividly that you want to write your congressman. This novel may turn out to be more effective than newspaper headlines—and it's more fun, too.

Another investigative report—nonfiction and entirely serious—deserves your attention. Jonathan Freedman, a Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist, has the social-policy statement that President Clinton has been looking for: ***From Cradle to Grave: The Human Face of Poverty in America*** (Atheneum). Poverty has shifted from being a problem for "them" to being a problem for all of us:

> The plight of America's poor, and the vulnerability of the middle class, grows more severe each year. By 1992 the U.S. Bureau of the Census reported that 37.5 million people had fallen below the poverty line—the highest level in 27 years, since the start of President Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty in 1964.

In fewer than 200 pages, Freedman manages to examine numerous cases of people who have dealt successfully with severe financial crises in all stages of life. From these cases, he extrapolates the institutions and programs that help people. Based on information about those programs, he proposes a national support system that encompasses child development, family support, health care, education and Social Security. Freedman zooms from an alarming maze of facts about poverty down to the life of a single American who needs help.

Carl Hiaasen's *Strip Tease*.

Hiaasen's raunchy sex in Fort Lauderdale, the real face of poverty and our annual book preview.

Two new novels by Brian Moore and Douglas Bauer suggest the scope of serious contemporary fiction. Moore's ***No Other Life*** (Doubleday) explores the political chaos of an impoverished Caribbean island suspiciously similar to Haiti. A priest becomes president and is ousted by a military coup. Moore makes what sounds like a political thriller into a painful moral struggle between the demands of God and the blunders of man. Bauer's ***The Very Air*** (Morrow) is the rich, almost 19th-century-style story of Dr. Luther Mathias, who rises from selling snake oil to become the wealthy and powerful director of a fraudulent medical empire. The story has the same comic potential as T. Coraghessan Boyle's *Road to Wellville*, and Bauer develops it skillfully. But he also searches the psyche of Dr. Mathias to understand a peculiarly American breed of mountebank.

What to look for in the months ahead? Well, the American Booksellers Association convention was held this past summer in Miami amid torrential rain, lavish parties and celebrity book-signings at the local stores—from the Margaret Thatcher soiree for ***The Downing Street Years*** (HarperCollins) to the Rush Limbaugh bash for ***See, I Told You So*** (Pocket). The more literary fetes—William Styron's party for ***A Tidewater Morning*** (Random House) and Frank Conroy's luncheon for his novel about a classical piano player, ***Body & Soul*** (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence), at which Conroy himself played piano—promised two excellent books.

A general survey of the ABA's fall offerings foretells good reading from Nobel Prize winner Gabriel García Márquez' short-story collection ***Strange Pilgrims*** (Knopf); Anne Rice's ***Lasher*** (Knopf), the further exploits of her dynasty of witches; and M. A. Harper's ***For the Love of Robert E. Lee*** (Soho), in which he wonders what the great Civil War general looked like with his clothes off.

The Balzac of Boston, George V. Higgins, continues his tales of Eddie Coyle's friends with ***Bomber's Law*** (Henry Holt). Horse degenerate "Shifty" Lou Anderson returns in William Murray's ***We're Off to See the Killer*** (Doubleday). Dick Francis comes out of the gate ahead of the field with his latest racetrack thriller, ***Decider*** (Putnam). And Joe Gores, author of *32 Cadillacs*, pens his toughest and darkest novel yet, ***Dead Man*** (Mysterious Press). There's not only a new novel by Tony Hillerman featuring Pueblo policeman Jim Chee, ***Sacred Clowns*** (HarperCollins), but also a guidebook to all his Southwest sagas, ***The Tony Hillerman Companion*** (HarperCollins), edited by Martin Greenberg. And best of all, a new Joseph Wambaugh story fictionalized from the files of the San Diego police and titled ***Finnegan's Week*** (Morrow).

Other promising titles include Pinckney Benedict's first novel, ***Dogs of God*** (Doubleday), which deals with drug-running in West Virginia, and a comic send-up called ***Whores of Lost Atlantis*** (Hyperion), by Charles Busch, author of *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*.

Ironically, Oprah Winfrey, who at the time hadn't finished her forthcoming autobiography, was a major magnet for media, autograph seekers and booksellers alike. Knopf, which already has orders for 750,000 copies of the nonexistent book, was asked by Winfrey—after the convention—for an indefinite postponement. That means the most-talked-about book of the fall isn't coming out.

BOOK BAG

Dominoes & Other Stories (Curbstone Press), by Jack Agüeros: Eight colorful stories focus on the struggles and successes of Puerto Rican Americans living in the barrios of New York.

Living Cheaply with Style (Ronin Publishing), by Ernest Callenbach: A survival handbook for anyone with champagne taste on a beer budget.

Black Holes and Baby Universes (Bantam Books), by Stephen Hawking: A collection of 14 fascinating essays on scientific and personal subjects from one of the most brilliant minds of our times.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

The phone calls, faxes and letters started coming in as soon as the June *Men* column ("The Female Side of the Street") hit the newsstands. Of all the columns I have published over the past dozen years, that one may have provoked the most quizzical and cantankerous responses.

In "The Female Side of the Street" I suggested some standards for male behavior toward women in public. I said that most of the women I know can remember difficult and dangerous moments when they were hassled by men as they walked through their neighborhoods or commuted to work.

I said that men have to do a better job than that. I even set out some practical guidelines for men to follow: (1) Give women space when they are out in public, (2) see the world through their eyes, (3) understand that they do run the risk of being harassed by some men on the street and (4) never assume that just because a woman is walking down the street, she is automatically fair game for male banter and supposedly clever pick-up lines.

That last suggestion caused the most confusion. Some readers assumed that I was against all conversation, all social interaction (I was not). "So where are we supposed to meet women?" one longtime fan of the *Men* column asked me with justifiable frustration. "I mean, we aren't supposed to flirt with them at work because that can lead to sexual harassment charges. What's wrong with trying to pick them up on the street?"

There was anger, some of it intense: "Shame on you, Baber. I'm really tired of reading about women as victims. You sound like you're a male feminist. That column doesn't belong in PLAYBOY. It should have been published in *Ms.* magazine."

And there was humor: "Listen, Asa, don't take it out on us just because you are a stupid jerk who doesn't know how to talk to women in public. I get most of my dates that way, and I'll never change."

I have to add that I also received a lot of favorable responses to the June column from both men and women. But I could tell that a certain and important percentage of my readership felt betrayed. In their opinions, I had turned the tables on them, and I was ignoring their interests and catering to the interests of women.

CHRIS SPOLLEN

MEN'S RIGHTS OR EQUAL RIGHTS?

I understood their disappointment. After all, I am the guy who had been defending masculinity and protesting the excesses of feminism for years before it was acceptable to do so. I had been willing to take the heat of feminist ire and support men's rights. And yet there I was, saying that chivalry is not dead in certain areas, and that men sometimes have to be protective of women. Why was I so inconsistent?

As I see it, I was not being inconsistent at all. It may be a news flash to some of you, but my goal as the writer of this column has always been to support equal rights, not just men's rights.

In writing about the female side of the street, the only reasonable conclusion I could draw from my experience, research and intuition was that women are in far more danger from some men on the street than men are from some women. In general, women do not mug men in alleys, rape them in doorways and rob them in parking lots. But we find that some men take cruel advantage of some women on the street.

By definition, that is an unequal and unbalanced situation that places women at a great disadvantage. And where I come from, unequal situations are worth fixing if they can be fixed. Equal rights and equal protection for all of us, male and female, under the law: That should be the goal of any sensible person in this culture.

So, yes, I wrote a *Men* column that could have appeared in *Ms.* magazine. And I'm not ashamed of that. (Indeed, one of the reasons *Ms.* bores me so much is that the articles published there focus on women's rights and ignore men's rights. *Ms.* ignores the possibility that the subject of men's rights has any validity at all.)

As we wade through the current cultural morass, we will have to do better than the feminists if we want to achieve any kind of peace between the sexes.

And in doing better, our hope should be for equal rights for both sexes. Our sole standard of judgment should be fair-mindedness. Our biggest need is to achieve the best society for all of us—men, women and children. It is as simple and as difficult as that.

Under the deceptive banner of equal rights, most feminist leaders of the past 30 years have really been arguing for women's rights only. To this day, in the media and in academe, men's rights is a quaint and sometimes amusing phrase rarely taken seriously. But from the divorce court to the draft board, from false charges of child abuse to false charges of date rape and sexual harassment, men are exposed to humiliating and unequal treatment (and I have protested that treatment specifically and often in PLAYBOY since I first began publishing here).

But let's not flip the debate and mimic the narrow and unloving political consistency of the feminists. Let's not argue that in all phases of our lives as men we are as disadvantaged as women, and that women pose as great a threat to us on the street as we do to them.

It is simply not true.

Inequality hits the sexes in different places and at different times. If we deny that basic fact, we might be constructing gloriously consistent arguments for ourselves, but they will not be arguments that are honest or healing or fair to all concerned.

The honest search for true equality: That's what I call men's work. So let's go do it.

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

GET REAL

If you don't have a parachute, don't jump, genius.

Helps reduce the risk

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

BECKY MEAHNER

SLEEPLESS IN SANDUSKY

Sleepless nights and jangled days can make you come up with pretty racy theories. I'm on a book tour. I've been in hundreds of cities and talked to thousands of people and have had almost no sleep, so, OK, I'm a little strange. But I like my theories anyway.

First of all, did you know that it's not just you but that nobody else is getting laid either? That hardly anybody even cares anymore?

It's bad out there. Even in Iowa, where I figured everyone has sex—what else is there to do?—you can't shut anyone up about her lack of a sex life and his diminishing sex drive. It's a rampant, full-blown epidemic.

My theory is that it is a Darwinian preservation-of-the-species issue. We know for a fact that there is such a thing as a mass unconscious that connects all humans—otherwise how could an entire country be in love with *Seinfeld* and the whole world be obsessed with Michael Jordan? Unconsciously, we are all one, and we've finally noticed that the world is top-heavy with humans who are turning the planet into a wasteland.

So men and women, intent on survival, have lost the will to fuck. It's the only thing that will save us. I'm sure I'm right.

OK, if you like that one, listen to this: I think we're becoming a matriarchy. The male of the species is losing his supremacy. Don't get too nervous yet. Let's begin at the beginning.

Women are unbelievably pissed off at men these days. Even (and I hope you realize how crucial this is) stewardesses.

I was shocked. It seems to me that men are trying as never before to get along with women, to make compromises, to whisper mea culpa into women's ears. But it doesn't matter. From Toronto to Dallas, women hate them. Last year, during my last tour, women were gritting their teeth a bit but still professing their dedication to men, hoping they'd change so we could all get along. Not anymore. Basically, it's the old commitment thing.

"They lie, they're unreliable, they like you only until you like them back," hissed an adorable air hostess as she slipped me extra peanuts while ignoring a dozen wildly gesticulating salesmen.

"This guy tells me he loves me for weeks," said a reporter in Dayton. "He even showers me with jewels. I'm resisting him, but gradually I start to trust him. 'I love you, too,' I tell him after he's told me he loves me a thousand times.

"The very fucking next day the bastard disappears. I finally track him down and guess what he says."

"'I don't think I'm ready for a commitment right now. I need a little space,'" I guessed.

"Bingo," she replied.

There was even an uprising in a bookstore in Minneapolis.

"Make sure you write in PLAYBOY how much we all hate men," shouted one woman. She was joined by a chorus of a dozen or so: "They suck!"

"They're so stupid!"

"There's no point to them!"

"So we hate men now?" I wondered.

"You betcha!" they yelled in unison.

It seems that men are "not caring, sympathetic, loving or honest," and are "*not communicators*."

"Plus," said a blonde, "you always have to play games. You can never let them know you care or they lose interest."

"Not all men are like that," I said.

"Maybe, but most of them have that blood type," she countered.

I thought about it for days. I decided she's right. Most of you are like that. I tried to figure out why.

"The whole thing is just this enormous fuckup," said my friend Jake in Austin. "It takes a woman about six months to get comfortable sexually, to feel trusting and open, and by that time we've lost interest. OK, calm down, not exactly lost interest, but the sight of her naked body, which used to cause mad lust, has about as much interest for us as that chair there. Romantic passion does not last. Men like the hunt."

"Aha," I said, thinking about my dogs. Just like dogs, men are hunter-gatherers. They have powerful hunting instincts embedded in their DNA. And just like dogs, men have been domesticated. There's no need to run out and slay a wildebeest anymore. Food just appears magically in brown paper bags. (In humans, unlike dogs, men have the primary hunting drive, since Stone Age women spent most of their time pregnant or nursing.)

Men, like dogs, still need to satiate this drive. Dogs have fuzzy squeaky things that you throw at them and they chase and pretend to kill. But you can't interest men in squeaky toys. The only hunt left for them (besides putting on orange vests and going into the woods one weekend a year) is sexual. They chase women, catch them, lose interest.

Men can't even gather much anymore, what with the economy and women turning out to be as good at gathering as anyone. In fact, much of what defines masculinity is now useless. Fighting is out, wars are bad. There's nothing left to conquer besides outer space, which we can't afford to do. We no longer have to protect ourselves from wild animals, we have to protect wild animals from us. No more cutting down trees. Even tilling the land has become problematic.

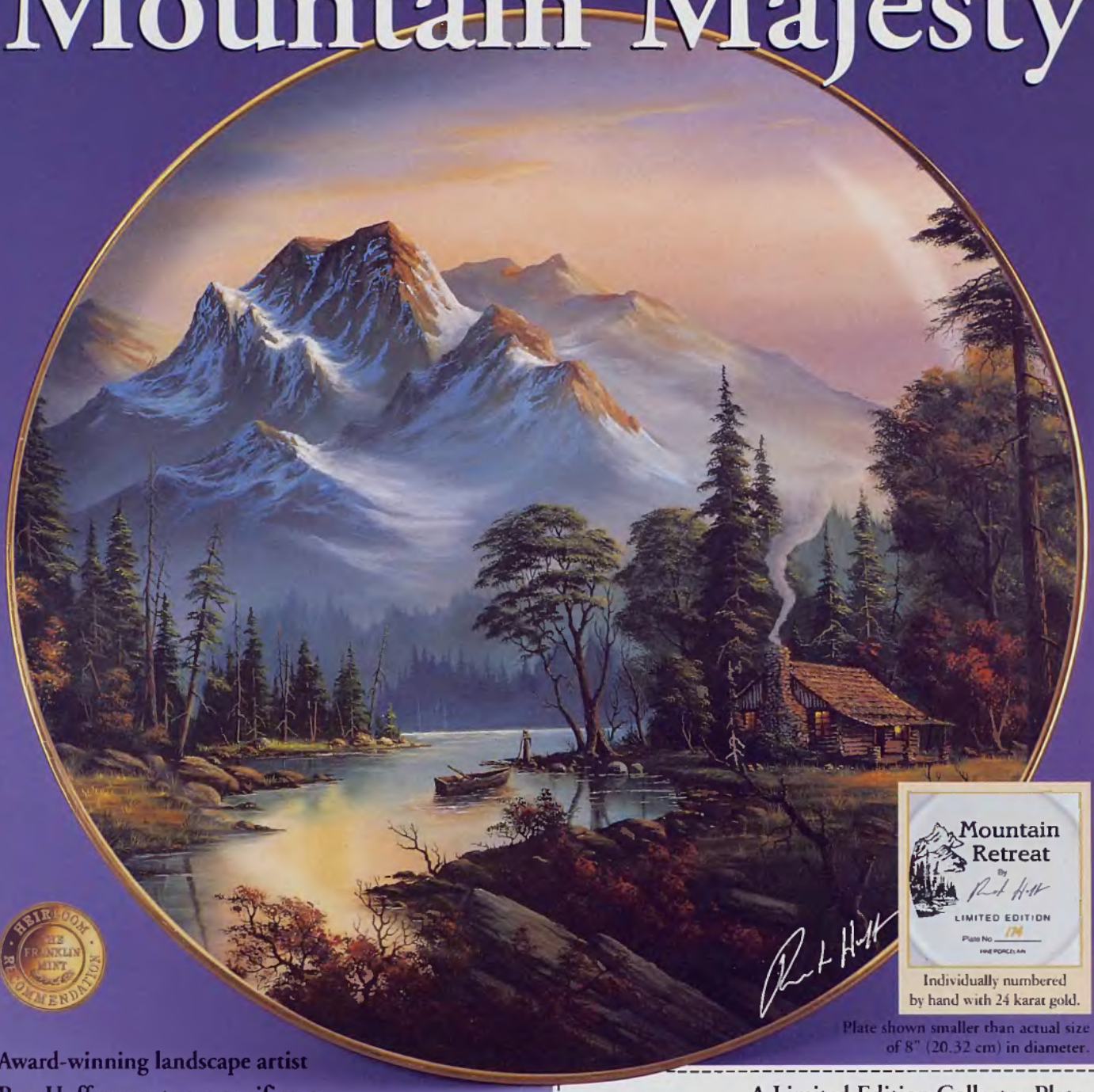
The skills needed today are feminine: getting along, sharing, nurturing those weaker and needier than ourselves, communicating, empathizing.

Which is why women are so pissed off and men are so befuddled. We know that with our special skills we should be the more powerful sex, but for years our fervent desire to get laid made us slaves to men, who needed us to act like they were big deals or they couldn't get it up.

But now we don't care much about sex. Matriarchy is right around the corner.

Or maybe I just really need a nap.

Mountain Majesty



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm happily monogamous with my girlfriend—or I was until a recent business trip, when I wound up messing around with a sweet young furniture saleswoman I met at a hotel bar. We didn't fuck. We didn't even go to one of our rooms. But we did some hot groping in the moonlight by a fountain in a secluded corner of the hotel gardens. The next morning I felt bad about breaking my monogamy pledge—if I did break it. This may sound weird, but do you think roving hands qualify as having sex?—T. L., Prescott Valley, Arizona.

In a collection of writings called "The Erotic Impulse," a woman asked the question: Are we having sex now, or what? She described how for years women defined sex as penetration. But if that's the only measure, what is it that women do together? Or if you are at an orgy and do the nasty only with the people in your immediate vicinity, can you say that you had a sexual adventure with people across the room? This was even a topic on a "Seinfeld" episode last season. George consulted Jerry about a similar problem and Seinfeld retorted, You're not having sex until the breasts come out of the bra.

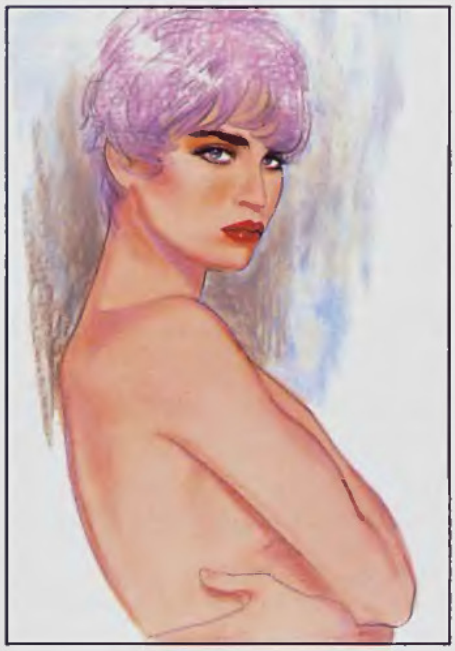
Here's our definition: any time two people simultaneously experience undivided attention plus arousal. Consent is not enough. You have to have willful conspiracy to commit pleasure.

Taxicab drivers and other motorists swear by those wooden-ball seat liners. Australians claim sheepskin seat covers are the last word in comfort, regardless of the weather. Do either of these devices really work?—F. W., Dallas, Texas.

Sheepskin seat covers can add to driver comfort, even during a hot summer. That lush, 1-to-1½-inches thickness of sheep wool provides a layer that effectively insulates your body in warm or cold weather. As far as those wooden balls go, we found many taxi drivers who like them, but we were unable to find a medical practitioner who would endorse them. One doctor said he thought the movement of the wooden balls against your back was probably conducive to better blood circulation and, hence, driving comfort.

My wife and I have fun with vibrators and dildos, but we can't figure out ben-wa balls. They're surprisingly small, and when I slip them inside her, she can hardly feel them. Are we unclear on the concept?—K. B., Orlando, Florida.

You're not, but the makers of ben-wa balls are. Amy Levinson, director of research and development for the Xandria Collection of sex toys, (P. O. Box 31039, San Francisco, California 94131), explains that the original ancient Chinese ben-wa balls were hollow spheres containing a large bead of mercury. After the balls were inserted into the vagina, the woman would gently rock back and forth and the mercury would cause the balls to roll back and forth inside her, providing subtle pleasure. But mercury is poisonous. Most modern ben-wa balls are just plain old balls that don't roll when the woman rocks. They provide little, if any, stimulation. Fortunately, one enterprising manufacturer has given the ancient ben-wa design a modern spin with Thunder Balls, two plastic hollow spheres with smaller, weighted balls inside that roll around like the mercury-filled ones did. Thunder Balls are also larger than most ben-was, so they provide more stimulation on the way in and out, and they're attached to a string that hangs out of the vagina, eliminating removal hassles and opening more opportunities for creative loveplay.



I think I've been cheated out of a hundred or so channels. My 181-channel cable-ready VCR receives only hash and garbled signals when I connect it to the cable. My cable company insists that I use its converter box. So much for my fancy VCR. How do I get around this?—R. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Federal law forbids scrambling basic service. But basic service is just that—usually your local TV channels with maybe C-Span in the package. When you pay for channels that come scrambled, the cable company usually can insist that you rent its box. The problem with boxes, as you've no doubt found, is that there is no simple way to tape one unscrambled show while watching another.

On a recent flight I overheard two women in the row in front of me giggling lasciviously about something I think they called the Lick Trick. Have you ever heard of it?—M. L., Astoria, New York.

Sex therapists in California have taken to recommending the technique to patients, but why should they have all the fun? The Lick Trick is a technique to hasten either a man's or woman's orgasm when performing oral sex. Instead of using steady tongue pressure or swirling moves to pleasure the clitoris or head of the penis, you tease just the undersides of these organs with light little licks about once every 10 to 15 seconds. Maybe less is more: The trick usually produces a quick, intense orgasm.

My husband and I consider ourselves to be connoisseurs of champagne. When it comes time to wash the fluted glasses, he claims that using soapy water will detract from the flavor and add bubbles. I say that soapy water is needed to thoroughly clean the glasses, and if rinsed well, no harm will come to the champagne. So who's right?—C. S., Wales, Wisconsin.

We recommend using a small amount of mild detergent followed by a thorough rinsing to clean glasses used for champagne and beer (soap residue will flatten a brew). Some people use a special fat-free washing agent specifically made for bars. However, repeated rinsings should remove any soap. If you use crystal champagne flutes, add some vinegar to the rinse water to prevent spotting.

What percentage of American males has had even one encounter with a prostitute? The unfounded opinions range from 20 percent to 90 percent.—C. C., Springfield, Missouri.

In a recent Kinsey Institute review of sexual behavior related to the spread of AIDS, researchers estimated that one in three American men have had sex with a prostitute at least once in their lives. In a study of men 50 and older, seven percent reported at least one such contact since the age of 50. Also, 34 percent of this group said they had paid for sex at least once in their lives.

After my grandmother died, I inherited several boxes of her effects, including a sheaf of old letters. In 1931 her sister, my great-aunt, wrote in one letter at some length—but obliquely—about the embarrassment she suffered obtaining a "lover's knot" before marrying my great-uncle. It's clear from her letter that it had something to do with sex, but that's hard to believe because my great-aunt was a proper, straitlaced lady. Do you know what a lover's knot is?—F. T., Westport, Connecticut.

A lover's knot was a minor surgical procedure performed from the Twenties through

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

the Forties to restore the appearance of virginity to a bride who'd already lost hers. The physician joined her inner vaginal lips by sewing several stitches. When she consummated her marriage, the stitches would tear out of her nether flesh and she'd bleed and wince in pain, simulating the breaking of her long-lost hymen. Guess it's time to reconsider your opinion of your great-aunt.

My fiancé and I plan to get married soon. The problem is that he refuses to wear a wedding band. He says he doesn't like jewelry. To me, it's not just a ring but a symbol that he's taken. How can I persuade him to wear one?—M. E., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Don't overestimate the strength of that chain, er, ring. Unless your fiancé's wedding ring is one of those interactive numbers complete with a pager and a transmitter that will telegraph his every move, you will not know whether he is being faithful. The symbolism of the ring won't take the place of genuine trust.

I've heard that some policemen have developed testicular cancer from leaving radar guns on in their laps as they patrol. Am I in any danger from my own radar detector?—W. P., New York, New York.

It's sad but true. In Connecticut some overzealous cops have indeed taken it in the nuts on this one. After years of driving around with their radar guns at the ready, they've developed cancer in a most sensitive area. Connecticut recently revoked its ban on radar detectors. Now most officers no longer use hand-held radar guns. Instead they employ dashboard- or window-mounted units. If you own a radar detector, rest assured. Your detector is a receiving device that emits no signals of its own, and, hence, you're in no danger—other than that of being stopped by a cop who's using instant-on radar.

Recently, while perusing the personal ads, I saw one from a woman saying she was a "WFW." What does that mean? White feminist woman?—M. K., Waterford, Pennsylvania.

Hardly. WFW means "well-fucked woman." In general, the term is used figuratively to describe a woman who projects personal radiance, presumably because of a satisfying sex life.

I recently considered getting Norplant contraceptive sticks. But then a girlfriend said that IUDs and birth-control pills were introduced with similar hype, only to have side effects turn up later. Now that Norplant has been around awhile, have any problems cropped up?—M. B., Chico, California.

Yep. In the three years since Norplant was approved, several problems have emerged. None is medically serious, but all are disconcerting. One is hair loss. Only a few women have lost enough hair to cause bald spots, but many women on Norplant report hair loss ranging from a few more strands left in their combs and brushes to noticeable thinning on the scalp. By far, the most common side effect is irregular bleeding. Some users also blame Norplant for headaches. Women with a history of headaches may not get relief from Norplant removal, but women who have no history of headaches usually do. Finally, removing the six sticks may not be as easy as we were originally led to believe. Instead of a quick, 30-minute procedure, removal can take up to 90 minutes and may leave the upper, inner arm swollen and black and blue.

What is used as lubrication in condoms? I removed one from its package and let it sit on the nightstand so I wouldn't have to miss that extra stroke, and the varnish was stripped off in a perfect condom-sized ring where it had sat. This has happened more than once on other pieces of furniture.—P. B., Bloomington, Illinois.

Condoms that strip furniture varnish? Where did you get them, a hardware store? You may want to try a different brand. Some condoms have water-soluble lubricants, some have silicon, and most condoms are lubricated with spermicides, specifically nonoxynol 9, which provides extra protection against pregnancy and sexually transmitted disease, especially HIV. Any of these, our pharmacist says, could cause the varnish to come off. Try an unlubricated model. Use a coaster, or rather than leaving the condom on the nightstand, let your lover put it on as part of your lovemaking routine.

When I see a second toilet without a seat in the bathroom of a first-class hotel room, I know it's a bidet. But I still don't know how to use one. Please clue me in.—G. H., Orlando, Florida.

There are two ways to use bidets—as washbasins or as fountains. For the former, set the stopper as if the bidet were a sink, fill the basin with water of a comfortable temperature and immerse your buttocks and genitals. For the latter, forget the stopper, adjust the spray to a comfortable force, height and temperature and allow it to bathe your buttocks and genitals. When using a bidet, straddle it and face the wall. Washcloths and soap are optional. Like baths, bidet interludes can vary in duration. With lovers, we prefer the fountain approach. Bidet-play can be an arousing prelude to foreplay and a sensual extension of afterglow.

My wife and I like to fuck in many positions and for long periods. I love her hand jobs and blow jobs, but what I like best is to rock back and forth with my penis deep inside her. Unfortunately, after a while her pussy seems to enlarge, and I get less stimulation when I'm in deep. My questions: Does fucking make the vagina larger? If so, what can we do about it?—R. R., Pueblo, Colorado.

The inner two thirds of the vagina does indeed grow larger during lovemaking, a phenomenon Masters and Johnson identified as "ballooning." The result, as you've discovered, is that the head of the penis may feel less stimulated. But at the same time, the outer third of the vagina swells and the passage narrows. For maximum stimulation, don't stay deep inside your wife. Alternate deep rocking with the old in and out. You'll get something extra on the way in and on the way out.

We've put men on the moon, cheese in a can and wrestling on TV. When will there be better in-flight reception for telephones, fax machines, etc.?—Y. K., Evansville, Indiana.

Long before Hulk Hogan creams the Undertaker. Typically, the problem is using equipment that operates independent of on-board systems. At least two airlines feature interactive communication and entertainment systems. Northwest Airlines already has a 747 equipped with World Link that lets you process passport information, locate your connecting gate, watch the news or play video games. American's Flight Link equips seats on some domestic flights with an LCD screen and phone handset so you can send faxes, get stock quotes, transmit data and make static-free calls. At the rate the airlines are developing their interactive systems, it'll feel like you've never left the office. Wait, this is a good thing, right?

My wife masturbates three or four times a day. I think this makes her sex drive not as strong as mine. She makes promises in the afternoon that she's going to screw my brains out that night. Instead her desire for sleep overcomes her desire for me. I feel it's because she took care of herself by satisfying her own sexual needs. What about mine? I've told her if she masturbated less, she would desire me more. What do you think?—K. T., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Orgasms are hardly a scarce commodity. What your wife desires is not satisfied by orgasm. Masturbating a few times a day is fine, it keeps the pump primed and the juices flowing. Men and women do act differently. When women are having more sex, they masturbate more frequently. Men tend to masturbate less when they are having more sex. Make sure what you do with your wife in bed is different from what she does to herself.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

SHOWDOWN ON SEX

what women talk about when they talk about censorship

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Molly Ivins, the Texan columnist who bills herself as a professional provincial, leans on the podium and invokes images of a fire-and-brimstone preacher indulging in the bully pulpit, a sport in Texas. She is in New York, addressing some 200 delegates to a conference called Sex Panic: Women, Censorship and Pornography, which is sponsored by the National Coalition Against Censorship. The audience consists of feminist writers, performance artists, First Amendment lawyers, sex workers, academics and me—a curious observer of women's reactions to pornography. The point of the conference is to rally the troops against laws that seek to protect women from sexual images. If the convening of Catharine MacKinnon's antiporn cult in Chicago could be called a hatefest (*Playboy Forum*, August), this is a lovefest.

After railing against the blockhead fundamentalists who want to close X-rated movie theaters, and feminists such as MacKinnon who want to stamp out pornography, Ivins tells about her own brushes with the stuff.

"I'd go down to buy my *New York Review of Books* and be faced with this sea of split beaver. But I'll tell you my fantasy. You cannot outlaw that creepy stuff. But you could pass a law, one of those ordinances, and force all those stores to paint over their windows with that institutional green color, the one they use in mental hospitals. And make them take down the big flashing neon signs and put out little tiny signs that I envision would have some dainty Gothic script saying FILTHY THINGS WITHIN."

Ivins feels that women should do what women have always done: make sleaze socially unacceptable and attach a shitload of shame to sexuality but not leave it to the lawmakers.

She goes on: "Sex is kind of funny and weird and interesting to people, and there's always a bunch of weird shit about it. But the idea that people who call themselves feminists are willing to damage the First Amendment over this is a source of real stress to me. As a longtime feminist I find this reprehensible.

"Hell, if you leave it to the lawmakers, you miss out on the chance of having fun. Above all, freedom fighting has to be fun."

She recounts the time the Ku Klux Klan bused in 40 members from Waco to protest Texas' honoring Martin Luther King's birthday. "I'm pleased to say that as they marched up Thomas Avenue toward the State House, they were greeted by a crowd of about 5000 Austinites who turned and mooned them. We got a wave going."

EVEN FEMINISTS DO IT

Over the two-day conference I listen to women defending women's right to sexual curiosity. I hear women argue for unlimited access to texts and images that explore sexual possibilities (a polite euphemism for gay and lesbian lifestyles, sex work or S&M). I hear articulate women demand better sex education. This decade's battles over censorship are fought in the name of women—whether women want it or not. As Leanne Katz, the conference organizer, puts it: "Anticensorship feminists believe antipornography campaigns invariably exploit sexual fears and uncertainties. Moreover, the campaigns promote the false message that women are degraded by sex and that women's sexuality is dangerous and must be controlled. Anticensorship feminists are angry at claims that women can benefit from censorship. They refuse the offer of censorship in exchange for protection as a terrible bargain that has, in any case, never worked."

THE DANGER OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

Thelma McCormack, a professor at York University in Ontario, examines Canada's struggle with porn. (A recent Canadian commission recommended that if there is a choice between free expression and equality, the law favors equality. Without any empirical evidence, it declared that the images of women in porn degrade and devalue women in the community and therefore can be banned.) McCormack says that feminists such as MacKinnon (who helped draft the Canadian position) believe that sex itself is a blueprint for inequality. Unlike Carol Pateman, who finds inequality in the marriage contract, McCormack feels that sexism, not sex, degrades women.

McCormack thinks the MacKinnon theory is irrelevant to real conditions in the workplace. "If you look at any inequality case, it's clear that the image of woman that was self-defeating

was not the nymphomaniac of pornography but the mainstream woman who wanted to be at home, whose first loyalty was to her husband and children, who had very little commitment to other workers or the company. It is this image that is sentimentalized, idealized and anything but degraded. And it is used to justify low wages, dead-end jobs, promotion, discrimination and so forth. This woman is devalued by any number of objective indexes—but not degraded. In short, if we could get rid of all of pornography, hard-core and soft-core, print and visual, child pornography and adult pornography, of all the X-rated films and live sex shows, women would still be working at 66 cents on the dollar and would still be without pay equity. It is the domestic woman, not the Dionysian woman, who reinforces cultural inequality."

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SEX WARS

Lisa Duggan, a professor in the American Civilization department at Brown University, notes the schizophrenia at the heart of the women's movement. Duggan has described how, in the Seventies, some feminists came to believe that sexual images were also an instrument of discrimination. This analysis clashed with the women who felt that discovering their sexuality was a positive force. The sex wars were born out of this division. What came to be known as the MacKinnon–Dworkin contingent went after the paper tiger, sexual images, trying to get legislation passed that said pornography deprived women of civil rights.

It is a seductive movement, Duggan says, because it taps into genuine feminist anger. But then she notes how the primarily female social purity and temperance movements had used displaced anger at conditions in the home (where alcohol increased domestic violence) to create that colossal folly, Prohibition.

Duggan tells the audience that she recently attended a public hearing in upstate New York. Men got up and said that they had battered their wives and molested their children but that pornography made them do it. "Their refrain, 'pornography came into my home,' made images of erotica seem like an intrusive salesman or a cartoon character waving his hand, 'Hi-ya.'"

Duggan can't believe the town council fell for it. "The remedy for these problems is not battered-women shelters. The remedy is not increased prosecution for rape and sexual assault. The remedy is to have an antiporn law. That's what we should do about violence. What anticensorship feminist historians have attacked is the historical analysis that underlies [antiporn laws]. The status of women does not seem to rise in societies that suppress the availability of sexual materials—be it the state of Utah or Saudi Arabia."

Duggan attacks the narrowness of the antiporn analysis. "I don't want to criticize attempts to fight misogyny, but why in porn? We should criticize misogyny in television, in the novel, in advertising. It makes as much sense to organize a group called Women Against the Novel as it does to organize Women Against Porn."

Wendy Kaminer, a lawyer-writer, adds that the antiporn movement is mainly symbolic. "Censorship would have as much effect on sexual violence as capital punishment has on murder. Two hundred executions a year does nothing to stop murder."

THERE'S NO SEX ED LIKE NO-SEX ED

A pregnant Debra Haffner, the executive director of the Sex, Information and Education Council of the U.S., takes the stage. She explains that there is irony in her organization's mission to affirm sexuality as a natural and healthy part of life. "I think that mission says a lot about American culture. The head of the American Lung Association doesn't start his speeches by telling you that breathing is a natural and healthy part of life."

The women at this conference are well aware, I know, that the country's early obscenity laws—such as those crafted by Anthony Comstock—were not used against men collecting dirty pictures but against women such as Margaret Sanger, who tried simply to teach women about birth control. And nowhere is the battle for free expression more convoluted and costly than in the area of sex ed.

"The good news," continues Haffner, "is that 47 states mandate sex education. And all of the states mandate or recommend HIV education. This is a tremendous change. When I first started in this field [17 years ago], there was one state-mandated sex-ed program. In 1985 there were three. The bad news is that at SIECUS we estimate that fewer than ten percent of students are getting anything like the kind of education they should have."

Haffner tells about a survey of the AIDS education courses around the country: "Only three states present AIDS within a positive view of human sexuality, only five mention condom use and only seven mention sexual orientation. What we teach now is disaster

prevention, not the ability to become sexually healthy adults."

Haffner reports that sex ed has been challenged in 130 communities, but that the would-be censors have adopted a new tactic: Instead of attempting to silence sex ed, they now try to replace it with abstinence ed.

"Perhaps you would like to know what happens to you if you have premarital sex." She reads from an abstinence-ed text called *Facing Reality*:

"'You put yourself at risk of pregnancy, guilt, herpes, disappointed parents, chlamydia, inability to concentrate in school, syphilis, embarrassment, abortion, shotgun weddings, gonorrhea, selfishness, PID, heartbreak, infertility, loneliness, cervical cancer, poverty, loss of self-esteem, loss of reputation, being used, suicide, substance abuse, melancholy, loss of faith, possessiveness, diminished ability to communicate, isolation, fewer friendships, rebellion against others, alienation, loss of self-mastery, distrust of the other sex, viewing others as sex objects, difficulty with long-term commitments, various other STDs, aggression, ectopic pregnancy, violence, loss of sense of responsibility, loss of honesty, jealousy, depression, death.'"

Haffner concludes her speech by noting, "These programs continue to teach what Sol Gordon [a sex educator] says is the message about sex in America: 'Sex is dirty. Save it for someone you love.'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

YOU MAY SAY I'M A DREAMER

Leonore Tiefer, a therapist and president of the International Academy of Sex Research, is one of the most articulate of the speakers. The coalition's newsletter notes contain the following quote: "As a feminist and psychologist who specializes in research and clinical work on sexuality, [I believe] that women are in more danger from the repression of sexually explicit material than from its expression. There will be no sexuality for women at all without freely available sexual information and open talk about sexual possibilities and experience, and there will be no open talk if every seedling effort is met by knee-jerk congressional defunding and knee-jerk feminist outrage."

She puts the sex panic on the couch. "The fundamentalist context for sexuality is ignorance and shame. Most sex therapy is the untwisting of inhibitions that shouldn't have been there in the first place.

"What we need is sexual empowerment, not sexual protection." She brings up a cover story from that morning's *New York Post*. The Reverend Clarence Butts, a media-hungry preacher, was going to steamroller rap records as a gesture of solidarity with women on Mother's Day. "This is a silly and empty gesture to women. He could teach his flock that respecting women means knowing safe sex, he could go on a hunger strike for an HIV viricide that is woman-controlled."

Censorship, Tiefer says, prevents us from learning about sexual imagination. Sex educators have been reduced to teaching genital plumbing—an organ recital.

She is appalled by the literal approach to porn taken by the likes of MacKinnon and Dworkin. "They see a picture of a woman draped naked across three stools in a diner and say to themselves, 'How uncomfortable. That image harms women or somehow suggests how men want their women.' They think that how it looks must be how it feels."

Tiefer then touches on how shame distorts our images of sex. A patient came to her with a recurring fantasy. She was dancing in a circle of seedy men in a seedy hotel room. She performed fellatio on everyone. The woman in the fantasy was not enjoying herself. This is a classic image of demeaning sex, yet the fantasy contains images of power and competence. When the patient masturbated to the fantasy, she came like gangbusters.

"There is too much emphasis on sex in this culture, especially since there is no training, let alone an appreciation of talent," says Tiefer. "If you want to play Rachmaninoff, you've got to practice."

From a therapist's point of view, I muse, porn and masturbation are the way we become sexual Rachmaninoffs.

NOT-SO-ALIEN NATION

I wanted to ask Tiefer what happened to the woman's fantasy of seedy men when therapy began to address the underlying message of shame. Did the fantasy slowly move upscale to, say, the Senate Judiciary Committee, to the Spur Posse or Robert Redford, the Chicago Bulls or Rudolph Nureyev? Shame retreats in the presence of beauty. Now we have yuppie topless bars, MTV porn by Andrew Blake, feminist pornography by the Kensington Ladies' Erotica Society (a group of sexually curious middle-aged women writers) and X-rated books on tape. There is a spirit of sexual value, not sexual shame, loose in the land. Going back to Molly Ivins, who wanted porn stores to have institutional green windows with the sign reading FILTHY THINGS WITHIN, I wonder if we will ever see the opposite: NEAT STUFF INSIDE, or simply: LIFE.

CLIT LIT 101

feminists discover a sexuality that feels good—to them

The heroines make love in oceans, lakes, rivers and swimming pools, in the back of pickups, on trains, in buses, bent over tires in gas stations, handcuffed to beds, on top of tables and desks, on beaches, in cliffside tents, in backcountry stores, on living room couches and, oh yes, occasionally in bed.

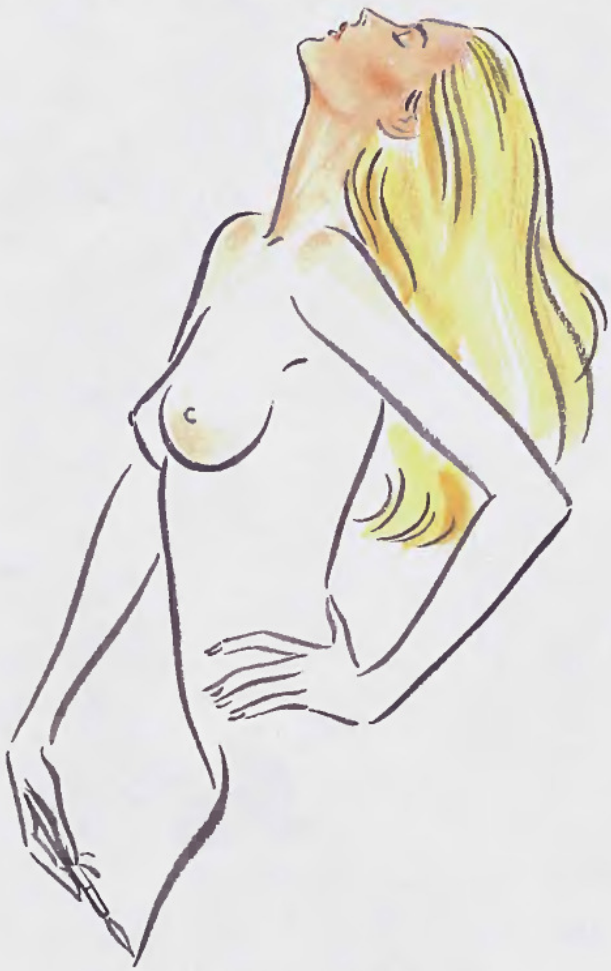
They have out-of-body sexual experiences with the ghosts of dead lovers and enjoy the attention of extraterrestrials in off-planet brothels. They mate with beams of sunshine and with shapes of glowing light that rise from the depths of summer ponds. They use feathers and nightsticks, lotions and leather. They fuck potters, cowboys, motorcycle cops, young boys, ocean waves, strangers, dildos, dykes, vibrators and their own fingers.

They are the heroines of what is called feminist porn. Over the past decade, women have given themselves permission to "explore erotic possibilities." Some call it polite porn, others dub it sensual penmanship. Pioneer Susie Bright, editor of the hot anthologies *Herotica* and *Herotica II* with Joani Blank, labels it fem machismo—the aggressive, seductive and very hungry sexual ego of a woman. It embodies erotic arrogance. According to Bright, the factor that distinguishes feminist from male erotica? "The woman comes."

You can almost hear the sound of women galloping across the sexual frontier. The liner notes to *Slow Hand*, edited by Michele Slung, describe the call to erotic arms: "And from across the U.S., Canada and Britain, a variety of daring and talented women, hearing that Slung was putting together a book to reflect their most intimate sexual selves, enthusiastically responded."

Slung describes the rash of literary lust—starting with the work of Anaïs Nin and on to the more contemporary collections of the Kensington Ladies' Erotica Society—as moving from "novelties" to "necessities," the equivalent of a verbal vibrator.

What's it like for men to read this stuff? Male prose, like male genitalia, tends to inflate in the heat of the moment. Not so in clit lit; there exist no eight-inch steel penises here. Men will have to get past the rather humbling vocabulary: "Fast, harsh, funny fuck" is how one fictive woman dismisses her lover in bed. Another protagonist offers "trying to stay awake, I rummaged between his legs." And not exactly complimentary in her imagery is the heroine who says a lover "grazed gently on my front."



ROBERT PASSANTINO

Was it a female Hemingway who described her orgasm thusly? "The finger resumed. He slid down between her legs, homing in with the same instinctive accuracy he had shown all night. She could feel the climax now, swishing its tail like a fish. He was pulling it up and out of her. Up and up it came, big, this fish was going to set records, they were going to weigh it, they would pose beside it for photographs."

In another story, two lesbians savor the feel of lubrication as "two fish sliding against each other in shallow water."

Bright, writing in the introduction to *Herotica II*, says that what makes women's porn special—in contrast to men's porn—is that you actually get a female point of view of an orgasm. In men's erotica, she says, "We read about how he sees her responding to him, but we don't see inside her explosion."

So now we can look inside, and it's *The Old Man and the Sea*.

If you read these fantasies looking for how women want men to behave, you'll have to read between the legs. Act on some of these stories and you will end up in jail.

Here is one male lover talking: "I was at a rock concert one time, thousands of people packed in close together, all standing up to see better and moving, kind of dancing in place because there wasn't room to do anything else. I was with this girl. She had on a really short skirt, like yours, and one time when she dropped her purse and bent over to pick it up, I saw she wasn't wearing any underpants. So I got her to stand in front of me and I unzipped and slipped it in, and slowly, easily pumped away. Nobody knew what we were doing. Even when we both came, nobody noticed, because everybody was yelling and hopping around."

In another story, a stranger crawls beneath a woman's table as she eats at a literary luncheon in a restaurant: "With bites and tiny caressing sucks,

he made a warm wet trail up the length of her leg from ankle to inner knee. A rising panic made her feel that she must move her body, that if she did not she would be unable to breathe, or that she might fling herself wildly from the table. To calm herself, she carefully drew her foot from his hand, uncrossing her leg and changing her position on the love seat until she was comfortable again. He, unsure of her movements, waited until she was still again before resting his forehead against her knees. Then he wriggled his head from side to side to part her legs. She could feel the roughness of his stubble, the prominent outline of nose and cheekbones as he burrowed his face against her. She allowed his head to part her legs as in slow motion she watched her waiter pour more coffee, the speaker at the lectern animated but voicelessly for her. Adventure, she thought dumbly, this is what they call an adventure."

You do learn to put away your penis. The instruments of choice in these stories are hands: "And then his other hand was on my ass, fingers probing the crack, and I moaned as he began to work me with both hands, back and front, and I cried out for more, still more."

When their lover's hands won't do, they'll add their own: "I couldn't bear the wait and reached for my clit, a few fast hard circles sending me over the cliff's edge, riding waves in the air. And when we didn't slow our rhythm, my hand on my clit and yours deep inside me, the ebbing of one climax led to the first surges of the next. On and on. Your fingers almost leaving me, then sinking deeply in. Full circle of energy from hand to cunt, from my eyes to yours, so absorbed in that that for some time I forgot that we were with others in a room. I knew only you and the sexual free-float, my store of knowledge pulsing cellularly, nerve endings lit like neon, orgasm whirling like high dispersing winds through my consciousness. When my awareness reemerged, it was into my nipples, which were glowing like points of fire."

Yes, women's porn tells you what it's like to be inside, out there. The movement in women's erotica is internal—the movement of self and attention into the erogenous zones. There it differs from men's porn. For male writers, porn is what happens after you get the erection—where it goes, how she reacts. It can be, and often is, filmed as a silent movie. Nipples still get erect in women's porn, but the sentence describing that produces in men a feeling of surprise, of waking to find yourself in a strange part of your body. Someone once said that reading is thinking with another man's brain. This reading is feeling with another gender's body.

Devouring these stories, you find yourself tripping over "labia." These writers treat their labia the way a novice driver treats fenders. "The lotion is cool as it touches your fingers and you pause for a moment, anticipating the sensation when you reach between your legs. It is even colder there. It is wonderful. You spread it eagerly between the folds of skin and over the one most sensitive spot. Close your eyes and imagine him now, being with him in a way you have never been. Think what it would be like if he were swirling his tongue where his hand has been and you clutching the sides of his head with your thighs, his shaggy brown hair wet against your skin. He is licking slowly from bottom to top in long ice-cream-cone swipes. Your own tongue goes out to lick the air as you envision his, searching through every crevice. Your hand is his mouth, and then his lips, sucking around that unnamed spot, nibbling, seeking, devouring around and around, so warm and wet, until you burst and writhe and whisper, almost too loud, 'Fuck me! Fuck me, now!'"

You want to scream: OK—just put down that book.

"The most obvious feature of women's erotic writing is the nature of the woman's arousal," says Bright. "Her path to orgasm, her anticipation, are front and center in each story. Even if her climax is not part of the scene, it is her sexual banquet that is being served, whether she is the initiator, the recipient, the reciprocator, the voyeur or the exhibitionist.

"Wake up, class, it's time to redefine 'objectification,'" Bright says, defending the genre from antiporn arguments. "We're not talking about being chased around the boardroom or accosted in the street. In sexual literature and art, the process of objectification is a very natural and sensitive one. The reader integrates the words and pictures into her own sexual imagination in order to create heat; this means manipulating images for her own pleasure."

And heat there is, in spades. Welcome to the party, ladies.

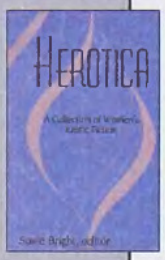
SUGGESTED READING

Deep Down, edited by Laura Chester (Faber and Faber). A collection of contemporary women writers whose topics in these stories happen to be erotic. It is divided into sections with such headings as Looking at Him and Pure Sex.

Erotica, edited by Margaret Reynolds (Fawcett Columbine). A staid and literary collection of women's writings through the ages, from Sappho to Jeanette Winterson.

Herotica, edited by Susie Bright, and *Herotica II*, edited by Susie Bright and Joani Blank (Down There Press). A forerunner of the current fem machismo sex writing, these collections contain work by Lisa LaBia (now known as Lisa Palac, editor of the magazine *Future Sex*) and other neosexists. Explicit, kinky and definitely not for anybody adverse to lesbianism.

Ladies' Home Erotica, by the Kensington Ladies' Erotica Society (Ten Speed Press). Stories from women who started their writing by asking, "Do you think women and men agree about what is erotic? Do we really know what turns us on, or do we just go along, accepting and acting out what male writers proclaim to be erotic?"



Slow Hand, edited by Michele Slung (HarperCollins). In choosing her selections, Slung says she wanted "to elicit the same kind of recognition that all women felt when a decade ago they first heard the Pointer Sisters song—female anthem, really—that inspired the book's title."

READER

BUCKSHOT: YOUR VIEWS ON GUN CONTROL

Just when I thought your magazine was so liberally biased that I could not read it anymore, you shock me with "Gun Control Scrapbook" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). I am a strong supporter of the right of Americans to keep and bear arms. The media portray the NRA and gun owners as irresponsible and unwilling to compromise, but the NRA-backed instant-check system is the ideal solution to the gun control argument. Instead of making the lawful gun buyer wait seven to 15 days to make a purchase, a background check using the purchaser's fingerprints as ID is done in a matter of minutes via computer. Unlike waiting periods, this system does not require sheriffs' departments to conduct background checks, which would cost too much in time and money. The instant-check system is rarely mentioned in antigun slams of the NRA. But you showed two points of view, for which I applaud you. It's nice to see PLAYBOY leave editorial bias behind and let both sides give their opinions.

Bill Schueller
Gridley, California

As individuals, we have the right to a speedy trial, the right to be free from unreasonable search and seizure, the right to free speech and the right to keep and bear arms. To suggest, as Reg Potterton does, that we abruptly end a right granted more than 200 years ago is reckless. I am not a member of the NRA, but I am a gun owner. I am opposed to waiting periods and certainly confiscation, but I would give my full support to an instant-check system.

August A. Elliott
Atlanta, Georgia

You could not have found a more misguided spokesperson to spew the misrepresentations and hysterical ponderings of the antigun crowd than Reg Potterton. His statement about the opening clause of the Second Amendment ("A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state") is irrelevant. In 1776, the citizens were the militia. As vague as that opening clause may be to some, the second clause ("The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed") certainly could not be more clear and concise. The founding fathers felt strongly enough about that right to frame it as the second right of a free society, just after the First Amendment.

There is one statement Potterton makes that I sincerely agree with. He says in his opening paragraph, "Where guns are concerned, logic is dead and panic rules." He then proves it in his illogical and emotionally motivated article.

Kevin B. Hugill
Columbia, Illinois

Hey, Reg Potterton: Be sure brain is loaded before shooting off mouth. You should have done your homework and given the NRA a call. You would have gotten your facts straight in all those spiffy quotations and misleading statistics. You make the classic mistake all the liberal antigunners make about those evil guns. Why is it so hard to accept the reality of the bumper-sticker fact that guns don't kill people, people kill people? The Potterton philosophy essentially says to forget about the criminal and his heinous crimes. The criminal is just another victim of the 12 greedy Reagan–Bush years. Or maybe it was poor potty training. There are millions of law-abiding citizens who own guns and live their lives innocently, in peace and security, harming no one, breaking no laws. But you can't say that about a criminal. The notion of

FOR THE RECORD

BY EXAMPLE

"Hugh Hefner has never received the credit he deserves for creating a sophisticated model of the suave American gentleman in the Marlboro Man years following shoot-'em-up World War Two. Contemporary feminism has tried to ditch male gallantry and chivalry as reactionary and sexist. Eroticism has suffered as a result. Perhaps it's time to bring the gentleman back. He may be the only hero who can slay that mythical beast, the date-rape octopus, currently strangling American culture."

—CAMILLE PAGLIA, DEFINING TODAY'S GENTLEMAN IN *Esquire Gentleman*

RESPONSE

reducing—even eliminating—crime by disarming those who uphold the law is neither logical, pragmatic or (and you're really going to hate this one) constitutional.

Brian Wilson
WRC Talk Radio
Washington, DC

I am a criminal. I make my living breaking the law. My letter must remain anonymous, but I hope you'll print it anyway because I wish to thank Reg Potterton and others of his ilk for working so hard to make my chosen profession easier and safer. Every citizen they persuade not to own a gun becomes another easy target for me. Any logical person must eventually realize that no law can make it difficult to obtain a gun for those of us who don't obey laws. So, naturally, I support any and all legislation that will force law-abiding citizens to give up their guns. Potterton claims that 80 percent of the population favors increased gun control. Of course, every side of every debate exaggerates statistics, but whatever the real figure is, count me in! The only truly attainable gun control is being able to hit what you're aiming at. Thanks again, Reg. Keep up the good work.

Your Staunch Supporter
Seattle, Washington

In true PLAYBOY fashion, "Gun Control Scrapbook" is presented with a balanced perspective. I am not an NRA member but that doesn't mean I support a ban on guns. William J. Helmer hit the bull's-eye. How can anyone be so gullible as to believe that a ban will take guns out of the hands of criminals? The answer lies in severe punishment for firearm-related offenses. Are the people behind outlawing guns the same ones who want to outlaw PLAYBOY?

George Toms
Osprey, Florida

I am disappointed by the gun control argument of Reg Potterton. His comments about the Aryan Nation fitting the NRA's idea of a well-regulated militia make him less credible. His uncompromising, total-ban-on-guns position highlights the reason that meaningful restrictions are difficult to obtain—the fear that if gun owners give an inch, they will lose their arms.

Joe Johnson
Calabasas, California

Thank you very much for presenting both sides of the gun control issue. I am a 36-year-old family man. I have a good job, I pay my taxes, I have a house and a dog. I am also a lifetime NRA member. It really hurts me when I am stereotyped by the media as wanting to give automatic weapons loaded with cop-killer bullets to children. I firmly believe in family values and the Second Amendment. This does not make me a bad guy. Let's take the time, effort and money spent on ineffective gun laws and invest them intelligently. Let's keep hard-core, repeat offenders in prison and teach our children the true value of life and liberty.

Dale Upton
Van Nuys, California

I've never written to a magazine before, but then I've never been as outraged by an article as I am by Reg Potterton's piece. By his thinking, once all guns are banned and taken off the streets, we should release anyone from prison who was convicted of a gun-related crime. If there were no more guns on the street, then those people would no longer be a threat to society. The sad fact is that too many of these people are already back on the streets or never went to jail in the first place. People like Potterton would have us believe that there was no murder before guns came on the scene. Thanks to Potterton and all the bleeding-heart liberals like him for deciding what is best for me. Now all I have to do is sit back, relax and obey. Not!

Carl R. Purdon
Randolph, Mississippi

I am a female gun owner and a columnist for a weapons magazine. I would like to point out to Reg Potterton that advocates and opponents of gun control alike think something must be done about weapon-related criminal activity. I am not a violent person, and neither are many other law-abiding citizens, but the mushrooming interest in guns, especially among women, is a signal that all else has failed. Potterton states that "fear makes a mockery of the freedom we're supposed to enjoy in the frightened land of the free and the barricaded home of the brave." His solution is to get rid of all guns. Although a gun-free world would be ideal, it will never happen. Guns in the hands of the citizenry is the only way to combat guns in the hands of the criminals. Replacing the fear of attack with the power of a weapon goes a long way toward making one feel free.

Jennifer Hartman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Reg Potterton responds: The point I tried to make—and it seems to have been missed by some of the more frenzied pinheads who responded—is that when you live in a country where tens of thousands of people are killed with guns every year, there is reason to assume that fewer people will be killed with guns if guns are not readily available. There is also reason to assume that armed criminals will think twice about carrying a weapon again if additional time is included in their sentence for possessing a gun during the commission of a crime. Thus it is reasonable to assume that many people believe that an America in which tens of thousands of people are killed with guns every year is preferable to an America in which the death toll is reduced by reducing the supply of guns. Hands up, everyone who thinks mass killing is good for society. One reader, Jennifer Hartman, says a gun-free world would be ideal, but that it will never happen. I agree that you can't uninvent the gun. But you can make it hard to get, as governments do in all other Western countries. Count on it happening here one day.

We want to hear your point of view. Send reactions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ALOHA!

HONOLULU—*The Hawaii Supreme Court ruled that the state's department of health must show a "compelling" reason*

for not issuing marriage licenses to same-sex couples. While other concerns remain, public safety is the only reason legally recognized for a same-sex prohibition. The decision would create legal homosexual marriages that the rest of the U.S. would have to recognize—or fight in one state after another.

X-CESS FILM BANNED

CHICO, CALIFORNIA—*Bernie Richter, a California assemblyman, has introduced state legislation that would make it a crime to add pornographic material to rented videotapes. It seems some video-store customers can't resist splicing porno scenes into family movies just to surprise the next viewer. The law would make such tampering a misdemeanor punishable by up to six months in jail and a $1000 fine. Oh, yes, the video-store owner whose problems inspired the initiative: Assemblyman Richter.*

VOX POPULI

SOFIA, BULGARIA—*With the arrival of Western-style sex shops, Bulgarians are now introducing an unusual way of offering phone sex. Sex-shop customers purchase pink envelopes containing six telephone numbers and a password that they have to give to the answering voice before the conversation heats up. Proprietors of the service deny any shame and suggest instead, "We are helping people overcome loneliness and frustration."*

TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*The American Civil Liberties Union has decided to represent a woman who, because she is a lesbian, lost custody of her son to her own mother. The ACLU expressed hope that success in the case might overturn a 1985 Virginia Supreme Court decision that declared homosexuality a sufficient reason for denial of parental rights.*

GAY PARTNERSHIP APPROVED

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*Harvard University will extend health insurance coverage to homosexual faculty and staff members in "same-sex domestic partnerships equivalent to marriage" and to any children of the individuals involved. To qualify, the couples must register their partnerships in Cambridge or in any other city where such registrations are permitted. Similar policies have been adopted by a few other schools, including MIT, Stanford and the University of Chicago.*

AIDS UPDATE

BERLIN—*We have reported that people with venereal diseases are much more vulnerable to AIDS. Now researchers think they know why. Studies affirm that individuals with sexually transmitted diseases in addition to AIDS already carry larger numbers of infected white blood cells that can transmit HIV. And persons infected with other diseases likewise possess more of the lymphocytes and other white blood cells that are the prime targets of the AIDS virus. Experts now say that syphilis, gonorrhea, chancroid and similar diseases can increase the risk of HIV transmission a hundredfold, suggesting that treatment of other STDs is an immediate measure that can be taken to reduce the spread of AIDS.*

EARLY POT

JERUSALEM—*Evidence that marijuana was used as a painkiller in ancient times has been found by Hebrew University scientists studying the remains of a girl who died in childbirth about 400* A.D. *Excavating a family tomb near Jerusalem, researchers found traces of cannabis that evidently was burned in a vessel and administered to the girl as an inhalant to reduce pain. Although this seems to be the first physical evidence of pot use as medicine, reports of it appear in an Egyptian papyrus dating from the 16th century* B.C.

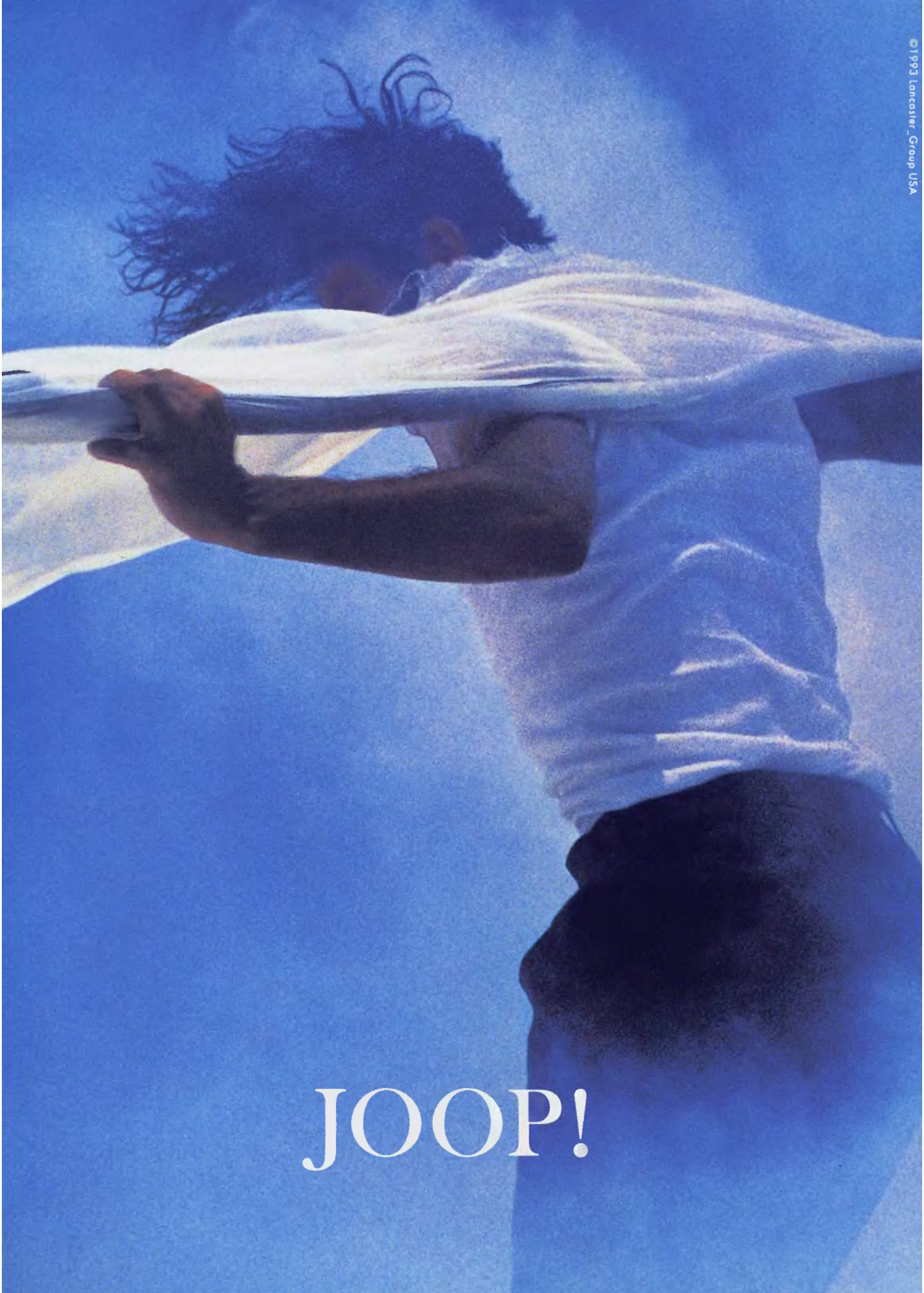
BAD TO THE BONE

MOSCOW—*An adulterous Muscovite took his painfully swollen penis to a local medical clinic, which diagnosed a case of spousal revenge. Apparently, the condom used by the philandering patient had been discovered by his wife, who, to teach her husband a lesson, had doused it with pepper, resealed its container and slipped it back into his jacket pocket.*

GORILLAS TO BE MISSED

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA—*An enlightened mother here protested the blacking out of certain passages in Dian Fossey's classic book "Gorillas in the Mist." But the Millcreek school district supported teachers who thought their students might be offended to know how the animals mate and masturbate or about the initial perineal swelling in adolescent female gorillas. Commenting on the censorship, the director of Colorado's Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund said, "I hope they don't take these kids to the zoo on a warm spring day."*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK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BORDER WARS

the ethical—and smart—way to cut illegal immigration is to go after the real culprits: the bosses and boomers who exploit it

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The guy was telling me how he came across the border in the trunk of a car, crammed in with three other men for several hours, barely able to move or breathe. To get to Tijuana, where he paid $600 to be smuggled across the border, this native of a war-torn Central American country had spent a month and a half working his way north through Mexico, often crawling on his belly to evade border cops. Now that he's in California, he hustles jobs at less than the minimum wage. Sometimes the contractors who hire him to do roofing don't show up on payday.

Still, if he is caught and deported, he will turn right around and sneak in again. Why? Because he has kids back home and there is no work.

No matter what you think about illegal immigrants—as is typical during a recession, most people want them banned from the country—you can't stop them at the border. Whether they are Chinese leaping from the Golden Venture or Mexicans sneaking in by the thousands, their determination is just too great. Border guards won't do the trick because the borders of America are too long and porous.

The vast majority of illegal immigrants come here for jobs because none exist in their homelands. Take away the jobs and immigration will halt. How to do that? Easy. Enforce labor and immigration laws and increase the penalties for hiring people who do not have valid papers. That means going after the baby-boomer lawyer who has a woman from Guadalajara watching his kids and cleaning his house for a couple hundred bucks a week. Or the manufacturers of that snazzy new sportswear line who have a warehouse full of Salvadorans stitching like mad for four bucks an hour and no medical benefits.

The key to the immigration puzzle is that this economy lives off the illegal immigrant—not the other way around. An entire way of life in our urban centers, featuring two-profession couples, is based on the exploitation of illegal immigrants. How many more failed appointments in the Clinton administration do we need to witness before we understand this basic fact? The immigration problem is us—me, you and Zoë Baird.

When was the last time you ate in a restaurant where the dishes weren't cleaned by people without papers? And it's not just in the cities; most middle-class suburban communities depend on an army of illegal-immigrant gardeners, carpenters and housekeepers to keep the way of life on course. Increasingly, this country's manufacturing and agriculture sectors compete with the Third World only by employing the Third World work force that has entered this country against our laws.

Illegal-immigrant workers are a good deal. They pay taxes—sales, Social Security and, often, state and federal—but are not entitled to receive benefits. You don't have to pay insurance for these workers. They wouldn't dare file a workers' comp claim or sue you for an OSHA violation even if they wallowed in your toxic spills.

Illegal-immigrant workers are preferred because they are docile. You rarely see them joining unions and going on strike. Hell, the boss would just summon *la migra*, as the Immigration and Naturalization Service agents are called. The INS acts only when workers get uppity, as in the drywallers' strike last year in Orange County, California, in which illegal Mexican immigrant strikers were arrested and many were deported. But as *The New York Times* reported in June, the INS in New York doesn't even hassle the vast number of undocumented peddlers in front of INS headquarters in New York City.

No subject is shrouded with more hypocrisy. Politicians rail against illegal immigrants, but I have never heard of any calling the INS to arrest the grounds keepers at their country club. Editorial writers sound the alarm but share notes on the good deal they got on a nanny. The U.S. Forest Service hires contractors who use illegal immigrants to do dirty and underpaid jobs, as do dozens of other government agencies.

America needs immigrant labor, but immigrants should represent a work force that has rights and does not lower the standards earned by American workers. The answer is to expand the quotas for the masses from poor countries while specifying that those caught sneaking in can never get on the legally eligible list. None of this will work, naturally, if we fail to curtail the job opportunities for the illegal work force. The leaky border is not the problem—the lure of jobs is.

Currently, employers are allowed to accept any one of about 30, often forged, documents as proof of legal status. I am a First Amendment purist, but if you want to regulate undocumented workers, then some sort of forge-proof national identity card is in order.

We don't go in for such measures because it means cracking down on manufacturers, farmers and operators in the service industries who profit mightily from the exploitation of this cheap and pliant labor source. Most of the would-be immigrants who booked passage on the Golden Venture were obligated to pay their gangster patrons $25,000 or $30,000 for the passage, much of that to come from the proceeds of years of work at slave wages in sweatshops and restaurants. If those jobs didn't exist, it would end the allure for the estimated 100,000 illegal immigrants from China and the smugglers who bring them here. So, be serious: Close down the jobs for illegal immigrants or go with the flow.

Being realistic about this problem means, above all, beefing up enforcement of American labor laws. It is a crime for a factory to hire anyone, illegal or legal, at a salary below the minimum wage, to exploit child labor or to fail to provide safe working conditions. These requirements of the law are routinely ignored by a Labor Department bureaucracy that is woefully underfunded and demoralized. We don't need more border guards, we need more agents to inspect the workplace. We should insist that the working conditions earned over the past century be maintained.

I can't fault the motives of the Central American smuggling himself in the trunk of a car. Personally, I think it is in our interest to assist the economy of his country so that he can stay at home. We should also give him a realistic opportunity to enter this country, as our forebears did, legally and with full rights, to find work. His value to an employer should be his skill and determination, not the fact that he is an easy target to be ripped off.

This One's Something Special

Joe

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY SEINFELD

a candid conversation with tv's top-rated comic about the important things: sneakers, masturbation, dating teenagers and making a hit show about nothing

This is the introduction to the "Playboy Interview," the part you read before you get to the questions and answers. It's an important part. Just read what this month's subject, comedian Jerry Seinfeld, says about it.

"I think the introduction is one of the best parts of the interview. I also like where they go '[laughs]' and '[smiles].' But to tell you the truth, in the introduction you always pick up some juicy little personal tidbit, like the subject just came back from t'ai chi. You also get the thing about when the interviewer drove up to the house and what the guy was wearing, what he drank. You find he does some little thing you didn't know about, like eating potato chips through the whole interview. I remember someone once ate french fries. I thought, Wow. He eats french fries. That's what I'm interested in.

"Plus, when something is in italics it calls a great deal of attention to itself. A word in italics almost seems to vibrate on the page. And this is a whole page of italics."

Five years ago, Jerry Seinfeld was a thin, single, mild-mannered, obsessively neat comedian working the stand-up circuit, making a name for himself as a bright and funny guy. Today, he's a thin, single, mild-mannered, obsessively neat comedian and TV star whose hit sitcom, "Seinfeld," has garnered amazing media coverage and critical acclaim—especially for a show that is admittedly about nothing.

"Nothing" fits Seinfeld's particular brand of comedy—some call it observational or deconstructionist—like a glove. Seinfeld plays Jerry Seinfeld, who, of course, is a 39-year-old, thin, single and obsessively neat comedian living in an Upper West Side New York apartment. He has three friends: Elaine (Julia Louis-Dreyfus), the ex-girlfriend, now platonic gal pal; George (Jason Alexander), the balding and unemployed paragon of low self-esteem; and Kramer (Michael Richards), the eccentric neighbor who proves you can get by in life no matter how unusual your hairstyle. When they're not gathered in Seinfeld's apartment or sharing a booth at a local coffee shop, they're living life at its most mundane and uneventful, asking questions such as "Why do I get bananas? They're good for one day," confronting what "Entertainment Weekly" called "the little adjustments of daily urban life that no network in its right mind would turn into a sitcom."

In the wrong hands this would not be particularly funny. It would possibly even be boring. After all, how funny can an entire show about waiting for a table in a Chinese restaurant be?

Pretty funny, according to "Washington Post" TV critic Tom Shales, who wrote that "Seinfeld" can be "painfully amusing and amusingly painful." In one show, the four characters lose their car in a mall parking garage. In another they ride the subway. Recently, Jerry's car had a horrible odor he couldn't get rid of.

"Seinfeld" specializes in unusual topics: masturbation and who can go the longest without it, breast implants, pooper scoopers and the perils of trying to make friends as an adult. Other shows wouldn't touch these subjects with a 13-episode commitment, unless there were a few hugs and a life-affirming moral attached. "Seinfeld" eschews hugs. And morals. And anything that smacks of neatly summing up life in 22 minutes.

When it debuted, "Seinfeld" was a critical hit and a cult favorite. Cult favorites, of course, don't impress network executives unless the cult starts to grow—and the "Seinfeld" cult did. "TV Guide" said: "The yen for 'Seinfeld's' idiosyncratic hipness is on the upswing," and went on to describe the sitcom as "resolutely minor crises played out with excruciatingly wry precision that has distinguished the show as 'thirtysomething,' comic style." Eventually, "Seinfeld" was holding its own on Wednesday nights on NBC—until ABC's "Home Improvement" moved in next door. The more mainstream

"I'm annoyed. But if you're not cranky and annoyed, you can't be a comedian. Even I, though I might not seem to be, am constantly irritated. If I didn't have all these sensitivities, I'd have nothing to talk about."

"I would like to blow the lid off the quotes under the pictures. I wasn't saying any of these things when the three pictures were taken. If any of this is under the pictures, I'm telling you that there's no camera here."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I'm willing now to admit that as a teenager I never had sex. And I was the master of my domain. And I'll tell you this: At the age of 39, I've almost caught up with everybody else. I think I'm even."

"Home Improvement" clobbered "Seinfeld" in the ratings, so NBC moved "Seinfeld" to Thursday, following "Cheers." The viewership expanded instantly, and NBC turned to Jerry in much the same way it turned to Bill Cosby ten years ago—to anchor its all-important Thursday-night lineup.

Despite his youthful appearance, Seinfeld is no overnight sensation. The middle-class kid from Massapequa, Long Island had an uneventful childhood. He wasn't popular, he wasn't unpopular. He wasn't part of the in crowd, he wasn't a ladies' man. He had ambition, but it was largely unattainable: to be Superman. Instead, he decided to become a comedian. His first funny venture was taping interviews with his parakeet.

Seinfeld's late father, Kalman, was a salesman and a funny guy, but the son never considered trying to out-funny his father. And when Seinfeld graduated from Queens College, started doing stand-up and then decided on a career making people pay to laugh, his folks supported his decision.

There were a few odd jobs along the way: selling light bulbs over the phone, peddling jewelry on the sidewalks of Manhattan. Seinfeld got two nights and 70 bucks a week emceeing at the Comic Strip, and he knew he was on his way. He simply didn't realize what a slow trip it would be.

Other comics seemed to make it overnight. Garry Shandling, who first appeared on "The Tonight Show" about the same time as Seinfeld, became a big name, a Carson substitute and the star of a cable series, while Seinfeld continued playing small clubs and flying in coach. Shortly after being cast as the governor's joke writer on "Benson" for a few episodes, he showed up for work to discover he'd lost his job. No one had bothered to tell him. So Seinfeld went back to the comedy circuit, traveling 300 days a year, hitting the talk shows and doing a fairly lackluster cable special.

Slowly but steadily his success grew. Clubs turned into arenas, sold-out signs began appearing on box offices and TV producers saw him as the next Bob Newhart.

And then one day, after he and comedian pal Larry David finished performing at Catch a Rising Star, they came up with the idea for "Seinfeld." Originally, it was just about two guys talking, dissecting the world—something comedians tend to do offstage with other comedians. NBC ordered a pilot.

Working on "Seinfeld," says Seinfeld, is like being in a submarine. The hours are long and constant, and the responsibilities are shared among a small group, with little network interference. Seinfeld, Larry David and a tight inner circle come up with the ideas and write the scripts. Seinfeld also has to come up with a couple of minutes of material every week for the onstage monolog that winds through the show.

Although there's time for little else but work during the TV season, all the work has paid off. "Seinfeld" is solidly in the Nielsen top ten and was nominated for 11 Emmys. Seinfeld himself is a media rage. There's a line of greeting cards, and the cast can be seen on boxes of Kellogg's low-fat granola. He even has a book out of observations on life called "Sein Language." This is what he told the press at a New York comedy club when he announced the publishing deal: "I'm not really an author. I've been writing for 17 years. I'm just presenting it differently. I'm numbering the pages."

Here's the point in the introduction that Seinfeld likes so much—where we tell you that we asked Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *to meet with Seinfeld and have him expand on all the stuff we just told you. Rensin had this to say about his experience:*

"I met Jerry on the set. He looked just like he does on TV. Who says the camera adds 15 pounds? He gave me a Polaroid camera and asked if I would take a picture of him and his baby to put on the makeup-trailer wall next to everyone else's 'with baby' pictures. Seinfeld's baby turned out to be a 1958 baby-blue Porsche Speedster.

"During our first session, at Jerry's newly remodeled, largely unfurnished, 6500-square-foot Hollywood Hills home, he offered me a glass of water. There were no tables so I set it on the carpet next to the couch. I had my legs up, trying to keep my shoes off the couch (with middling success). When we were done, Jerry hopped up and snatched my glass off the carpet before I could bus it myself. He wasn't taking any chances of a spill.

"Frankly, interviewing a guy who is supposed to be just like his TV character makes one wonder what to talk about. What was I going to ask him? Why do you like cereal so much? Does the TV Jerry own as many pairs of sneakers as you do? Why are you so neat? Actually, I did have a few questions designed to get at the man behind the man whom everyone thinks they know so well. But before I could ask even one, Jerry posed a question of his own."

"I don't mean to offend, but who's going to get this deep into the interview anyway?"

SEINFELD: When are we going to get to the sex part?

PLAYBOY: The sex part?

SEINFELD: Yeah. I think people want to know what I'm doing sexually and what my experiences have been, what kind of sexual prowess or power I may have because of my position. What instructions were you given as far as "Find out about his sex life"?

PLAYBOY: OK. Do you have sex?

SEINFELD: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Good. And now——

SEINFELD: Is that it? Is it over?

PLAYBOY: What's your hurry?

SEINFELD: You're such a tease.

PLAYBOY: Stick around.

SEINFELD: There's something else besides sex I want to talk about. I would like to blow the lid off the three quotes under the three pictures. I wasn't saying any of these things when the three pictures were taken. They are the three best pictures and the three best quotes, but they're completely unrelated to one another. In fact, if any of this is under the pictures, I'm telling you right now that there's no camera here.

PLAYBOY: What if we let you choose the quotes?

SEINFELD: Great. So put "This is not what I was saying when these pictures were taken. In fact, if any of this is under the pictures, I'm telling you right now that there's no camera here" under the first. And "When are we going to get to the sex part?" under the second. I'll think of a third as we go along.

PLAYBOY: Fine. There's one last thing to clear up. Are we talking to the real Jerry or the TV Jerry?

SEINFELD: What do you mean?

PLAYBOY: One of your TV show's conceits is that the real Jerry and the TV Jerry are supposed to be the same guy.

SEINFELD: They're not that different. But I'm the real Jerry.

PLAYBOY: Can you prove it?

SEINFELD: I have no script [*holds up his hands*].

PLAYBOY: That must take away all your image worries.

SEINFELD: I found an acceptable image that was really pretty much me, and that's how I've done everything. That's why I was able to do the show and why I've succeeded as a comedian. I don't have the energy to maintain an image.

PLAYBOY: So, people who stop you on the street must really think they know you.

SEINFELD: They know me better than they know Dan Rather. You couldn't predict what Dan Rather would do in most situations, but I think you could with me. I wouldn't mind an "Excuse me" before a total stranger starts talking to me. That's the most amusing and most bizarre thing about celebrity. I'm walking down the street, someone walks up alongside of me and says, "So, how come Elaine and you got together only that one time?" They don't say, "Excuse me, could I talk to you for one second?" Nothing. We're just talking as if we've been talking for blocks. This happens all the time.

PLAYBOY: By the way, how *was* sex with Elaine?

SEINFELD: Well, you can see that she's very expressive. The way she moves, she has a physical fluidity. You can see that just by watching her talk. It's not a big

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leap for someone with imagination.

PLAYBOY: Which our readers——

SEINFELD: Probably don't have.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

SEINFELD: If you have a good imagination, you usually don't need visual aids. I don't mean to offend, but who's going to get this deep into the interview anyway? They're probably at the centerfold by now.

PLAYBOY: They might have turned to it first.

SEINFELD: That's right. [*Laughs*] And now they're falling asleep.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you stop on the street just to meet?

SEINFELD: Abraham Lincoln. I'd say, "I'm sorry, I'm sure you get this all the time, but I just think you're fantastic."

PLAYBOY: Seriously, are strangers so taken with *Seinfeld* that they insist their lives are perfect material for the show?

SEINFELD: That's a compliment. I'm doing something that seems so taken from their own lives they can't help but assume that everything in their lives must be funny.

PLAYBOY: Are they right or wrong?

SEINFELD: They're wrong. They may be funny enough to get them through that moment at the water cooler, but they're not funny enough to be on television in front of millions of people and have them buy a Geo Prizm as a result. I take it as a comment on my skill as a comedian. It seems like nothing. It should seem like nothing. It should seem like something anyone could do.

PLAYBOY: What are the levels of comedy?

SEINFELD: Making your friends laugh, making strangers laugh, making strangers laugh for money and making people act like you.

PLAYBOY: Do civilians always try to make you laugh?

SEINFELD: Could you explain that to me, please? What the hell is that phenomenon? If I meet singers, I don't go, "Hey, what do you think of this?" and sing. Why would you invite that humiliation by trying to be funny around a comedian? To make a comedian laugh, you have to be funnier than you are when you make your friends laugh. Funnier than you've ever been in your life. What are the odds that you're going to succeed? Why do you try?

PLAYBOY: Are you kind to amateurs?

SEINFELD: I'm very kind. Everyone has a few fake laughs they use to get through life. The snort, the snort-chuckle, the nod-smile, the "That's good!" But they're all just nice ways of saying "Stop. Please stop."

PLAYBOY: So the constant attention of strangers——

SEINFELD: I'm annoyed. But if you're not cranky and annoyed, you can't be a comedian. Any good comedian is, by definition, highly irritable. Even I, though I may not seem to be, am constantly irritated.

PLAYBOY: What irritates you?

SEINFELD: Everything. I just hate everything and everybody. And that's why I'm so funny. If I didn't have all these sensitivities, I'd have nothing to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Do you owe your public?

SEINFELD: That's where the money's coming from, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: That's an elegant way of looking at it.

SEINFELD: That's my job: to understand what's going on in life, to figure it out. The news, books, magazines and films cover a certain portion of what's going on. But there's a lot of stuff that's not touched on, and that's my job. To tell you the truth, 75 percent of the world is not touched on except by comedians.

PLAYBOY: Which you do in your TV show——

SEINFELD: Wait. What about the sex part?

PLAYBOY: First the TV show.

SEINFELD: Oh, *Seinfeld*. Yes, I've seen it. It's quite a charming little piece of work, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Especially for a show that's supposed to be about nothing. What exactly does that mean?

SEINFELD: It's actually about details. We joke that it's about nothing because there's no concept behind the show, there's nothing intrinsically funny in the situation. It's just about four people. There's no thread. No high concept.

PLAYBOY: But isn't Hollywood built on concept?

SEINFELD: That is the concept: no concept.

PLAYBOY: Which, as we've already mentioned, fuels the perception that your real life is just as it's portrayed on the show.

SEINFELD: I play myself as I was before I got the show. I understand that people would like to think that they're looking into my actual life. It would be fun if that were true. People want to get to know people they see on TV. That's why they read interviews. That's why they watch talk shows. Other cultures accept performers as they view them. Americans see performers whom they like and they want to know, "Hey, what's behind that? How did they get to be that way? How do they come up with their ideas?"

PLAYBOY: What do you think is behind this obsession?

SEINFELD: I guess Americans are just nosy. They want a little bit more. It's the same concept behind extra-strength pain relievers. What the hell is extra strength? We don't know how much strength they were giving us, and we don't know how much more "extra" is. But we're giving you extra, and Americans like that idea. We'll throw in the floor mats when you buy a new car. It's that little something. Then, when they've found out enough about a person, they start to hate him. Then they move on to the next person.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. You've just explained

the entire——

SEINFELD: Cycle of celebrity.

PLAYBOY: Can you deconstruct anything?

SEINFELD: Deconstruction. That's a very good word for what I do. I have a friend who's not a comedian, he's a computer analyst. He's always going, "See, there's something funny about this saltshaker, but I can't see it. You could see it." And it frustrates him. He's looking at the saltshaker and I'm looking at the saltshaker, and he knows there's a joke there. He can't find it.

PLAYBOY: Have you found anything you can't deconstruct?

SEINFELD: Yeah, sure. I can't crack most things. You don't realize that the joke is the diamond. The joke is the fleck of gold after going through a ton of rock. And you're saying to me, "What's rock?" The whole world is rock. I've found this little lump of gold—my comedy material—and I've made it into an act.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy your job?

SEINFELD: I am my job. Everything else in life pales by comparison to the interpretive experience: seeing something, interpreting it, shaping it, communicating it and being affirmed for it. Every time something funny is discovered, it's an absolute miracle. And the most amazing thing is when I have only three minutes to think of something funny. We shot a show recently where George borrows his father's car and it gets destroyed by a gang—it's actually more complicated than that. We're in this scene where I'm standing next to George and his father's car. The door is ripped off, the engine's destroyed, the windows are all smashed. We're shooting, it's late, it's cold, we need a line. What can I say? I love that.

PLAYBOY: What did you come up with?

SEINFELD: I said to him: "You know, a lot of these scratches will buff right out."

PLAYBOY: Why do you come to a scene like that without a line?

SEINFELD: Because—I knew you were going to ask that, by the way—we were going to try to make the joke with a camera shot. But once we were all standing by the car, it needed what they call a button.

PLAYBOY: So this is the thrill of comedy.

SEINFELD: I've learned that when I really need to think of something funny, I'm often able to do it. I never knew I could do that. I always thought it took hours. But I found out that sometimes the mind can work faster when it's under pressure, even comically.

PLAYBOY: Were you this quick when you were younger? Or were you quick but not funny?

SEINFELD: We have ourselves a nice little setup here, haven't we? It's worked very well. I probably was quick when I was younger, but I didn't know it, so it's the same as not being quick. Here's what it comes down to: You need talent, you need brains and you need confidence. Those are the three things you need to do virtually anything. Confidence is a fascinating commodity. There's no upper limit on the usefulness of it, as long as it doesn't bleed into arrogance. You need as much of it as you can get.

PLAYBOY: Considering your current popularity, you must be overflowing with the stuff.

SEINFELD: That's what I've gained from this show. And that's what I wanted from day one. I didn't want a successful TV series, I didn't want money, fame—any of the things any normal person would want. I wanted the confidence I would have if I could do it.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when it becomes arrogance?

SEINFELD: When you're losing. When you start making bets that you're not winning. I've always had a lot of confidence. But I wanted more. As a comedian you're never as good as you want to be. To me that means being strong enough to take your time with an audience. Young comedians—most comedians—work onstage at a breathless pace, and that's out of fear. I do it, too. It keeps it going. But when you can slow down and hold people, that's being good enough. I love seeing Bill Cosby tell a story slowly. Comedy strength is slowness. Jack Benny is a perfect example. He would come out onstage, wouldn't say anything. He would just stand there and the people would start to laugh. I mean, that is comic strength. But to wait for the laugh, that's balls. And I say balls only because it's PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Can you apply this to other things?

SEINFELD: It applies to everything. Of course it applies to life. The good things in life, the most interesting things in life, are the things that distill life—like comedy, like baseball and art. Whatever takes the experience and kind of crushes it down into something you can grab. That's why you go to a movie. That's why you read a book. That's why everybody likes epigrams and aphorisms. You feel, like, if you go to a movie, maybe you'll experience more of life in that two hours than you would in just your own life. That's what a lot of entertainment is: a condensed life experience.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to *Seinfeld*. Is it true that all the cast members hate one another?

SEINFELD: Yes. We're at one another's throats constantly. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: How are you dealing with Kramer's transformation into a pop-culture superstar?

SEINFELD: I think he's bigger than I am. Michael Richards has a unique talent, which needed to find a place. Before this show, nobody was using him properly. He's like this engine, just running and running. It's not in gear, it's not driving anything. And if you don't hook it up with something, it's going to turn on you. Having a talent is a kill-or-be-killed thing. Especially comedic talent. It has to be focused on other people, or it turns

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PLAYBOY: And then what happens?

SEINFELD: You become self-destructive. Or you have to leave the country. I know a guy who had to leave the country.

PLAYBOY: Isn't he just killing himself in some other country?

SEINFELD: No, he's forgotten about it. He's away from it. He doesn't have to see all his friends on TV and know that he's funnier than they are but he's not doing anything.

PLAYBOY: How are you taking your own transformation into an icon?

SEINFELD: Great. Unfortunately, right now I'm out of control.

PLAYBOY: If you're talking about the line of *Seinfeld* greeting cards, that does seem over the top.

SEINFELD: Yeah, I wasn't too happy with the greeting cards. It seemed like a good idea then. We were approached by a reputable merchandiser, and at the time we weren't doing well against *Home Improvement*. We needed every bit of promo we could get. By the time the stuff came out, the landscape had changed. It's not really right for us anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you mean by being out of control?

SEINFELD: No. For 98 percent of my career I was completely at the wheel. All my performances, my level, my workload—it was all under control. Now I'm just hanging on to this thing. My career has now developed a life and a power of its own, and I am just a passenger. I don't like peaks. I always wanted to have a plateau kind of career. I shudder when I see these people skyrocket and then flame out in a second. I wouldn't want Madonna's kind of career, where you constantly have to make battleships disappear. I'm more into watchmaking. I'm most interested in having a body of work, to say that I created all this material and I did these shows.

PLAYBOY: So you're in this for the long haul?

SEINFELD: I will have longevity. I'd like to play the London Palladium when I'm 100, just like George Burns. No, make that 110. But I still can't believe it can go on the way it has for much longer. I mean, I'm almost out of things to say. No, I'm just kidding.

PLAYBOY: Enough about you. Why is *Seinfeld* a hit?

SEINFELD: It has an urban flavor. It's about single life. Everyone is single at some point. But mostly it's about being offbeat. Almost everything we do is offbeat. Even ordinary things somehow come out offbeat. We don't want to do stuff we've seen. We try to step into real life. When *Roseanne* does a show about teenage abortion, that's real, too. But our field of expertise seems to be more minute.

PLAYBOY: Who's the audience?

SEINFELD: The bored, the disaffected, the disenfranchised. The tired, the huddled masses. I did a bit about that on the show. "Must we specifically request the worst people in the world? Why don't we just say our doors are open and we'll take whatever you've got? Do we have to say, 'Give us your tired, your poor'? Do they have to be tired? People who don't return calls—anybody who can't do something—send them over." You have to expose yourself to the show for a while, develop a taste for the characters, the situations, the jokes, the stories. It's not everyone's cup of tea.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't when it was on Wednesday nights.

SEINFELD: *Home Improvement* was killing us. It has a broader appeal.

PLAYBOY: Why are you doing better on Thursdays?

SEINFELD: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Your co-creator, Larry David, said that if people didn't watch on Wednesdays he didn't want them to watch on Thursdays.

SEINFELD: I never agreed with that. I wanted people to watch it. The show is funny. There's not much good comedy on TV, period. Funny is hard. It's like Michelangelo's *David*. I was just in Florence. I saw the *David*. I also saw some of the other statues littered around the city—the legs were too thick, the proportions off—and it was clear Mike knew what he was doing. Sitcoms are hard because there are so many people involved, and good comedy is always specific. Our show is basically run by Larry David and me without any interference. That's one reason the material is good. We're not trying to please anybody but ourselves. It's not homogenized, it's not run through the system.

PLAYBOY: And how would that change things?

SEINFELD: We did this line in the show a couple weeks ago where an ex-boyfriend of Elaine's was being operated on. Kramer wanted to watch and wanted somebody to go with him. He says, "C'mon, c'mon. Go with me." We're sitting in the coffee shop and I go, "All right, all right, I'll go with you. Let me just finish this coffee and we'll go watch them slice this fat bastard up." That is not the type of thing that lead characters in successful sitcoms say. It's not what you would call likable, at least not in the traditional network sense. But that's what's great about the show. We're at the point where people understand the characters as human beings and they'll accept that. What makes it fun for me is being that honest—because that's what I would say in real life—without hurting my likability.

PLAYBOY: You've said that after five seasons you're gone. *Time* magazine recently posited that your show might be around for ten.

SEINFELD: I can guarantee you we won't do ten. I don't want to be in people's faces. This show is going to be off way sooner than anyone would believe.

PLAYBOY: So do you worry about being overexposed?

SEINFELD: Yes, I do. There are certain movies where the promotion is so well-coordinated and so pervasive that, before the movie comes out, I hate it, just because they're so good at telling me about it. They've done such a complete job of selling that it breeds resentment.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've been everywhere lately.

SEINFELD: I was working yesterday with a magazine photographer, and the wardrobe woman and I were talking about this. They wanted to do a cover line on me—AMERICA LOVES JERRY SEINFELD or something like that. I said, "That's not good. That's going to make people hate me. If you say that about someone, it defines a relationship with the public and then propels it to end badly. A love affair is a relationship, and that has to end badly." And she said, "It's going to end badly anyway, no matter what." That's true: It ends badly anyway. So you might as well experience the peak of passion with whatever relationship we're talking about, whether it's with a person or, in this case, a professional relationship with the public. It's going to end badly. Everything ends.

PLAYBOY: How does a *Seinfeld* evolve?

SEINFELD: Somebody comes up with an idea for a show—it could be just one line. And just hearing that one line makes you laugh. "Jerry picks up his car from the valet and there's a smell that won't come out." "Jerry and Kramer go to watch an operation, and a Junior Mint falls into the body." Virtually every show that we've done can be boiled down that way. It's not like "Jerry's nephew comes to visit for a week." That doesn't make you laugh.

PLAYBOY: What's the one-liner for "The Contest"?

SEINFELD: Jerry, George, Kramer and Elaine decide to see who can go the longest without masturbation and who can remain master of their domain.

PLAYBOY: How would you do a one-liner for a show about this interview?

SEINFELD: We already did that. It's "The Outing." A reporter overhears Jerry and George joking around and then writes that they're gay. Not that there's anything wrong with that. [*Pauses*] You know, I was thinking about that show this morning. My friend Mario was in the kitchen, because he's staying here. I was thinking, Gee, I wonder if this guy from PLAYBOY thinks there's something going on.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, that did immediately come to mind.

SEINFELD: Oh, really? That's so funny!

PLAYBOY: Also, "Hey, he's a damn good-looking guy."

SEINFELD: [*Laughs*] Oh, that's funny. Too bad we've already done the show. No,

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PLAYBOY: But you've heard the rumors?
SEINFELD: Many. Somebody told me the other day that he heard I had special phone numbers for different levels of women. I don't know what the hell that meant. And obviously I've heard that I'm gay. I've been told that everybody at NBC in New York thinks I'm gay.
PLAYBOY: Now's your opportunity to state unequivocally that——
SEINFELD: I'm not gay.
PLAYBOY: When you're in the heat of passion——
SEINFELD: Do I think of men? No.
PLAYBOY: Do you fold your clothes before you have sex?
SEINFELD: No. I generally don't wear clothes during sex. Wait a second, wait a second! Are we up to the sex part?
PLAYBOY: We're getting closer.
SEINFELD: All right!
PLAYBOY: Has a guy ever approached you?
SEINFELD: Once, in Rome. I decided to take a trip to Europe on my own, to see if I could meet people. This was a complete miscalculation of my personality. I don't talk to anyone. I spent ten days there without having one conversation, except with this guy. I was so thrilled to have someone to talk to, and I didn't realize that he was hitting on me. But then it became obvious.
PLAYBOY: Is this misperception part of the reason that you did "The Outing" episode?
SEINFELD: No. That was actually Larry Charles' idea. He's our supervising producer. And when I heard it, not only did I think it was a great idea on its own but I also thought, perfect! It's not something I'm uncomfortable with. I used to be. When you're younger, if someone thinks you're gay you get really upset about it. But now I just laugh. It means people are thinking too much about you.
PLAYBOY: Why do you take on topics like masturbation, nipples on Christmas cards and bad smells when other shows don't?
SEINFELD: If I may be so immodest, it takes some pretty skillful writing to do these things and make them comfortable for people to watch on a mass level. Anybody can write a funny show about masturbation. But can you do it in an artful way that offends no one and, in fact, is even funnier than if you had come right out and talked about it? It takes skill. And when we re-ran that show last May we got our highest rating ever.
PLAYBOY: It's a classic show. Right up there with the birth of Little Ricky.
SEINFELD: And, of course, the first time Little Ricky jerked off.
PLAYBOY: Why did you think you could pull it off?
SEINFELD: I'll ignore your choice of phrase there. If it's something no one else has done before, it's challenging.
PLAYBOY: Were you just trying to see if you could get it past the censors?
SEINFELD: We're not trying to get away with anything. That's a completely different sensibility. I want to see if I can do what I want to do without pushing people's moral envelope, or whatever. And if we can't, then we don't do it. We wanted to do a show in which Elaine would be stuck in a subway and miss her stop, and be on her way to Harlem. Kind of explore her fear of having to get off the subway in Harlem. We couldn't find a way to do it without people getting the wrong impression. It was coming off racist. It was too small a needle to thread, so we abandoned it.
PLAYBOY: How did you hook up with the show's co-creator, Larry David?
SEINFELD: We've known each other since about 1976, 1977. We were both doing stand-up. But stand-up isn't his form. It's too crass for what he does. Larry has a brilliant flair for staging and direction. There is no show without him. He has, more than me, created this enterprise. My skill has been to help him interpret his ideas. He filters things through me. I contribute lines and jokes.
PLAYBOY: Do you wish you could have done it all by yourself?
SEINFELD: No. I have stand-up for that. I'm not out for the credit. I'm just glad to be doing something that's not bad TV.
PLAYBOY: What do you watch on TV?
SEINFELD: I could never watch sitcoms before I started doing one. But now they're really interesting because I see what they're trying to do, where they're succeeding, where they're failing. It used to be only *The Honeymooners*, sports, news, animal shows.
PLAYBOY: The Discovery Channel?
SEINFELD: Yeah. *Shark Week*. I always love how one animal is the star each week. And you want him to kill whatever he's trying to kill because you're on his side. If it's the lion, you want him to get that boar. The next week it's about boars. Now you're hoping that the boar gets away from the lion. Your loyalty is so fickle with these animal shows.
PLAYBOY: What did you watch as a kid?
SEINFELD: *Rocky and Bullwinkle*, *Jonny Quest*, *Spider-Man*, *Batman*. *Flipper* was a big favorite. Comedywise, Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, Jonathan Winters, the Smothers Brothers.
PLAYBOY: Was yours a happy childhood?
SEINFELD: I had a lot of fun. I rode my bike a lot, went swimming. I was a Cub Scout. I had a Schwinn Sting Ray, blue metallic with, of course, the banana seat. The first one in Harbor Green to have one. The other kids went nuts. I was very proud of that.
PLAYBOY: What did you want as a kid that you couldn't get?
SEINFELD: The Schwinn Sting Ray. And once I got it, I was very happy. It's pretty much the same with the Porsche. At

about 13, I realized I wanted a Porsche, and I was unhappy until I got it. Now I have it and I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: What's next?

SEINFELD: Nothing. I'm set.

PLAYBOY: How were you with girls?

SEINFELD: Uneventful. I kind of withdrew from a lot of social activity. I didn't like group mentality and group behavior. I wanted to focus in on one person. I wanted to tell that person what I think about nuances and details and substructures. And you don't do that in groups.

PLAYBOY: Not when you're just eight years old.

SEINFELD: And even now you don't. You go to parties and it's all breezy bullshitting, chitchatting. I like that up to a point, but then I'm bored by it. I want to sit with somebody and get down to the nuts and bolts.

PLAYBOY: When you're at a party, where do you stand?

SEINFELD: I'll tell you what happens when I go to a party. I'll open the door and I'll walk in. And I'll keep walking—and it usually won't be far—until I hit a spot where someone stops me or I see someone I know and I start talking. That is the spot I will stay in for the entire party. I sometimes wonder: Why can't I get deeper into the room?

PLAYBOY: Any clue?

SEINFELD: I guess it's because I immediately try to make the best of the situation I'm in. I think that's a key component of my personality. I'm not as interested in changing my situation as I am in improving the one I have, which I think is good. I mean, I always do the best I can with what I have.

PLAYBOY: Is that your philosophy of life?

SEINFELD: No, it just occurred to me. But I'd like to change that. I would like to walk through more of the room and be at four or five different places by the end of the party. [*Looks down at his new sneakers*] The tongue on this shoe is really short. And you know what? That makes or breaks a shoe in my book. Look at how short that is. That is no goddamn good. This will never be one of my favorites.

PLAYBOY: You've said that small talk is excruciating for you. Do you give the impression that you don't want to talk to people?

SEINFELD: I generally don't want to. Most people are not equipped to discuss the things I want to discuss, which is sneaker tongues and things like that. They haven't thought about it, they have no ideas about it. That's why Larry David and I just go on forever. He's equipped to discuss anything.

PLAYBOY: Would you talk about sneaker tongues if somebody else brought it up?

SEINFELD: Yeah, I love it. I light up when somebody else brings it up. I go, "OK, now I have a player here. Let's talk."

PLAYBOY: You're always buying and wearing new pairs of sneakers. Do you have a sneaker fetish?

SEINFELD: I've always liked sneakers—that was something I responded to even at six years old. I drove my mother crazy about getting me sneakers. She wouldn't let me wear them in the winter. She would set a day when I was allowed to start wearing sneakers again.

PLAYBOY: What kind did you wear?

SEINFELD: Keds. My favorite ones were the dark-blue kind that you could get only in the city. On Long Island they had only black. I've got a picture of me wearing them in my first grade class. Every other kid in the picture has regular shoes on. I'm in high tops.

PLAYBOY: Apparently this runs deeper than anyone suspected.

SEINFELD: All comedians have an obsession about their feet. If I see a comedian during the day with a pair of shoes on, I stop him, grab him and go, "What is going on?" You just never see it. Comedians hate shoes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SEINFELD: Comedians like to be comfortable. But more than that, it's clinging to your youthful mood. I always wanted to be ready to play ball if anyone suggested it. I didn't want to have to go home and change. Your shoes are important because they define your relationship to the earth. I like to have something playful on my feet.

PLAYBOY: We hear that you don't keep them if they get as much as a tiny scuff.

SEINFELD: Another media-driven scandal. Not true. But I do give old pairs away to the less fortunate—who at this point are pretty much everybody.

PLAYBOY: How many pairs do you have?

SEINFELD: Right now I'm a little low. Probably 15 or 20. I really need to get some more.

PLAYBOY: Let's investigate a couple of your other notable quirks. What about your love of flossing?

SEINFELD: More bullshit. I flossed after lunch one day at the show, and a magazine writer decided that meant I'm obsessed with flossing. I floss twice a day. That's what my dentist told me to do, so I do it.

PLAYBOY: What about your involvement with Scientology?

SEINFELD: I took a couple courses a number of years ago that I thought were fabulous. I learned a lot and I had a good experience with it.

PLAYBOY: You're not an unwitting dupe of the church?

SEINFELD: No, I've always had the skill of extracting the essence of any subject I study, be it meditation, yoga, Scientology, Judaism, Zen. Whatever it is, I go in to get what I need. To me, these are supermarkets. I go in to get my supplies, then I leave.

PLAYBOY: Most of your friends are

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comics. Why is that?
SEINFELD: I love funny people.
PLAYBOY: We hear time and time again that most comics are venal, self-centered and not nice.
SEINFELD: There are guys driving bread trucks who fit the same description. I feel comfortable with comics. We understand one another. Here's a good question for you the next time you interview a comic: If you had to be stuck in a room for the rest of your life with one person, and either you would be funny or that person would be funny, which would you prefer? That's a good one, isn't it?
PLAYBOY: What's the answer?
SEINFELD: I would prefer that the other person be funny. To not laugh is worse than to not be funny.
PLAYBOY: Many comics might choose the other option.
SEINFELD: Not the good ones. If you're up there for yourself, you're not as good as if you're up there for them. That's how I break them down. That's how I cut the comedy community in half. For whose benefit are you onstage?
PLAYBOY: Is that why you've said there should be no stars in comedy?
SEINFELD: Yes. Stars can succeed by concealing who they are. Comedians can't.
PLAYBOY: But you've become a star.
SEINFELD: Well, not in my mind—and that's the one we're talking about. Do I look like a star to you?
PLAYBOY: Nope, just a regular guy. How have the experiences of your friends who have become famous prepared you for the change in your life?
SEINFELD: They haven't. Jay Leno is really the only one I knew well, and I watched him take off. But you have no idea how you're going to respond to it. Jay and I are very different. Jay's the ultimate public-service guy. I mean, when he gets 30 calls about a joke that was offensive, he calls every one of those people and finds out why or apologizes. I don't respond to the public that way. This is my thing, take it or leave it.
PLAYBOY: Is it true that you and Jay sit around and critique comics just for fun?
SEINFELD: All comedians do it. Comedians gossip endlessly. They love to bullshit their lives away; that's why they became comedians.
PLAYBOY: Weren't you once considered as the guest host for David Letterman?
SEINFELD: He said that one time in an interview. I don't think that was ever at a serious stage. He mentioned me as a fill-in if he were on vacation or something.
PLAYBOY: Are you interested in being a talk-show host?
SEINFELD: No. I could never maintain the illusion that I really give a damn about when this person's movie is coming out, or show any interest in the person. The brilliance of Letterman, the genius of Letterman, is that he can conduct an interview with someone he does not respect without compromising himself and, at the same time, he lets us know how he feels. I'm amazed by that. I could never play that edge the way he does.
PLAYBOY: Explain the differences between Jay and Dave.
SEINFELD: Jay reads the books. Every day they screen the movie of the guest who's coming on the next day. Leno does incredible research. He is like John Riggins of the Washington Redskins. He was the kind of guy to whom you would give the ball and he would plow into that line over and over again.
PLAYBOY: What about Dave?
SEINFELD: Letterman's a little more offbeat. Letterman is like Crazy Legs Hirsch.
PLAYBOY: Since both Letterman and Leno are your pals, how did you feel about their jockeying for position before Dave decided to go with CBS?
SEINFELD: It was as uncomfortable for me as it was for them. But they were cool about it. They understand the inherent brutality of show business, and that was just one of those episodes. Two wildebeests are walking down the street and the lion's in the bushes. Somebody's going to get eaten. But it seems to have worked out well for both.
PLAYBOY: Did you talk to Dave and Jay during the battle?
SEINFELD: Yeah. They both felt it was

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What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 60% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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terrible that it had to be like that. But friends compete in sports all the time. Look at Jordan and Barkley. There is no acrimony. Luckily, they're two professional guys who are fairly secure.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to choose which show you're going to appear on?

SEINFELD: No. Being on Carson was like being on your dad's show. Being on Letterman or with Leno is like being on your friend's show. I kind of miss the fear. I don't feel out of place anymore. I miss putting together the suit and tie, very conservative so as not to offend.

PLAYBOY: Now you don't depend on talk-show appearances for a living.

SEINFELD: Now who gives a shit?

PLAYBOY: There are some who are afraid to go on Dave's show.

SEINFELD: But that's just a matter of being funny. With the Carson show there were all these other points of protocol that you worried about: the OK finger versus the not-OK finger at the end of your set, the suit and the idea of "What if I went on without a tie? Oh my God!" It was like throwing a Molotov cocktail. I don't think about things like that now.

PLAYBOY: How many times were you on with Carson?

SEINFELD: Thirty.

PLAYBOY: Did he wave you over to the couch the first time?

SEINFELD: No, it was like the fourth or fifth.

PLAYBOY: Was it devastating?

SEINFELD: No, I knew this was the process. I wasn't one of these phenoms where the guy gets called over his first time, hits a home run in his first at-bat. I always did well, but they have to warm up to you. They tell you, "Mr. Carson thought you were very funny." That type of thing.

PLAYBOY: And no one inspires that kind of fear now?

SEINFELD: I can't put myself in the position of just starting out anymore. Now, if I did *The Tonight Show* and they said, "Mr. Leno didn't feel that your material was strong enough," I'd say, "I didn't think he was so funny, either."

PLAYBOY: What about you and Howard Stern?

SEINFELD: We have a lot of fun.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of fun with a guy who recently said he wishes your house would fall off the mountain, that you would get cancer and die?

SEINFELD: Yeah, he's funny. People don't understand the Howard Stern character. We were laughing our asses off.

PLAYBOY: Wait. Supposedly, his feelings were really hurt because of something you said about him in an interview.

SEINFELD: He was offended. He's a sensitive guy, if you can believe that. I called him an amusing jerk. So I went on his show and told him that I stand by my comment. We had this really hostile exchange. Then, as soon as he'd go to a

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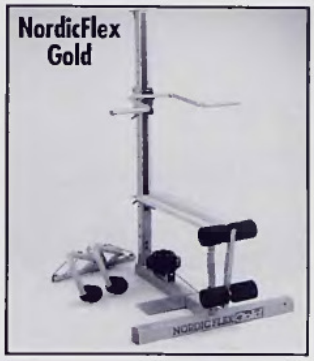

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commercial, we'd both be laughing. That show is all playacting.

PLAYBOY: Was that all set up from the beginning?

SEINFELD: It's just kind of understood. He makes fun of me, I make fun of him. It's friends ragging on each other for the fun of it. Hey, if I really thought he didn't like me, why would I give a damn about him and go on his show?

PLAYBOY: What does Howard want to know that you won't tell him?

SEINFELD: He's always asking me about dates and women.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when he grilled your ex-girlfriend, comic Carol Leifer, about your sex life?

SEINFELD: I was a little embarrassed about that, especially since we broke up 17 years ago.

PLAYBOY: She said you were good.

SEINFELD: Yeah, she was just being sweet. Nobody remembers.

PLAYBOY: And he grilled her not only about your sex life but also about your penis size.

SEINFELD: Hey, that's kind of personal. Come to think of it, I like Don Imus better. And I mention that because I know it will really irritate Howard, which is always gratifying to me.

PLAYBOY: This might be the perfect time to interject a guest question from a young woman—and fan—who watched "The Contest" and wanted to know if in fact you are the master of your domain.

SEINFELD: No. My empire has crumbled.

PLAYBOY: She wanted specifics on frequency. And when—in the morning? In the evening?

SEINFELD: I'll need her home number.

PLAYBOY: Creams? Oils?

SEINFELD: Well, we're definitely into it now. Tell her that the show, while being lifelike and entertaining, is basically an exercise in fiction. I'll tell you something interesting about me. It's probably my biggest secret, the biggest skeleton in my closet. I didn't discover masturbation until after I lost my virginity. I don't understand how everybody else knew about it and I didn't. Nobody told me about it. I don't know how they found out about it. I didn't know this technique was available to me. I don't know how it happened, but somehow I was absent that day. And when I discovered it, I thought, Well, that's the end of that. I'm never going to get upset about a woman ever again!

PLAYBOY: How soon after your first sexual encounter did you learn——

SEINFELD: Right after. Nah, just kidding.

PLAYBOY: So who told you?

SEINFELD: It was my college roommate. We were talking one day, and he told me.

PLAYBOY: Were you embarrassed?

SEINFELD: Are you kidding? I would love to tell people about this. What a tremendous gift to give another human being,

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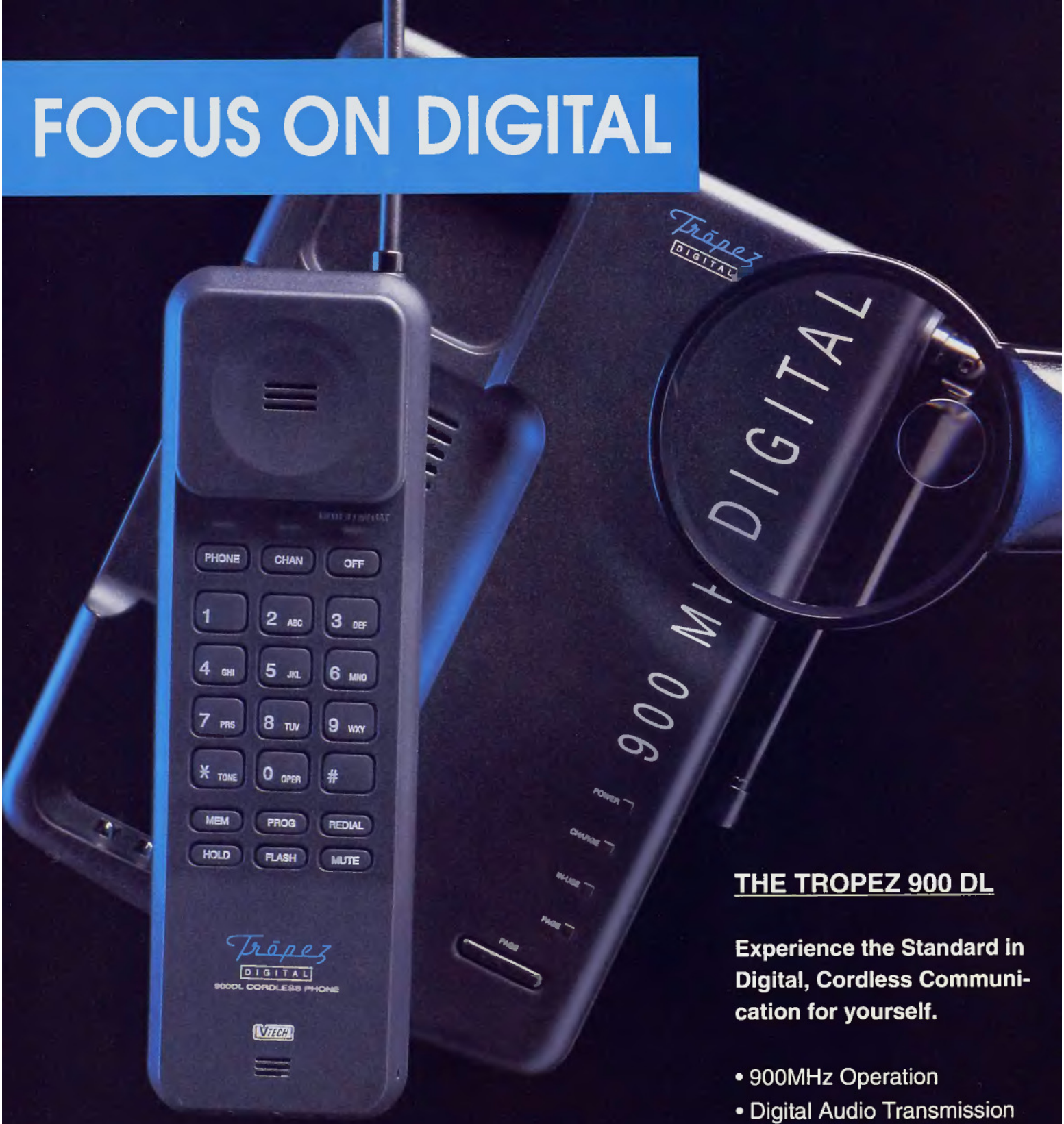

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to tell them, "You know, here's what you can do. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Is that basically how it happened?

SEINFELD: That's a funny version of it.

PLAYBOY: Which parent told you about sex, and what did he or she tell you?

SEINFELD: I don't really remember how I learned. They said they showed me a book or played me a record or something. They swore they told me all about it, but I don't recall it. I think I learned from that book, the David Reuben book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*. I found a copy when I was in high school, and that was helpful.

PLAYBOY: Don't get excited. This isn't the sex part, but since you brought it up, when did you lose your virginity?

SEINFELD: I'm not sure whether I was 19 or 20.

PLAYBOY: Not sure?

SEINFELD: I'm not positive, to tell you the truth. I remember the place. I remember whom. I was in a relationship, so it wasn't a seduction.

PLAYBOY: A lot of men lose their virginity at a much younger age.

SEINFELD: I'm not pushy. I remember being upset about it having taken so long. Might have been 20. I should probably call it a "technical" at 19, but the red light—sorry about the metaphor—came on when I was 20. So I'm willing now to admit that as a teenager I never had sex. And I was the master of my domain. And I'll tell you this: At the age of 39, I've almost caught up with everybody else. I think I'm even.

PLAYBOY: Why so late?

SEINFELD: I hated the idea of upsetting a woman in any way, so the slightest amount of resistance would deter me. I had no persistence at all. Still don't, really. If she is at all reticent, I'm out of there. It kills the mood for me. I don't want to sell anybody anything. It's one area of my life where I'm extremely——

PLAYBOY: Shy?

SEINFELD: Yeah. Still very shy about it. I'm not pushy.

PLAYBOY: Of course, now you don't have to be.

SEINFELD: No, I still have to be.

PLAYBOY: How much has fame changed the equation?

SEINFELD: It's changed it, but it hasn't really improved it. In some ways, women are put off by it. They think I'm dating millions of women, they think they won't be special. They think I'll take them for granted.

PLAYBOY: True?

SEINFELD: No.

PLAYBOY: Are you willing to make the first move now?

SEINFELD: Yes, I am. I feel confident enough to do that now. [*Gets up and goes into the kitchen*] Do you mind if I do these dishes?

PLAYBOY: You like doing dishes?

SEINFELD: I like the water and I like the soap [*soaps some glasses and plates*].
PLAYBOY: Do you like to iron?
SEINFELD: No. I like vacuuming, though. I like the way the carpet looks after I'm done. I like those lines the wheels make.
PLAYBOY: While we're in the kitchen, maybe we should mention your fascination with cereal. The *Seinfeld* kitchen is jammed with cereal boxes. You have stashes in your Los Angeles and New York homes. Why?
SEINFELD: It's the first thing I could make when I was a kid. I was proud of it. I love milk.
PLAYBOY: So cereal is just a means to an end?
SEINFELD: I think so. I really like anything with milk.
PLAYBOY: Your face will soon be on a box of cereal, right?
SEINFELD: Yeah. Kellogg's low-fat granola. [*Takes a small package from the cereal box*] I love things like this: They put the raisins in a special packet. I guess it keeps them moist and juicy.
PLAYBOY: What's your favorite cereal?
SEINFELD: I constantly change my allegiances. Right now I'm in this Cheerios mode. I'm sure the Kellogg's people won't be happy to hear that. [*Scrambling*] Cornflakes, though—you really can't beat cornflakes. If you had to have one cereal the rest of your life, it would have to be cornflakes.
PLAYBOY: Let's turn to your cereal days as a comic. When did you know you had made it?
SEINFELD: When I turned in my waiter's apron in September of 1976. I was working at Brew and Burger on Third and 53rd. Ten to two—lunch. I got a gig emceeing at the Comic Strip. I already had one night, then I got another night, and it was like 35 bucks a night. I thought I could make it on 70 bucks a week. So I turned in the apron. I went out to visit my parents. I remember standing on the platform of the Long Island Railroad in Massapequa. That was the highest moment of my career. I was a comedian. I had made it.
PLAYBOY: Has anything compared to that since then?
SEINFELD: No. That was the transition from man to superman.
PLAYBOY: You've always said your dad was a funny guy. Did he think you had a shot at a career in comedy?
SEINFELD: Oh, yeah. He was extremely encouraging about it. He was a salesman, and that's a similar type of life. You're really not doing any legitimate kind of work, you're just making a living talking people into things. That isn't too much different from what a comedian does.
PLAYBOY: What did he sell?
SEINFELD: Signs.
PLAYBOY: Signs? Seinfeld?
SEINFELD: A coincidence. Anyway, I had been doing comedy for a few months by then. My parents were fine with it. They weren't quite sure what I was doing. They really didn't know how serious I was about it. But they always took everything in stride. Their life didn't revolve around me. If I was happy, they were happy.
PLAYBOY: Whom did their lives revolve around?
SEINFELD: Everybody did what they wanted to do. We were all just kind of roommates. My parents never really had families. My mom grew up in an orphanage and my father left home when he was young. They got married late in life—they were both in their mid-to-late 30s. They were independent people.
PLAYBOY: Would you call yours an intimate family?
SEINFELD: No. We went on vacations together and we always had dinner together, but it wasn't that kind of cloying, got-to-talk-every-day thing. My mother doesn't call me every day. There was plenty of breathing room in the family. It was a healthy atmosphere.
PLAYBOY: What is your definition of intimacy?
SEINFELD: There are certain families in which people are all over one another. They look like newborn puppies. It's too much.
PLAYBOY: Would you describe yourself as an intimate person?
SEINFELD: It's hard to be intimate all by yourself. But I'm comfortable with intimacy, if that's what you're asking. I just haven't been involved with anyone seriously in quite a while. I have had a number of legitimate relationships, but the past few years I haven't. I've been too busy and it's been too difficult. And sometimes I wonder if I've lost the knack of it. Of course, I'm minimizing the whole experience by using the word knack. But I don't think so. No human being is immune to love and how it can change you.
PLAYBOY: Ever been in love?
SEINFELD: Yeah, a few times.
PLAYBOY: What's the shortest amount of time it's taken you to say "I love you"?
SEINFELD: A month.
PLAYBOY: Were you holding out?
SEINFELD: No, it seemed about right. I'm into timing.
PLAYBOY: Speaking of timing, you're 39, straight, never been married. What's going on?
SEINFELD: I've been busy.
PLAYBOY: Well, maybe this will make things easier. We have some phone numbers we've been asked to pass along.
SEINFELD: [*Looks at slips of paper*] What is this? Where'd you get these?
PLAYBOY: This one is from a woman who said, "Tell Jerry I'm a nice Jewish girl." And this is from a woman who——
SEINFELD: What do these women think? Why would I call someone like this? I don't know who they are. [*Flustered*] I

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mean, this is really quite mind-boggling. I find this astounding. I don't know them, they know me. Do they understand that TV works only one way? They get to see me, but I don't get to see them. This basic fact of electronics seems to get past a lot of people. It's beyond me. I don't know, maybe some people are that indiscriminate. I'm extremely careful about who I spend my time with.

PLAYBOY: The tabloids had a field day with one of your recent dates—with a 17-year-old.

SEINFELD: I was in a tabloid rocket to the moon. I'm telling you, that was too fun. That was so much fun. That was just absolutely hilarious to me.

PLAYBOY: Excuse us. We need to get a pan to catch the dripping sarcasm.

SEINFELD: [*Laughs*] I guess I haven't quite adjusted to celebrityhood because it's still hard for me to believe that anyone gives a damn who the hell I go out with or what I do.

So anyway, I met this girl, Shoshanna. She's a very sweet girl and she's very pretty. I didn't know how old she was. I knew she wasn't 40. I took her to a basketball game and that was the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet her in the park like they say?

SEINFELD: Yeah, but the rest of it is all——

PLAYBOY: Is she 18?

SEINFELD: She's 18 now.

PLAYBOY: When did she tell you her age?

SEINFELD: When the article came out.

PLAYBOY: You took her to the basketball game and now the tabloids are calling you a cradle snatcher.

SEINFELD: Cradle snatcher! It was a wonderful article. I couldn't believe how nice they were about it.

PLAYBOY: Nice?

SEINFELD: Everybody was saying, "I don't see anything wrong with it. If they like each other. . . ." My manager couldn't believe it. He said I'm bulletproof even in the tabloids. They had every chance really to stick the knife in and they didn't do it. They could have said anything: I'm taking advantage of her, she doesn't know what's going on, her parents are upset, my mother wanted to disown me. They could have made up anything.

PLAYBOY: How did Shoshanna feel about all the attention?

SEINFELD: Didn't bother her a bit.

PLAYBOY: Kids today.

SEINFELD: The great thing is you can go out on a date and pick up a little babysitting money on the side. That pays for the pizza. She's a very nice girl.

PLAYBOY: What have your friends said about this?

SEINFELD: It's really strange. The reactions ran the absolute gamut from horrified to just busting buttons with pride that they know me. Guys I hadn't heard from in years called to say, "Congratulations! Good for you." Women I know wouldn't even call me back. My assistant punched me. She saw me and literally punched me, she was so mad. It was reviled by women in their 30s and by Jay Leno.

PLAYBOY: Leno?

SEINFELD: Leno was just terrified. To him any potential public-relations imbroglio, any appearance of impropriety, is the most terrifying thing in the world. He was scared for me, just out of concern as a friend.

PLAYBOY: Did he do anything in the monolog?

SEINFELD: No, he would never do anything like that. But my mother was thrilled because Shoshanna is Jewish and Syrian. My mother's Syrian. And all my aunts and uncles on the Syrian side, this is what they expect. They figure 15, 16 is the right age [for a woman] for me, because that's the way they do it in Syria. So they're going, "Eighteen? She's a little over the hill, but if you like her. . . ."

My women friends, some of them were really hostile about it. They didn't like it. First of all, they think I look for this. Like this was an ambition of mine. But the fact is, I don't meet that many women I like, period. So when I like someone, I don't care about her race, creed or national origin. If I like her, I don't care. I don't discriminate. If she's 18, if she's intelligent, that's fine.

PLAYBOY: So, is it love?

SEINFELD: No, no, it was just a couple cups of coffee.

PLAYBOY: And a basketball game.

SEINFELD: I'm also dating a woman who's 39. I'm trying to pander to whatever personal prejudice people have. See, the thing is, my own age isn't really real to me. I look in the mirror and I just don't feel 39. I don't feel any different than I was when I was 23. And I don't look that much different. So it's weird. Look, I don't have impossible qualifications. All that I want in a woman is sweet, smart and sexy.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, we're surprised you weren't more careful about going out in public with Shoshanna. The walls have cameras.

SEINFELD: Can you believe it? Can you believe how naive I can be?

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a fun date?

SEINFELD: To me the ultimate date is dinner and a movie. My fantasies are all of normalcy, because I don't get to do a lot of these things. As you know, I'm a great fan of the mundane anyway. So, to me, dinner and a movie—I can't imagine a more fabulous evening than to have enough time to do that and to have scheduled that so it works. And then you have coffee later. That's just orgasmic for me.

PLAYBOY: Having gone from a successful stand-up career to this saturation in the media, how has your popularity, on a percentage basis, increased the number of female opportunities available to you?

SEINFELD: [*Laughs*] We're getting there! I feel it coming now. The sex part! Yeah! The sex part! You can't keep it from me any longer. You can't hide. This is the sex part. [*Laughs*] No, the percentage is the same: It's all women, 100 percent. A percentage increase in the number of female opportunities? Hard to believe we're not in a Citibank board meeting here. I know you want an answer to this question, but here's the problem: Along with the saturation there's a price. And that price is the enemy of all living things: time. I can go out on a date maybe two or three times a month, ten months out of the year. That's a maximum. It's a funny situation. You get yourself to this point in life where you have a nice job, a nice car, a nice place to live, you know where the good restaurants are—and you can't go.

PLAYBOY: Is that a problem for you?

SEINFELD: No, it's a problem for my dates. That's why I'm not involved—the kind of woman who would put up with that is not the kind of woman I want.

You know, I never imagined being at this particular point in show business. Currently, I can do almost anything I want. I can meet almost anybody I want. I'm what they call "hot" right now, this second. Come back tomorrow, it could all be different. I have to manage that. It's a good word, heat, because it has a destructive quality to it. I'm careful about it. The fire heats the home and can also burn it down, as my father used to love to say. But as long as I'm at this apex, I want to experience it to the maximum and make the most of it.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you'll be a lonely guy for a while longer?

SEINFELD: No. I'm never lonely. Even when I'm alone I'm not lonely. That's another reason I'm a good comic: A lot of time alone never bothered me.

By the way, I would like to meet all the women I'm in this issue with. It seems like I should. I think when people read an issue they assume that all the people in the magazine know one another. Like they were all there that day. One guy's getting interviewed, the Playmate's getting photographed, someone else is doing a wine ad and there're a bunch of football players in some other room getting their picture taken. And they're all at the Mansion. I think that's the PLAYBOY image.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we should have a party in your honor and invite everyone in the issue. Will you come?

SEINFELD: Absolutely. Besides, I've never been to the Mansion. And I really think you owe me that.

PLAYBOY: And something else, as well.

SEINFELD: Yeah, the sex question. Have we done it? I think everyone is looking forward to the sex question.

PLAYBOY: We're sorry, but we have run out of time.

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married men who mess around fess up

about loves, lies and lipstick on the collar

CHEATING HEARTS

MARRIAGE. IT'S NOT WHAT it used to be—actually, it never was. You can gussy up holy matrimony all you want, but isn't it a lot simpler to speak the unspoken—namely, that for many people, having sex with the same person night after night, decade beyond decade, wears thin? Last year, a writer named Dalma Heyn tried to put a new spin on the issue when she stepped forward with *The Erotic Silence of the American Wife*, a chic manifesto celebrating female infidelity. What happened next was predictable: Women gobbled it up, men cried foul and the trench between the sexes only got deeper. Business as usual.

Someone had to get to the bottom of all this. That's when I called PLAYBOY for an assignment. What does a single woman like me know about spouses who stray? Plenty. For as long as I can remember, I've been a magnet for married men. If there's one hitched guy in a roomful of availables, hands down, he'll be the one shimmying up to me with an opening line. I once asked a male friend about this phenomenon and he summed it up pretty neatly: "Married men have nothing to lose," he said. "Think about it: If you say no to these guys"—which, for the record, I generally do—"they still get to go home to their wives. It's the *single* guys who risk rejection."

I wasn't completely satisfied with that answer, mainly because I wanted to know how much a married man had to lose if the woman actually said *yes*. So I asked a few of the guys who'd cornered me in the past—or, at the very least, confided their infidelities—to lay their cards on the table: Why and how do you cheat

article by LORI WEISS

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

on your wives? With the promise made that I would protect their identities, here's what five of these men had to tell me.

•

NAME: Larry
AGE: 53
OCCUPATION: Restaurateur
MARRIED: Five years (second marriage)
CHILDREN: Two

How long have you been married?

About five years.

Within this marriage, have you had affairs?

No.

What about during your first marriage?

Oh, yeah.

How long were you married to that wife?

For 13 years.

Why haven't you had affairs in this marriage? Has something changed?

I'm comfortable and satisfied with the person I'm with. She fulfills all of my needs.

Were any of those affairs during your first marriage with the same woman?

Occasionally. I made it a point never to let them go a long time—otherwise, they might go on for years. But they all turned out to be friends, so we had an honest, aboveboard relationship. I never wanted anyone to take it beyond fun and games.

Would these women become attached?

I'm sure some did, but you have to maintain a superficial attitude about the whole thing. "Let's have a good time, let's laugh, let's do some things that maybe you wouldn't do under other circumstances. Let's close the door behind us and enjoy the moment."

It sounds good, but it's hard to believe that women would actually go along with that.

I'm sure that some women were madly in love with me, but I never led anybody to believe it was anything more than what it was. In doing that, I didn't create any problems—other than the fact that whoever came after usually didn't quite meet my standards. [*Laughs*]

And none of these women would call you at the office or try to find you at home?

Not really.

Where would you go to have sex?

Motels.

A regular place?

Whatever was convenient.

So we're not talking dating.

Oh, God, no.

No dating, no flowers?

No nothing.

Who is the perfect woman for an affair?

Probably a gal who has responsibilities—a husband, children. Someone who has as much to lose as you do. Someone who would say, "Yes, this moment was very nice, very exciting—but, in the meantime, I have to go back to work and pick up my kid after school. My husband will be home at eight." That's the reality of it. When you walk out and the sun hits you in the face, you have to set that aside as a special moment and nothing more.

Who is the worst risk for an affair?

A single gal with no responsibilities.

How is a girlfriend different from a wife?

A wife has many motherly features. You don't ask a mother to put on high heels and stockings and all the little accessories that you use when you're playing games. For some reason, we marry that kind of woman, but then we don't allow our women to be the people we really want them to be.

What do you mean?

You can't tell your wife to dress up like a cheerleader or light candles, then go back to paying the bills and pretend it never happened.

Is that your situation now?

No. I can fulfill all my fantasies within my relationship now.

Let's back up: Why do men cheat?

It's the old story about the male re-proving himself, updating his masculinity. I think that's true for both young and older men. We're fragile by nature, and this is just one way we "up" ourselves. There's much more to it than just sex. There's a whole psychological aspect to it that I never cared to look at. [*Laughs*] I was always strictly superficial: If it feels good, do it.

Did you ever feel any guilt?

You know something? I never did.

Why not?

I was aboveboard. I never told people I was something I wasn't. Of course, if I look back on it now, certainly it was a terrible thing I did to my wife—a breach.

You said you haven't had an affair in the past five years. But I've known you for a couple of years, and you actually approached me in that time.

Well, no. I talked to you.

Came on to me. What if I had said yes?

I don't know what I would have done. Probably backed off. Maybe that's still part of the old male thing. I wanted to see what you'd say.

How often do you play this game?

I don't know. I think women are attracted to me, so it's like getting stroked. It's the hunting, the capturing of the female. Again, males have to re-prove themselves, knock things down, beat people up. The best thing we can do is get laid. It's a hormonal thing. Certain men have higher testosterone levels than others.

What are the rules for a successful affair?

Be as open and honest about it as possible, and don't make it anything that it isn't. Don't create hang-ups for yourself or anybody else. Keep things as superficial as possible. And no "I love you, I miss you."

What if she's saying those things?

Then you have to refute them or walk away from her. You just do. That's it.

How are men different lovers outside their marriages than in them?

Even if a guy is a good lover outside the marriage, most are bad or selfish lovers at home. They don't want to take the time to satisfy the other person or create an atmosphere. They don't have to prove themselves anymore. But in an affair, all of a sudden you think you're so great with this lover. You go out of your way to satisfy her, to prove that you're a man. You give her that extra time, you make that extra effort. And, ultimately, that makes what is at home not look very good anymore.

During your 13-year marriage, how many girls would you say there were?

I couldn't begin to tell you. There were times when I would have seven or eight, nine or ten numbers available.

Were you ever concerned you would get caught, or that it would somehow get back to your wife?

There's always a concern, so you try to be careful. Remember, you're sneaking around, so sneak well. Don't think of it as a date or you'll be mistaken.

And you never got caught?

No.

Maybe she had a clue but never asked you about it.

Maybe she didn't want to know.

A lot of men say that.

But, ultimately, what are the wives going to do about it? They're not really ready to up-and-out. Maybe this is the best they have. Maybe he's got this flaw that God gave him, so they think: He'll grow out of it. In the meantime, he treats her well, pays the bills, is nice to the kids. So why should she start up?

How would you feel if you learned your wife was having an affair?

Not well at all. There are definitely two standards.

What would you do?

I don't know. I wouldn't be able to think about it, I suppose.

Would you stay with her?

Yeah.

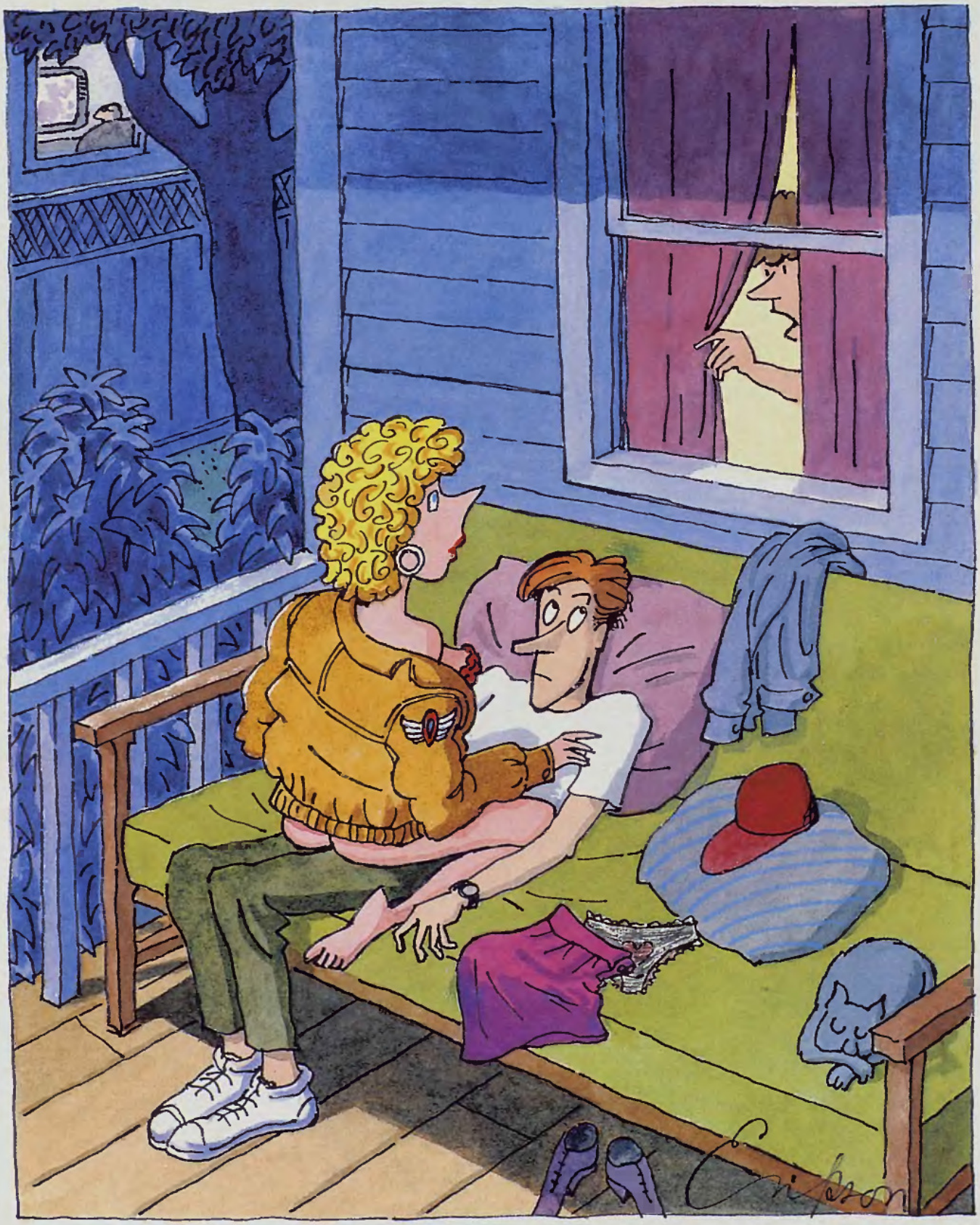
But you'd rather just not know about it.

Yeah. I wouldn't want to know.

Let's get back to this testosterone thing for a minute. Explain that.

Some men have a greater sex drive—either psychologically or physically—so they have an emotional need for this. They have to perform and be stimulated on a regular basis, and maybe one woman just won't do the trick. I was always for polygamy. A man should have as many wives as he

(continued on page 76)



"Bernice, doesn't that young man know how to say goodnight?"

RHONDA IS UP ALL NIGHT

meet rhonda shear, the queen of late-night b movies

EVERY out-of-work actor waiting tables at Santa Monica, California's hippest beach bistro wants to take Rhonda Shear's order. A stand-up comic and the host of USA Network's campy B-movie showcase *USA: Up All Night*, Shear is too busy to notice four table jockeys flipping coins to win the honor of serving her. At the moment, this scenic wonder of mile-high blondeness is merrily mining one-liners from her PLAYBOY photo shoot. "Great idea I had for me to spend hours holding a pose popping out of a clothes drier, right?" she says, sounding like a cross between Raquel Welch and Joan Rivers. "By the end of it, I was hanging by a pubic hair. When Lainie Kazan told me she broke her leg doing her PLAYBOY shoot years ago, I said, 'Good thing nobody asked me to do that position.'"

For Shear, too much—whether it's jewelry or anything—is never enough. Consider her traffic-stopping miniskirt, wraparound sunglasses or spangly earrings, which could double as chandeliers at Zsa Zsa's house. Her career is likewise in overdrive, with stand-up comedy gigs, two TV pilots awaiting go-aheads, a *Rhonda's Guide to Hollywood* movie, her Rhonda 900 phone lines and a forthcoming array of Rhonda merchandise. She digs deep into her handbag to fish out mash notes from nighthawks

"Women's fantasies are like Harlequin novels. It's all in the buildup. You know, 'He walked into the room and he was gorgeous, hot, sexy.' Men are direct. They turn the page and it's 'There she was, sitting on my face.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

ANGEL
TEAC

addicted to her Friday late-night TV show, which she often hosts from a heart-shaped bed.

Up All Night features such B-movie gems as *Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell* and *Satan's Cheerleaders*. "I'm a total media slut and a terrible, terrible tease," confesses the woman whom fans have dubbed their Midnight Morsel and

"I'm Disney on the inside and Miss Sex Bomb on the outside. I'm so squore, my entire record collection is Broadway musicals ond soundtracks from *My Fair Lady* to *Phantom of the Opera*. Every time I speak to Ann-Morgret's manager, I'm begging, 'Please, doesn't she want to have a female comic open for her?'"

GORHAM HALL SANTA MONICA CA

"Here I was, naked, doing splits in a bowling alley, and ten lanes away, guys weren't even looking. I mean, those were serious bowlers. The only thing on my mind was, Please take this shot before I die."

Princess of Perpetual Blondeness. "I have a steady boyfriend, but I'm a flirt. I want every guy to feel he could have a date with me." Thousands are feeling just that way thanks to Shear's booming 900 lines. "When a company approached me because of Jessica Hahn's success with Love Line, I told them, I'll do it only if

it charges tons of money,'" she says, fluffing her hair. "So, for $4.95 a minute, guys can talk to Rhonda's Friends, or they can call Rhonda's Fun Line for $1.99 a minute. People leave messages that are more risqué than my fan mail. On Rhonda's Private Phone Club, I'm the madam and all the girls walk around serving phone, not liquor. Something for every guy." She is a one-woman industry. "I'm starting to layer the fluff," she says, "with substance. I'm so focused." Who says comedy isn't pretty?

CHEATING HEARTS

(continued from page 68)

"A good lie has to be based in truth. The key to lying is being in all the places you said you were."

can afford.

And a woman?

A woman is equal.

Except for your wife.

Except for my wife. [*Motions to tape recorder*] Turn that thing off.

Do you want this off the record?

No, I just don't want this linked to my voice.

[*The tape recorder is turned off. I make mental notes of the following exchange, then transcribe them onto cocktail napkins directly afterward.*]

Here I am, 53 years old. I just told you I haven't cheated on my current wife. But I have to tell you, I've had this fantasy that I'd come up here, forget the interview and go down on you.

Really?

I guess that's as reformed as an alcoholic gets.

What if I said yes?

I might be tempted. Maybe it's locked inside my mind. Every time I see you, it reinforces it. I'll leave the offer open.

I thought you said you were done having affairs.

It would just be a physical encounter, not an affair.

What's the difference?

You can rationalize it if it's not a complete sexual encounter.

What is a complete sexual encounter?

Intercourse.

So you wouldn't have any guilt as long as we didn't have intercourse?

I'd probably have guilt now because I'm very much in love with my wife. But I'd get over it.

•

NAME: Peter
AGE: 42
OCCUPATION: Criminal psychologist
MARRIED: 11 years (second marriage)
CHILDREN: Two

Are women initially reluctant to become involved with a married man?

Yes, and a lot of guys realize that. In order to enable the relationship, they constantly have to apply some sort of emotional salve to the mistress so that she's able to live with herself. They'll come up with schemes like, "Oh, God, I have to go home to my wife. I wish I didn't have to sleep with her"—or constantly complain about the wife—so the mistress begins to feel like she's doing some sort of service. She's rescuing this poor guy from this horrible wife. But I'll bet you nine out of ten of these guys go home with roses for their wives. They kiss their wives' butts from the time they get home and hug them in bed and tell them how much they love them.

Is that what you do?

I used to when I first started. But then it struck me—and I know this sounds hypocritical—that I was being dishonest.

So you just leveled with your mistress and told her that you were still having sex with your wife?

Right.

And that worked?

Well, I discovered that that approach could be just as powerful a tool because it attracted the kind of woman who appreciated honesty and forthrightness. Consequently, it kind of upped the quality of the extramarital partner. It eliminated heavily dysfunctional women who were into rescue syndromes and trying to become emotionally attached. If you're rational and upfront—"I sleep with my wife, I love my wife, I will not leave my wife"—you're hedging your bets that you won't get involved with someone who will pull a *Fatal Attraction* on you. This has to be a pretty rock-solid gal who is into it just for the sex and the quick emotional boost.

But on the other hand, this game is Russian roulette. It's exhilarating when the hammer goes click and there's no bullet in there—that heightens the sexuality. But you never know when there's going to be a loaded slug in the chamber—and that loaded slug is falling in love. If you get hit by that, all this stuff is worthless.

Have you ever fallen in love with a woman you were having an affair with?

Yeah. That was the first one.

How long were you with her?

Off and on, for a couple years.

How did you meet her?

At an AA meeting.

How did it begin?

I asked her to lunch.

Did you know when you asked her to lunch that you weren't just asking her to lunch?

That was my hope.

Did she know you were married?

Yes.

And that wasn't a problem?

Apparently not.

Did you have to convince this woman?

Only with a kiss.

So, the first kiss—and that was it?

According to her.

How did it progress from there?

After taking her to lunch and kissing briefly in the park, I took her to dinner. I wanted to treat her just like a date. I didn't know how to do this. Mistress. That word was mysterious to me. Afterward, I suggested we go back to her place, and she was all embarrassed. She said, "Oh, no. I can't do that." She had a roommate and was apparently concerned about that. Well, I immediately thought: She doesn't want anything to do with me. What a wasted evening this is going to be.

Was it?

Hardly. She said, "Instead of going to my place, I know this church parking lot we can go to right on the lake." When we got there, I promptly parked my car right under the rectory window and she proceeded to give me oral sex in the car. Of course, this was absolutely the most phenomenal thing that had happened to me since I'd been married. It was like every man's fantasy. A girl you take out insists on parking in the priest's lot and doing this as joggers go by in cashmere sweaters.

So, for me, that began what probably was as much a love affair as it was a sexual obsession. Over the next three or four encounters, she insisted we go to different church parking lots. We had a tremendous tour of metropolitan churches, and the same thing happened at every one. It was the essence of taboo. Not only was it an affair, it had the spirituality of these church parking lots, too. I was hopelessly hooked after that.

How did you keep this from your wife?

A good lie has to be based in truth, so that 90 percent of the lie is indeed truth. The key to lying and covering your tracks is being in all the places you said you were. For instance, if you want to spend the evening with your mistress, you want to tell your wife you were out seeing a client. But the most important thing you need to do is to see that client and then go see your mistress. Don't try to do it without seeing the client, because when it comes to looking your wife in the eye, you have to have all the background, the color, the details.

You once told me that you'll even continue to play out the lie for months.

Right. To get away one Sunday evening with this particular gal, I said I was going to meet with a friend who was in a crisis and needed some help. In this case, I didn't really do that, but I continue to talk to my wife about that meeting today. I'll say, "The last time I talked to Joe was the night he had that

(continued on page 142)

"Ah, here's my attorney now."

EQUILIBRIUM

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

fiction by ROLAND N. KELTS
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

mary leaps from nowhere to wrestle me down, slamming my body hard against the floor. we are still lovers, but it's not easy

I AM LIVING with a woman as strong as a nightclub bouncer. She lifts her weights and does her dances with hell-bent intensity. She takes her morning coffee coal black and chases it with a juice mix: light on the mango, heavy on the lime, straight from the blender. She is up by six A.M. at the latest, donning her tight black jogging bra with the turquoise straps, contorting herself into various positions to stretch out. She leaves me behind—or, rather, leaves me her behind, just a flash of it, shiny spandex, a convex tease of muscle and flesh disappearing through the bedroom door. Her keys jangle down the hallway. The front-door locks snap open, the door slams shut. Her running shoes bounce lightly down three flights of stairs and onto the empty street.

We met as seniors at the state university and called it dating. The summer after graduation, we began living together in this one-bedroom apartment here in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, just behind the bakeries on Market Square. When I met Mary she had soft curves and long, reddish-brown locks. She was girlish. Vulnerable, I suppose, but irresistible in a baggy denim jacket adorned with pins that said LOVERGIRL and I STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE. She also giggled a lot, loudly, at nearly everything I said and did.

In the year and a half since graduation she has transformed herself. She met a weight trainer–dancer named Stevie down at the bar where she works, and she metamorphosed in the gym. Now, at 24, she has a body that issues demands just moving across the kitchen tile. She walks with a self-assurance that practically glows. Her thighs are fibrous walls of tissue, rigidly toned and taut, impervious. Her biceps seem permanently flexed, her

ILLUSTRATION BY YUAN LEE

breasts raised and poised. Mary is firm everywhere, as though her curves have been chiseled down. She could easily strangle me now, I am quite certain.

•

When Mary returns from her jog I am still in bed, sprawled across the futon, embarrassed to find my hand between my legs, squeezing gently. She is in the shower before I can pull my

hand away, wipe the sleep debris from my eyes and begin an intermittent succession of smelly yawns. I hear her hums and moans through the sizzle of steam and spray: She is satisfying herself in the shower, no doubt. It happens. I lean forward. The voice is rich, self-obsessed, reciting a low, incantatory chant that gets louder fast. The sound is sensual, urging on the voluptuous hot, the rushing wet, the steady, driving pulse of the nozzle itself to . . .

well, yes: to justify her love.

"Madonna's a blonde," I shout dryly when the shower ceases.

The curtain draws back with a vibrant scrape. The door is yanked open. Mary stands naked, shoulder-length hair crinkled and dampened black. She wraps a crimson towel firmly around her waist and brushes her hands lightly across her behind.

"She's a brunette, really," Mary says. She looks down, stretches back, admires her sleek, pinkish torso. "In heart, soul and spirit, a natural-born brunette. Get with it, babe. She's dyed for effect."

•

Mary seems to dance all day, aerobics and jazz, though the latter has little to do with Miles or Coltrane. She takes dance classes downtown at the Portsmouth recreation center. On weekends she dances to her workout tape in the living room, wearing a loose-fitting halter top that hangs above her navel and skintight leotards. Late afternoons she changes into jeans with frayed cuffs and a torn white T-shirt (JESUS SWEETS printed across the chest) and heavy Doc Martens. Her bartending job down by the harbor starts at six, and at five-thirty Mary throws a metal cross around her neck and is gone. She eats at work.

She is home before I return from the radio station. I am a DJ, strictly local. The studio is within walking distance,

Once again, PLAYBOY went to the School of Visual Arts in New York City to ask students in the illustration class to enter their work in a competition to provide artwork for *Equilibrium*, our College Fiction Contest winner. Yuan Lee took first place with the illustration overleaf. Runners-up include (clockwise from top left) John Ferry, Yoojin Yang, Kristine Thueson and Donna Martin working together and H. Craig Hanna. The center spot is by Sunny Kwak. The teacher in charge of this class is Marshall Arisman, a contributor whose illustrations have appeared frequently on these pages.

four blocks away. I do a jazz show between midnight and two A.M. called *Joey's Swingshift*. It is not a good job and it's getting worse. WZSZ is under new management as of a month ago—some investors from Boston—and they're trying to phase out what they call in their staff memos "eclectic" programming. I've been told by reputable inside sources that *Joey's Swingshift* is near the top of their list. Even now, with my coterie of listeners and live, in-studio interviews, I am not attracting new sponsors and I am not paying my share of the rent.

•

While Mary pulls on her leotards and sweatpants over by the closet, preparing for her morning classes, I contemplate having a cigarette. To her credit, Mary does not pressure me to quit. She half jokingly considers self-

destruction a sign of masculine intelligence. I am trying to quit on my own, but at times like this—mornings especially, when Mary is getting dressed less than 15 feet away—a good dose of nicotine might help. I can't stand these feelings of need.

"Joey, baby," Mary says slyly, slowly, not turning around. I grunt, feigning indifference. Then I yawn. "I might be going to New York this weekend," she says. She looks at herself in the full-

length mirror. "That MTV audition. I already told you. Last week." She spreads her feet apart and begins to stretch, left to right, bending at the middle. "Do you remember?"

I try to retrace the week's conversations in my mind: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. No, Friday is today. I run my fingers through my hair and squint, feeling grumpy and ugly and *(continued on page 90)*

"I didn't know there was a muse of kinky-sex-aids sales literature."

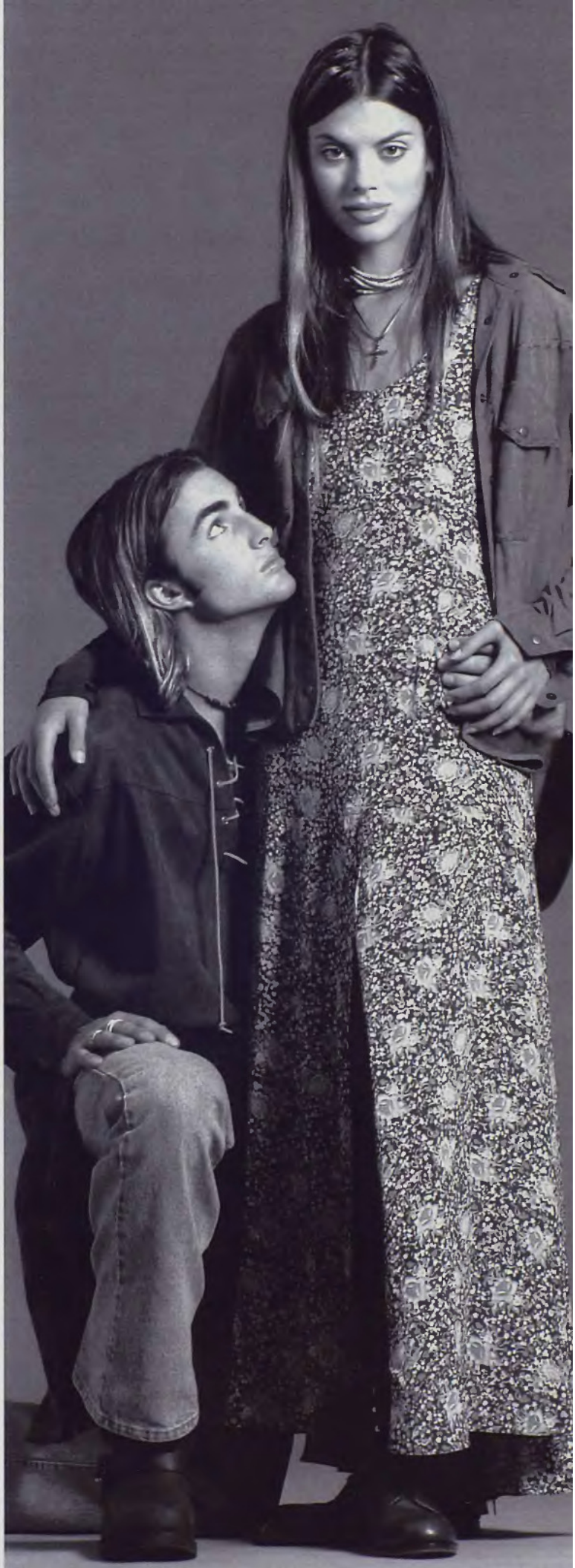
PHAT CHANCE

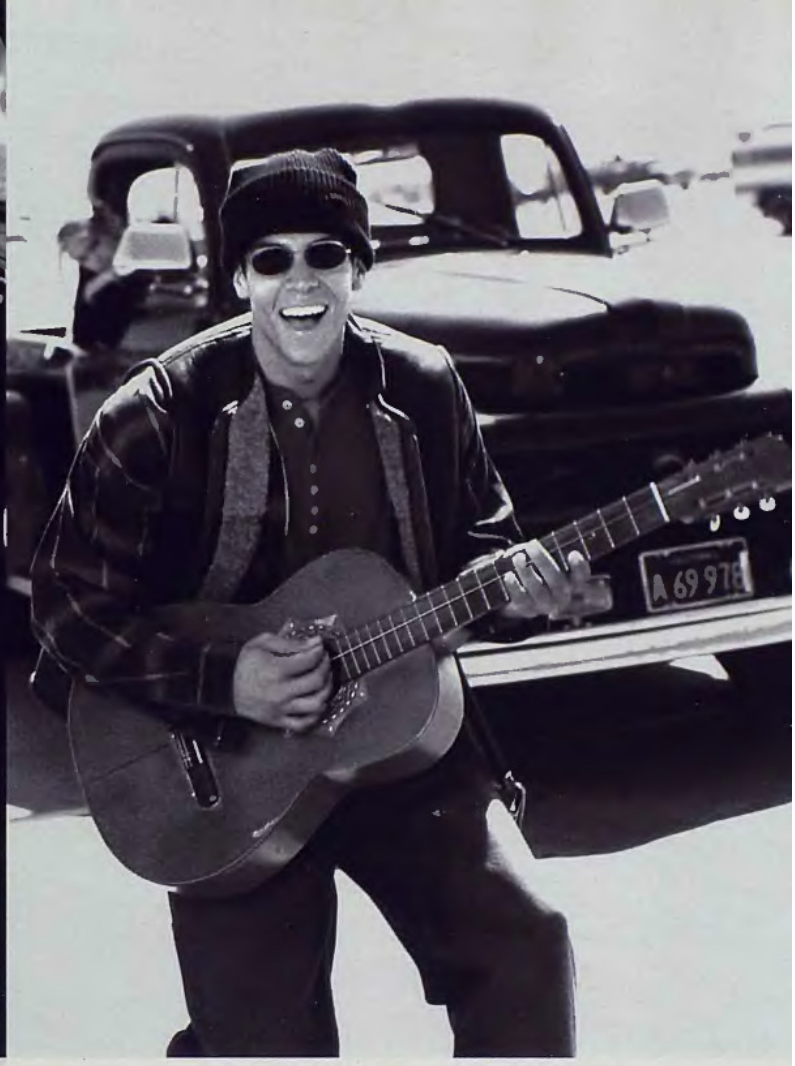
ON CITY STREETS AND COLLEGE CAMPUSES, PHAT IS WHERE IT'S AT

FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

THE HOT WORD today for anything that's cool is "phat," as in "Check out these phat threads." Obviously casual, this phat stuff appeals to guys who like their clothing the way they like their rock music—tough and loaded with attitude. Leather jackets appear well-worn and beaten, flannel shirts are prewashed and jeans are roughed-up, all before reaching department-store shelves. It's a kind of buy-new-look-old way of dressing that is comfortable, unpretentious and easy to pull together. Here are some pointers: First, think loose and layered. An oversized plaid shirt, for example, is fine on its own, but it's even better over a Henley or a hooded knit top. Jeans are best worn baggy (try flashback bell-bottoms, flares or wide-leg styles). Combat or workman-type boots should be left untied and relaxed. And outerwear, ranging from motorcycle leathers to Army-surplus officers' jackets, adds the right finishing touch. That's phat!

The brown motorcycle jacket on the guy at left is made of new antiqued leather, by Avirex, about $360. Underneath he's sporting a green-and-black hooded knit shirt, by Axle Works, $41; and denim jeans, by Edwin Jeans, $68. Right: Our man's fashion future is looking up as he goes layered with a green-and-blue cotton plaid shirt (tied around his waist), by Columbia Sportswear, $42; a brown lamb-suede lace-up shirt, by New Republic, $435; flared jeans, by Perry Ellis Signature, $95; brown leather engineer boots, by Na Na, $125; and an African neckpiece, at Urban Outfitters, about $15.



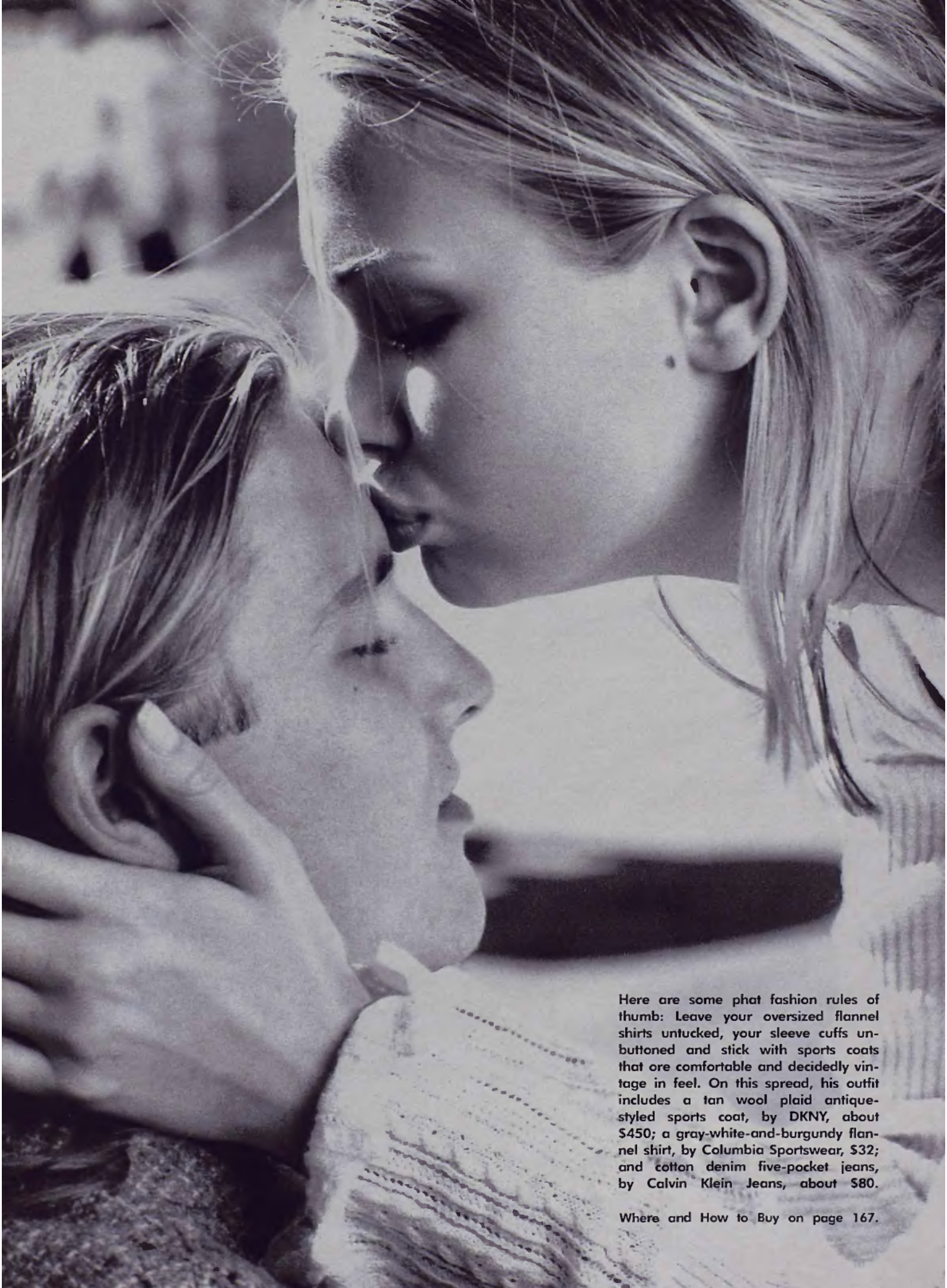


Inspired by Seattle's hard-rocking music scene, these clothes are comfortable, down-to-earth and far removed from the confines of traditional men's fashion. Left, above and on focing page: The slick guy in Ray-Ban shades, by Bausch & Lomb, $125, sports a brown mouton vest, by French Connection, about $420; a cotton plaid zip-front jacket, by Axle Works, about $30; a cotton thermal waffle-knit Henley, by International News, $34; and wide-leg five-pocket denim jeans, by Guess Men, about $60. His fair-haired buddy, left and above left, sports a green-and-natural brushed cot-tan jacket with four open-patch pockets, about $60, and an olive-colored waffle-knit hooded shirt with a loose fit, $34, both by Internationol News; black jeans, by Guess Men, $56; and black leather boots with green laces, by Dexter, $110.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

Three guys dressed to chill. The first, above and left, is wearing a green cotton-polyester camouflage vest, from Weiss-Mahoney, $35; a green cotton waffle-knit Henley, by CK Calvin Klein, $60; black cotton jeans, by Edwin Jeans, $68; and black military boats, by Georgia Boot, $100. Above right: The second matches a wool officer's military jacket, from Kaufman's Army & Navy, $300; with an ash cotton rover shirt, by Carhartt, $24; a plaid shirt (tied round his waist), by Guess Men, $66; and blue denim overalls, by Smith's Apparel, $89. Right: The third combines a brown-and-tan acrylic-and-wool zip-front jacket, by Disorder, $75; a brown leather zip-front vest, by Schott N.Y.C., $160; an ecru Henley, by French Connection, $42; blue jeans, by Columbia Sportswear, $36; and brown suede boots, by Dickies, $50.

MAKEUP BY LISA JAYNE STOREY, VISAGES STYLE, L.A. • HAIR BY KEVIN RYAN • STYLING BY BASHA ZAMORSKA FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES AND TANYA GILL FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.



Here are some phat fashion rules of thumb: Leave your oversized flannel shirts untucked, your sleeve cuffs unbuttoned and stick with sports coats that ore comfortable and decidedly vintage in feel. On this spread, his outfit includes a tan wool plaid antique-styled sports coat, by DKNY, about $450; a gray-white-and-burgundy flannel shirt, by Columbia Sportswear, $32; and cotton denim five-pocket jeans, by Calvin Klein Jeans, about $80.

Where and How to Buy on page 167.

EQUILIBRIUM *(continued from page 80)*

"Mary struggles with my shirt, tears at my belt buckle and zipper. My cries of resistance spur her on."

looking worse, I'm sure. Ever since college the days of the week have seemed to spill into one another like dominoes. I have to check the digital calendar in the studio at work just to remind myself which day's weather I'll be reading from the wire. Without classes, who can keep track?

"Ah, yeah. That's right," I say, though in fact I cannot remember a New York conversation. I reach for a tissue and blow my nose noisily, emitting the hissing-honking sound I used to associate with older men. "That's right," I repeat. "But I thought you thought it wouldn't happen."

"I still don't know," she says. She straightens up and leans toward the mirror to rub at the corner of her eye with her pinkie finger. "Stevie'll let me know tonight. But if we go, we're leaving tomorrow morning. Early."

Stevie: a huge man, a silent man, high cheekbones and a deep, dark, almost mahogany complexion. He trains with Mary at Body Pain Plus and she sleeps in his apartment on occasion, though Mary denies there is any sex between them. According to Mary, the issue is beyond discussion. I do not talk to Stevie, he does not talk to me. I do not want to know the details of their relationship. What could I do anyway?

Mary turns and faces me, stands solid, stiff-backed, arms akimbo. "Go back to sleep, Joey," she says. "You look miserable."

•

We are still lovers, but it is not easy. We have lost the equilibrium of love, I think. She is too strong now, too fast. The balance has been tipped.

In my view, Mary and I have sex a lot. I am beginning to think that lovemaking is something you do in the early stages of a relationship, before the need for ritual sex takes hold, before a standard is set and must be maintained. There is no reason for Mary to want lovemaking anymore. With her body and drive, she makes conventional love seem inefficient, too passive.

When I go home from the station, Mary is hiding. I climb three flights of stairs, turn the key in the lock, open the door to a dark apartment. One of Mary's sex cassettes is playing low—90 minutes of pure Madonna. Our apartment is barely furnished; there aren't that many places to hide. She is behind the sofa, the shower curtain or inside the closet. I close the door gently, slip my glasses into my satchel and ease it to the shag carpet. I proceed cautiously, quietly forward, arms extended in defense and a kind of titillating fear. This lasts for about a minute, two at the most, with me creeping forth in the black, losing my bearings, expectant and deeply aroused. Mary is upon me then, naked, leaping out of nowhere to wrestle me down, sometimes slamming me hard against the floor. She struggles with my shirt (she has ripped through several), tears at my belt buckle and zipper, throws my shoes back at the wall. My cries of resistance—some half genuine, others wholly staged—spur her on, make her crazier, hungrier. She applies a series of paralyzing holds: half nelsons, leg scissors, full nelsons, headlocks. The pain is momentary and oddly erotic; Mary keeps moving, never in one position very long. She grips me until it hurts, then lets go. She pinches, tugs playfully at my hair, flips me over and lands on my back. Everywhere we touch, her body is solid and slippery, surfaces of brawn and bone and breast.

When she grows bored with this stage, tired of toying, she leads me by the arm (or drags me by the legs) into the bedroom and onto the futon. She is on top, looming above in a pale blur, stroking fast, swatting me to attention. Finally, I am allowed to enter. The penetration is sudden, a pair of hands at my pelvis, fingers pressing flesh, seeming to push me from below out of the futon's hot fabric. She forces herself down and I strain in, violently, again and again. She shoves me away when I come, stands up and places one foot on my stomach. She licks her finger and begins touching herself, groaning softly. I fall asleep, exhausted. I will awaken the next morning, sore and dazed, as Mary dashes out in skin-shaped spandex and jogs.

•

Mary is late returning from her afternoon training session with Stevie, so I sit on the living-room couch to eat a bologna sandwich and the remains of a pasta salad. Because Mary rarely eats here, I do the shopping, and because I have very little money, these are the things I buy. The bologna has the vaguely nauseating smell of what it is: processed meat. But it tastes OK.

The playlist I've drawn up for tonight's show is packed with saxophone giants: Coltrane, Parker, Carter, Webster, even some Stan Kenton big band from the Fifties. My interview guest is a young player from Boston—older than I am, of course, but young for his sudden success. Bobby Gladstone is already a name in New York, or so I've read in his promo clippings.

I finish the sandwich and plunk the nearest video into Mary's VCR. It is a compilation labeled MADONNA SHOTS on a piece of masking tape attached to the side. The screen blinks, quavers, then clears and brightens. Madonna appears in black and white wearing dark lingerie and shoving a muscular black man into a bed with huge, bright pillows. I turn the volume down and watch as she slowly mounts the man without addressing the camera, without even bothering to lip-sync. The camera pans across the room and there are more men, arms crossed over husky chests, positioned around the bed in a semicircle, eyes fixed on Madonna and her partner. The men approach the bed and appear to join in, and soon there is a mass of bodies on-screen, clamoring, touching, licking and kissing in slow motion.

The image flickers and twists and is gone, replaced by Madonna onstage arching her back while two male dancers—shirtless, in black suspenders—squat beside each of her legs and paw at her thighs. This Madonna's hair is drawn up high in a long, platinum ponytail pulled back tight and erect. A portable microphone device is wrapped around her head, extending a small, black orb in front of and just below her mouth like a morsel of bait. Her breasts are covered by two white conelike cups with spiky points. Her face tenses suddenly as she reaches down between her legs and grabs at her crotch. She closes her eyes.

I switch off the television and VCR and stand up to stretch. My body still aches from two nights ago, the last time Mary and I had sex. The VCR flashes 12:00, but my watch reads just past four and Mary is still not home.

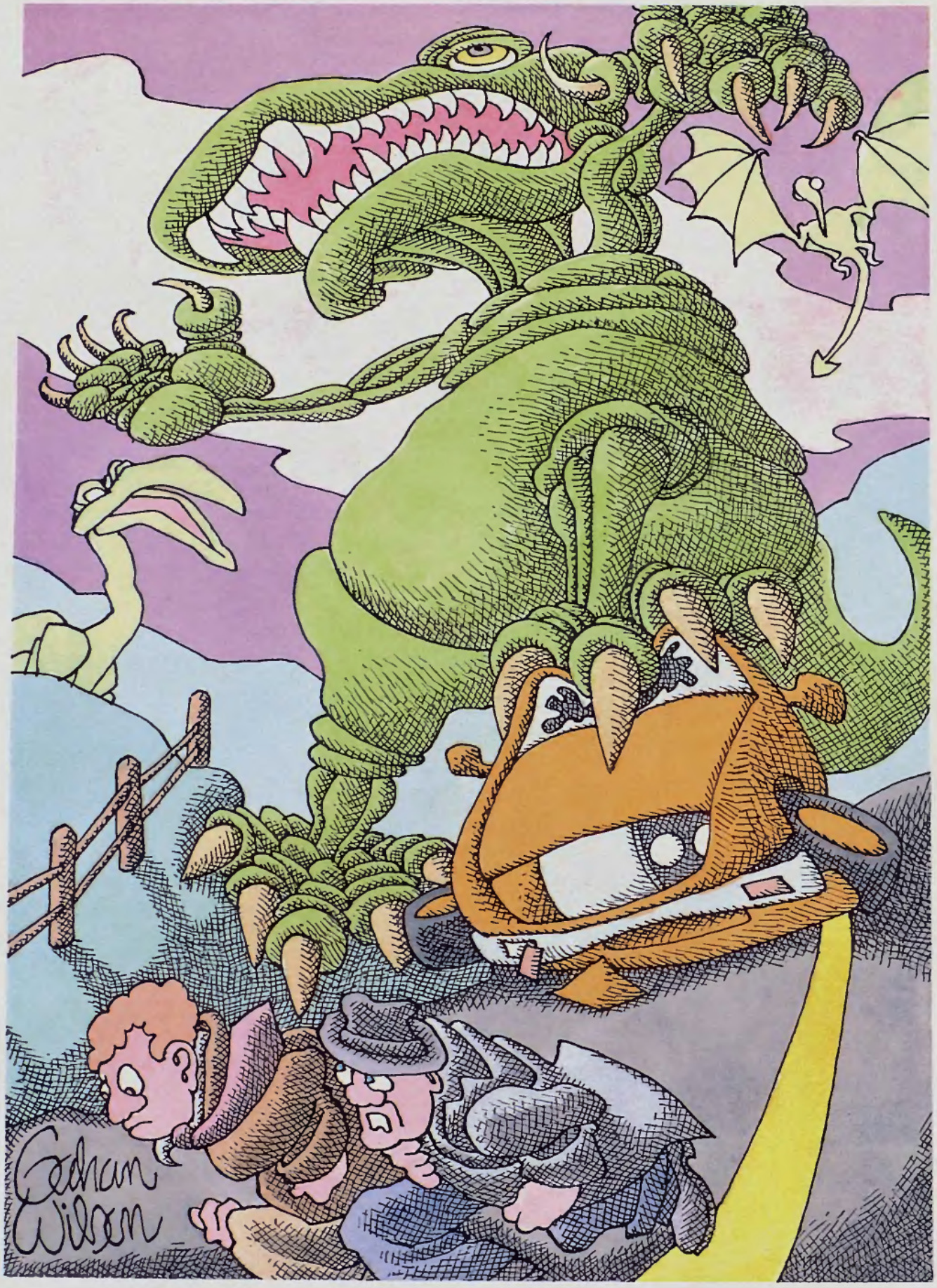
Back when she was just beginning to hold her workouts with Stevie, I asked Mary about Madonna's appeal.

"Control," she said. She hovered over the blender, gazing at the swishing mess of mango and lime. "That's what Madonna's all about. The power to be who you want, when you want."

"Looks like simple exploitation to me," I said, leaning against the kitchen wall. "Sexploitation, to be exact. Part of a long tradition of pornography."

"You're wrong, Joey," she said. The blender has stopped. "Madonna's

(continued on page 163)



"Anyhow, the article in the 'Times' says they were only hibernating and the greenhouse effect has brought them out."

CALEDONIA

56-0

miles of gauze, tape, casts, crutches, braces, slings—the caledonia shuckers tough it out. they do not forfeit

fiction by
T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

IT WASN'T the cast that bothered him—the thing was like rock, like a weapon, and that was just how he would use it—and it wasn't the hyperextended knee or the hip pointer or the yellowing contusions seeping into his thighs and hams and lower back, or even the gouged eye that was swollen shut and drooling a thin, pale liquid the color of dishwater; no, it was the humiliation. Fifty-six to nothing. That was no mere defeat, it was a drubbing, an ass-kicking, a rape, the kind of thing the statisticians and sports nerds would snigger over as long as there were records to keep. He'd always felt bigger than life in his pads and helmet, a hero, a titan, but you couldn't muster much heroism lying facedown in the mud at 56 to nothing and with the other team's third string in there. No, the cast didn't bother him, not really, though it itched like hell and his hand was a big, stippled piece of meat sticking out of the end of it, or the eye, either, though it was ugly, pure ugly. The trainer had sent him to the eye doctor and the doctor had put some sort of blue fluid in the eye and peered into it with a little conical flashlight and said there was no lasting damage, but still it was swollen shut and he couldn't study for his Physical Communications exam.

It was Sunday, the day after the game, and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot, right guard for the Caledonia College Shuckers, slept till two, wrapped in his own private misery—and even then he couldn't get out of bed. Every fiber of his body, all six feet four inches and 256 pounds of it, shrieked with pain. He was 22 years old, a senior, his whole life ahead of him and he felt like he was ready for the nursing home. There was a ringing in his ears, his eyelashes were welded together, his lower back throbbed and both his knees felt as if ice picks had been driven into them. He hobbled, splayfooted and naked, to the bathroom at the end of the hall, and there was blood in the toilet *(continued on page 130)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

miss october's
our favorite
to win,
place and show

BETTING ON JENNY

"I DON'T LIKE betting the favorite—there's no money there," says Jenny McCarthy, scanning the tout sheet like a railbird. "You may as well make it a challenge." There is one thing you must know right away about Miss October: The 20-year-old Chicago girl is "definitely the kind of person who likes to take a risk." Calling to set up our interview, I offered lunch; Jenny countered with skydiving, her latest love. "It's incredible, the scariest 30 seconds of your life," she said, ignoring the cowardly gulps coming over the phone. We settled on a day at the races, where only our bank accounts were in danger. Jenny has been going to the track with her dad since she was ten. "It's fun to gamble, and I usually do pretty well," she says. No kidding—in the third race she picked the winner and the runner-up. The luck of the Irish is definitely going Jenny McCarthy's way. Early this year she decided to try her hand at modeling, and she sent some photos to a Chicago agency. One week later she had an interview at PLAYBOY. Two weeks later she was shooting her centerfold. "This is my first modeling job—can you believe it?" she asks,

"I don't even pay attention to the odds and I seem to do OK."

shaking her head. "It's been boom, boom, boom."

When it comes to family, Jenny calls herself "one of the luckiest people in the world. My mom and dad brought us up in such a healthy way." The second of four sisters, she grew up in "a very, very Catholic neighborhood" on Chicago's South Side. "My dad worked three jobs to put us through Catholic school," she says. He also needed the money to keep Jenny in food. As a wee slip of a lass, her prodigious appetite earned her the nickname Truck Driver. Luckily, she burned off the calories playing "every single sport there is." She was also head cheerleader. And if that weren't enough, for years she has worked at a neighborhood grocery store that carries PLAYBOY. Jenny says: "Guys were always telling me, 'You should be on the cover of PLAYBOY, not behind this cash register.' I'd be like, 'Yeah, right, that'll be the day.'" Not that she couldn't picture it. "When I was in seventh grade, I stood on the Oak Street beach and looked up at the sign on the Playboy Building and thought, 'God, someday I'd love to be there.' And now here I am."

If poetic justice prevailed at the track, a horse named Gents Delight would have won

A born jock, Jenny was MVP of her field hockey and softball teams. Now she wants to become a most-valuable Playmate (at right she signs in with the PLAYBOY receptionist). "While I was posing for my test shots I kept thinking, I know I'll make the cut," she says. "If I try something, I have to be the best."

In Miss October's Irish neighborhood, "everybody knows everything about everybody. When this issue comes out, Jenny McCarthy will be the talk of the town." As for the reaction at her Catholic high school: "Boy, are those nuns going to be shocked. Their habits are going to fly right off their heads."

When it comes to nudity, Jenny is a child of the city. "We live close to the neighbors, and our windows face directly across—so you learn to cover up." PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar, she says, "really loosened me up. The first time was nerve-racking. I was so scared I couldn't move. But after a while I got the hang of it." The proof is in the pictures.

the sixth race, and Jenny would have walked away with a pocketful of cash. Alas, Miss October's horse came in a distant third. "Doesn't that stink?" she says. It's not the money Jenny's worried about, though. "I am the least materialistic person you'll ever meet," she says. "All I really need is a home, enough money to get by and a good Beaver Cleaver family, like my family." She'll use her Playmate earnings to return to college, where she's put in two years toward a nursing degree. She also wants to pursue an acting career. "I could see myself as Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*, playing a psychopath with an ice pick. Why not? It's nothing like the kind of person I am, but I would want to do it for the challenge." She laughs. "I have so many goals, and I want to try to reach them all." If anyone can, it's Jenny McCarthy. Bet on it.—BOB DAILY

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jenny McCarthy

BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 11-1-72 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago

AMBITIONS: To succeed in TV Land, and eventually get a house, a husband and a Beaver Cleaver family.

TURN-ONS: Guys on Harleys, daredevils, men who aren't afraid to cry or show their emotions.

TURNOFFS: Bullies, steroid monsters, show-offs, guys who give you their business cards and say "Call me, babe, I can make you a star."

VIRTUES: I'm friendly, spontaneous, adventurous — and I can catch a walleye like nobody else.

VICES: Pizza, Chinese food, cheeseburgers, french fries — I eat too much!

WHY I COULD NEVER BE PRESIDENT: I hyperventilate whenever I have to talk in front of a crowd.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Live it up, but don't do anything you'll regret when you're 80.

8th grade: Air Jenny

2-4-6-8 Cheerleading was really great!

H.S. graduation: Hair Jenny

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The First Lady was crossing the street in front of the White House when a car came screeching around the corner, heading right for her. A young man nearby ran over and pushed her to safety at the last moment.

Getting to her feet, Mrs. Clinton profusely thanked her rescuer and asked what she might do in return for his saving her life.

"Put me in the federal witness protection program, I guess," he replied.

"But why?" the puzzled First Lady asked.

"Because when my father, the doctor, finds out whose life I saved, it's a good bet he's going to want to kill me."

Three old-timers were relating their most exciting experiences. The first, a retired sheriff, described the terrifying excitement of a shoot-out with the Dalton gang. The others agreed it sounded pretty exciting.

The second gentleman was a retired fireman. He told about a huge fire at the university, where young coeds jumped naked from their dorm windows into his arms. The other gentlemen all agreed that sounded pretty exciting.

The third retiree began his story: "I was an undertaker. One night I got a call to pick up a body that was under a sheet in a hotel room. When I got there, the guy had a huge erection sticking straight up. I knew I couldn't take him through the lobby that way, so I found an old broom handle and hit that erection just as hard as I could." The old man paused. "You talk about excitement," he continued. "I was in the wrong damn room!"

We've heard that a major auto-insurance company is offering a special package for Jewish mothers. It's called a "my-fault" policy.

Dozens of art aficionados gathered at a downtown gallery for the exhibition of a highly publicized new artist. One art critic asked the creator how he had managed to achieve such interesting effects. "It's really very simple," the artist explained. "I put a canvas on the floor, dump paint on it and then have two or three nude models slither all over it."

"That must be quite thrilling."

"Not especially," the artist replied. "But cleaning the brushes is a kick."

While on vacation in Africa, the traveler entered his hotel's handicap golf tournament. He told the starter that his handicap was 15 and he was assigned a caddy who carried not only his clubs but a rifle as well.

On the first hole, the golfer hit into the tall grass. As he was looking for his ball, he was pounced on by a lion, but his caddy quickly aimed his rifle and killed the animal.

On the second hole, the shaken duffer hit into a thick stand of trees. Searching for the ball, he was attacked by a leopard. Again, the caddy killed the beast.

On the par-three third hole, the golfer hit into the lake in front of the green. He reached down to retrieve the ball, but he was grabbed by a crocodile. This time, the caddy stood by without raising his gun. The frantic fellow beat the croc on the head with his golf club until it finally let go.

Climbing up the bank, the golfer turned to the caddy. "Damn, why didn't you shoot?"

"Bwana, with a 15 handicap, on a par three you get no extra shots."

After discovering he had the gift of healing, a young evangelist was working his way through a revival-meeting crowd. He demonstrated his powers by making a blind man see, a deaf man hear and a lame woman walk. Finally, he approached a man with a cast on his arm, who suddenly jumped up and stumbled backward. "Keep your hands off me," the man screamed. "I'm on workman's comp."

We understand there's yet another blonde invention: ejection seats for helicopter pilots.

Faded graffito spotted in an old hippie hangout: MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR. Underneath someone had added, DO BOTH—GET MARRIED.

Although they're trying to keep it hush-hush, U.S. sporting goods manufacturers are concerned over reports that the Japanese are on the verge of perfecting a cordless bungee.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"It's raining out, sir. Would you mind if I just jog around your desk on my lunch hour?"

Playboy's Pro Football Forecast

WHO WON AND LOST IN THE FRANTIC FREE-AGENT SCRAMBLE

THIS YEAR marks the turning point: NFL team owners and players have finally agreed to free agency. More than 100 NFL free agents changed clubs, and they were rewarded with average pay hikes of more than 125 percent. A number of teams—principally Atlanta, Detroit, Green Bay and the New York Jets—were able to reinvent themselves.

NFL team owners were delighted by all the publicity. Unlike the baseball owners, they aren't whining about rocketing player salaries. There's no need to, for once again, pro football players have cut themselves a raw deal. NFL salaries have long lagged behind those of professional baseball and basketball players, and they'll continue to do so.

Here's why: Starting next year, player salaries can't exceed 67 percent of a team's revenues—that's the salary cap you've been reading about. There's an additional kick to the cap: The following year teams will be allowed to spend only 64 percent of their revenues on players.

Let me break down the cap for you in round numbers. This season, NFL teams will gross in the neighborhood of $45 million apiece. That means the salary cap per team will be about $30 million. The majority of the league's players don't know it yet, but the salary cap is going to work against them.

Some of the NFL's more thoughtful team owners and executives think the cap will quickly produce a caste system. Says Art Modell, who owns the

SPORTS BY

DANNY SHERIDAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN THOMPSON

Running scared after the massacre in Pasadena, many rogue Buffalo Bills stampeded toward free agency and new teams. A fourth consecutive Super Bowl loss is, blessedly, unlikely. But the Cowboys remained tall in their saddles in the tumultuous off-season. Aikman's back permitting, the Cowboys will be back.

This Season's Winners

American Football Conference

Eastern Division ..... Miami Dolphins
Central Division ..... Houston Oilers
Western Division ..... San Diego Chargers
Wild Card ..... Buffalo Bills
Wild Card ..... Pittsburgh Steelers
Wild Card ..... Kansas City Chiefs
AFC Champion ..... Houston Oilers

National Football Conference

Eastern Division ..... Dallas Cowboys
Central Division ..... Detroit Lions
Western Division ..... San Francisco 49ers
Wild Card ..... Washington Redskins
Wild Card ..... Green Bay Packers
Wild Card ..... New Orleans Saints
NFC Champion ..... Dallas Cowboys

Super Bowl Champion: Dallas Cowboys

Playboy's 1993 Preseason All-Pro Team

OFFENSE

DAN MARINO, Miami ..... QUARTERBACK
EMMITT SMITH, Dallas ..... RUNNING BACK
BARRY SANDERS, Detroit ..... RUNNING BACK
JERRY RICE, San Francisco ..... WIDE RECEIVER
MICHAEL IRVIN, Dallas ..... WIDE RECEIVER
KEITH JACKSON, Miami ..... TIGHT END
PAUL GRUBER, Tampa Bay ..... TACKLE
JIM LACHEY, Washington ..... TACKLE
RANDALL MCDANIEL, Minnesota ..... GUARD
STEVE WISNIEWSKI, Los Angeles Raiders ..... GUARD
BRUCE MATTHEWS, Houston ..... CENTER

DEFENSE

BRUCE SMITH, Buffalo ..... END
REGGIE WHITE, Green Bay ..... END
CORTEZ KENNEDY, Seattle ..... TACKLE
RAY CHILDRESS, Houston ..... TACKLE
BYRON EVANS, Philadelphia ..... MIDDLE LINEBACKER
DERRICK THOMAS, Kansas City ..... OUTSIDE LINEBACKER
KEN NORTON, Dallas ..... OUTSIDE LINEBACKER
ROD WOODSON, Pittsburgh ..... CORNERBACK
TERRY MCDANIEL, Los Angeles Raiders ..... CORNERBACK
TIM MCDONALD, San Francisco ..... SAFETY
STEVE ATWATER, Denver ..... SAFETY

SPECIALTIES

RICH CAMARILLO, Phoenix ..... PUNTER
MORTEN ANDERSEN, New Orleans ..... PLACEKICKER
STEVE TASKER, Buffalo ..... SPECIAL TEAMS
MEL GRAY, Detroit ..... KICK AND PUNT RETURNER
MIKE MORRIS, Minnesota ..... LONG SNAPPER

Cleveland Browns, "There are going to be a lot of millionaires, a few guys in the middle and a lot of spear-carriers who will be earning the minimum."

George Young, the frugal general manager of the New York Giants, agrees. "The prices have gone up immensely, but everybody is going to pay the piper, and the piper's name is Mr. Cap," he says.

Mr. Cap will make for a tight fit next year. Many teams have already allocated at least two thirds of the projected 1994 salary cap to 20 players or fewer, leaving only a third of the cap to be divided among more than half the team. The community owners of Green Bay's ball club—never known as a Pack of big spenders—are paying their players $33.9 million this season, which means they'll have to slash their payroll by about $4 million to comply with the cap next year. The New York Jets are in a similar fix. In San Francisco, 49ers president Carmen Policy—whose team is the league's fourth highest-paid—is already spending sleepless nights pondering the coming panic.

Unlike the NBA, which is rich and getting richer, the NFL faces a decline in revenues. My sources tell me that if the networks don't get at least a 15 percent reduction in TV rights fees in the multiyear contract that starts next year, both CBS and NBC are prepared to drop pro football on Sunday afternoons. ABC, while also looking for a reduction, is determined to keep its *Monday Night Football*, if only for the prestige.

Are the networks ganging up on the NFL? Not at all. Since 1990, ABC, CBS and NBC have pumped more than $750 million a year into the NFL coffers. They now project a combined $450 million loss on their investment. They'll pay less in the new contract now being negotiated. That means the salary caps probably won't rise. They may even get lower.

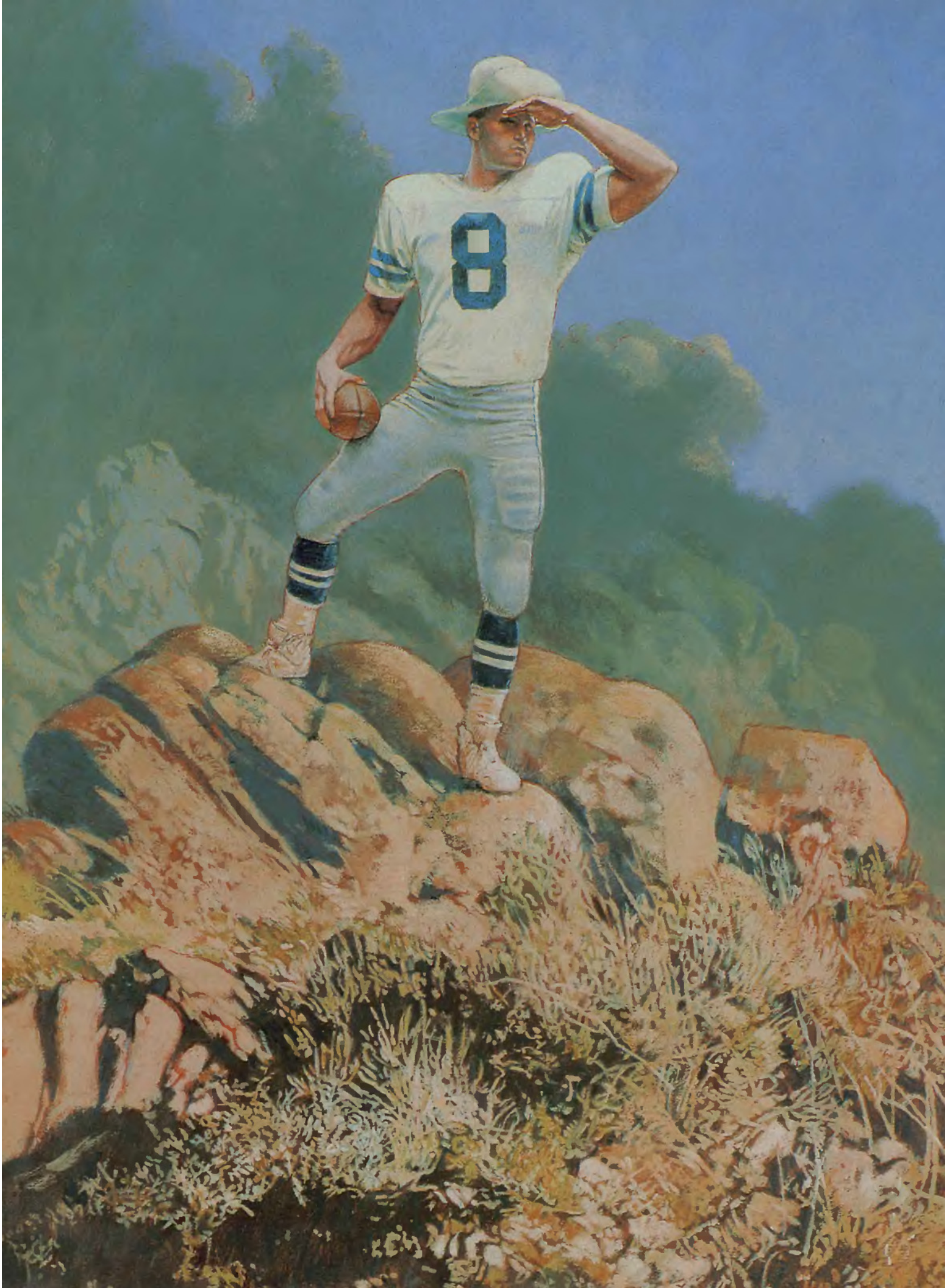
While Mr. Cap will eventually alter league chemistry, he hasn't yet weakened the NFC's Eastern Division, home of five of the past seven Super Bowl winners, including the past three. The winner this season will come from the same division. I'm picking the Cowboys to repeat as NFC titleholders and then go on to gun down their cousins from Houston in a Texas-style Super Bowl shoot-out. That will make it ten straight years in which the NFC has produced the NFL's champion. Here's how I see the conferences shaping up:

•

I predicted on television in 1989 that Jimmy Johnson would lead the

(continued on page 154)

"Hurt? Of course I'm hurt, Edith. Where do you find such fantastic girls?"


8

Troy's Triumph

THE GREATEST TEXAS TRICK SINCE DEBBIE DID DALLAS

WOMEN appear on his doorstep, uninvited, and are furious when he turns them away. They send him suggestive photographs and letters. At car shows, they slip into the ladies' room, remove their panties, and then stop and ask him to sign them. Sometimes, a woman just pulls up her shirt and asks him to sign her torso. Once, a woman dropped her napkin at his feet. Gallantly, he handed it to her. She leaned over and ran her tongue across his cheek.

"That was unbelievable," Troy remembers. He was stunned, not only because the woman offended his sense of dignity but his sense of hers, too. He doesn't like aggressive women or women who pursue him because he's famous. (When the press printed the latter fact, women started beginning their letters with, "I'm not writing to you because you're famous.") But he is famous, one of the most famous athletes in the world. He's recognized in Germany and Jamaica and lots of other places that are not exactly hotbeds of his sport.

"He reminds me of a rock star," says one old friend. Adds another, "Going out with Troy these days is like going out with Elvis." But Troy Aikman, the Dallas Cowboys quarterback, isn't Elvis. He's just a big, muscular, boyishly handsome, country-boy football player (6′4″, 220 pounds, with strawberry-blond hair and a cowlick, and freckled skin that reddens in the sun) who left the tiny Oklahoma ranching town of Henryetta and went on to become the MVP of Super Bowl XXVII, and who is arguably the best quarterback in the NFL today. (Mike Ditka and Buddy Ryan, men not given to effusive praise, are uncharacteristically enthusiastic about Aikman. Ditka once made his own quarterback, Jim Harbaugh, study a video of Aikman as an example of a picture-perfect passer. Harbaugh was not pleased.)

All Aikman did in Super Bowl XXVII was lead the Cowboys to one of the most lopsided Super Bowl wins in history, a 52–17 drubbing of the Buffalo Bills, by completing 22 of 30 passes for four touchdowns and no interceptions. In fact, in the playoffs, Aikman completed 61 of 89 passes for 795 yards, eight TDs and no interceptions. His Super Bowl performance was the kind of career dream-game that has eluded great quarterbacks like Jim Kelly and John Elway. Only Joe Montana, in Super Bowl XXIII, completed more TD passes (five), and Montana's heroics in that game were the culmination of a career in its twilight (he was 34). Aikman's heroics came shortly after his 26th birthday.

"It's what I was drafted for," Aikman said at the time. And then, in wonder, he added, "This is the way it's supposed to end. Guys spend their whole career waiting to have it end like this."

After that game, Aikman's life was changed forever. ("I'm going to Disney World," he shouted with typical naïveté, as if that would be the only way his life would change.) His agent, Leigh Steinberg, immediately announced that Aikman would command more than a million dollars a year in endorsements. All three network morning news shows (*Good Morning America*, *Today* and *CBS This Morning*) demanded he appear to the exclusion of the others. Aikman settled the controversy in his usual amiable style by appearing the morning after the Super Bowl on all three shows. It was the kind of behavior people in Dallas had come to expect from Aikman, a man so nice and—in his own word—"normal" that he told the media before his playoff game against San Francisco that he hoped 49ers QB Steve Young had a great game because he was a good guy, but that Dallas would win anyway.

In Dallas, he is tirelessly philanthropic and civic-minded. His Troy Aikman Foundation hosts a celebrity golf tournament each year to benefit disadvantaged children. He is active in causes to wipe out cancer and drug use among youngsters and to find shelter for homeless children. He is contemplating starting a charity to provide senior citizens with a "quality" old age because he feels they are too often neglected by society. He endowed a scholarship for nonathletes at his high school in Henryetta and another at his alma mater, UCLA. He's a firm believer, he has said, that professional athletes should realize how lucky they are and give something back to society. In the next breath he says, "But people make too much of my charities."

In Dallas, Aikman has a reputation for leading a low-key life. He avoids his fans by eating pizza in his house five times a week. Sometimes he has friends over for a barbecue. Mostly, they are teammates or old friends from college—people he can trust and feel comfortable with. "It takes a while for someone to gain my trust," he says. "Loyalty and trust are important to me." Some of his friends are just ordinary people, like "the gal who managed my first apartment and a buddy who works for the electric company. I don't have to prove anything with them. They don't judge me. If I didn't play football, we'd still be close."

Aikman complains that he often goes months without a date. He finally hired a woman to cook his meals because he has no steady girlfriend. Even after the Super Bowl, while his teammates were celebrating with their wives and girlfriends, he was alone in his room until he finally thought of a girl to call. This may be because he has an old-fashioned, almost chivalric attitude toward women. It has to do with his upbringing. He claims that his mother "is the most important person in my life" and that his two older sisters helped shape his attitude toward women. "They helped me understand their emotional swings, their bad-hair days," he says. "I learned they're just different." Which may be why, in high school, he was not embarrassed to take a typing course with 38 girls.

About the only complaint heard in Dallas about Aikman is that he often appears aloof, humorless or even arrogant in public. He claims that's merely a defense mechanism against people he doesn't know. "I'm quiet in public, but

PROFILE BY PAT JORDAN

I'm not shy," he explains. "Shy people have a problem expressing themselves. They're afraid to. I'm not."

The morning after the Super Bowl, Aikman began taping the three morning news shows at 3:30 A.M. He did not return to his New York hotel room until late in the morning. He tried to sleep, but his phone was ringing off the hook. People called to congratulate him, radio stations from all over the world wanted to interview him and fans prowled the hotel corridors looking for him.

Aikman says the whole experience was surreal. He was alone in a city he never much liked and too frightened to leave his room. "I felt trapped," he recalls. "I like to control my life. Control and order are important to me. I wish there were a switch I could flip where no one knows me, and when I want to be noticed I could turn it on."

But there is no switch. After the Super Bowl, people's perception of Aikman would take precedence over who he actually was. He had begun to learn this earlier, when he appeared on an *Oprah Winfrey Show* about celebrity dating. Her producers told him to wear jeans and cowboy boots, his usual attire. When he arrived, he was embarrassed to see all the other men in suits and ties. He felt like a "fool, a hick. I'm tired of having to dress like that just to confirm someone's opinion of me." But he does tend to dress in jeans and cowboy boots, dip tobacco, drive a pickup truck and listen to country-and-western. So now he makes a point, when being interviewed, of not wearing jeans and boots and of arriving in his sleek white BMW, not his truck, so people won't think he's "a hick who rides my horse everywhere." He adds: "New Yorkers would say I was a country guy, but someone from Montana would think I was pure city." After all, Aikman was born in Cerritos, California, home of metalheads and surf dudes. He moved to Henryetta when he was 12.

The price of his Super Bowl fame really hit home for Aikman a few days after the game, when he played in the Pro Bowl in Hawaii. According to his prearranged plan, he left the game after the third period to catch a flight back to Dallas. When he awoke the next morning, he found himself the subject of intense criticism for leaving early. People in Dallas and throughout the country wondered if maybe Aikman wasn't so amiable and humble a country boy after all. Aikman was stunned. "It's not fair," he maintains. "People expected me to change, so they intentionally looked for it."

Although Aikman thought the unqualified adulation after the Super Bowl would last only "until my next interception," he didn't expect his honeymoon with fans to end so abruptly. But criticism was nothing new for the young man who was the Cowboys' number-one draft choice out of UCLA in 1989. He was given an $11 million contract and promptly labeled the Cowboys' "redeemer" by Jerry Jones, the Arkansas millionaire who'd bought the team from Bum Bright. "Troy will restore the Cowboys' image because he has a winning aura," said Jones.

Aikman started 11 games that year and lost them all. The Cowboys stumbled to their worst record in history, 1–15. Criticism of Aikman was so intense, he admits, "I didn't want to leave my house." Fans called in on talk radio to complain that they were making $5 an hour while Aikman was making millions and not producing. "Yeah, I heard it all," he says. "People think Dallas is a sports town, but it isn't. It's a winners' town." Which was why Dallas fans unrealistically thought Aikman would immediately return the Cowboys to the glory they had enjoyed when they were directed by another shy, humble QB hero, Roger Staubach. It was during Staubach's reign that the Cowboys billed themselves as America's Team, and most of America bought it.

In contrast, in Aikman's first season, he threw for only nine touchdowns while being intercepted 18 times. His quarterback rating was a meager 55.7, one of the lowest in the NFL. He even broke his index finger and missed five games. The Dallas press, particularly Skip Bayless of the old *Dallas Times Herald*, was merciless in its criticism of Aikman. Bayless said Aikman couldn't throw a long pass, was too unemotional to lead the team, wasn't very smart and would never lead the Cowboys to the Super Bowl. "And I like Troy Aikman a lot," Bayless added. "He's a wonderful person."

What should have made Bayless' criticisms particularly hurtful to Aikman was the implication that Bayless got them from the Cowboys' coaches and players, who were afraid to go on record with them. (It has taken Aikman a long time to get his teammates' confidence. As late as November 1992, one player said, "Troy is a piece of the puzzle, but he's not *the* guy. It's pretty obvious this is Emmitt's team." He was referring to running back Emmitt Smith, who was voted team MVP by the players in November 1992. The team's kicker finished second and Aikman a distant third. When asked about this, Aikman looks down at his feet and says, "It didn't bother me." Then, after a pause, adds, "But I didn't agree.")

Aikman's feelings were further bruised by his belief that his coach, Jimmy Johnson, an Arkansas buddy of Jones', had never given him a vote of confidence. Johnson, formerly of the University of Miami, had promised Aikman he would be the team's QB. Then he drafted Steve Walsh, the Miami QB who had won 23 out of 24 games for Johnson and a national championship. Johnson said the QB job was up for grabs. Neither Walsh nor Aikman was very happy. Onlookers felt Johnson had betrayed Aikman and they expected the coach to have an emotional attachment to Walsh. "I can't blame him," says Aikman. "He tried to remove himself from us both at practice. But, I don't know, maybe he had Steve over for dinner every night. Jimmy was distant. I didn't know where the players stood on it, either. There was politicking going on in the locker room."

Walsh was also peeved. "Watch," he said, "I'll be typecast as the smart one and Troy will be the one with the athletic ability. I happen to be a decent athlete and Troy happens to be pretty bright."

"Yeah," says Aikman today, his face reddening. "I'm not as dumb as you think. Man, that annoys me to this day."

Johnson, it was said, liked his quarterbacks to be loud and cocky, like the Bills' Jim Kelly. These were traits completely foreign to Aikman's nature and background. Despite Johnson's perfect blow-dried hair, he is not a blow-dried man. He has a reputation for fiery outbursts, which confused the controlled, placid Aikman. Aikman did not know how to respond, so he simply turned quiet and brooded. This annoyed Johnson even more. He understood the give-and-take of a screaming match more than he did Aikman's head-hanging silences.

"I didn't care," Aikman says. "I wasn't going to change my personality. I withhold my emotions. I couldn't care less about being flamboyant."

These personality conflicts resulted in a strained relationship between the coach and his quarterback that first year. Some even think it has lingered to this day. When asked about a friend's comment that "Troy doesn't trust Jimmy as far as he can throw him," Aikman just shrugs, says nothing and blushes.

Although Aikman did start most of the games in 1989, it was Walsh who led the team to its only victory when Aikman was injured. By the next season, however, Walsh was gone, traded to New Orleans. Johnson said, "I am able to embrace Troy as my guy now." That was the beginning of the Cowboys' and Aikman's emergence from NFL doormats to Super Bowl champions in only four years. They improved

(continued on page 152)

"'Playful innovation,' hell! You know I'm on a no-cholesterol diet."

field notes on
the indigenous
american everyman

HUMOR BY DAN JENKINS

WHO IS BUBBA?

THE QUESTION is usually asked by your effete Easterners and West Coast ponytails who pretend to like trout pizza and fat novels written by Ecuadorans.

Well, to start, Bubba is not a Southern redneck who thinks a rented movie and a six-pack are quality entertainment.

That happens to be a distorted view of Bubba, a view largely advanced by people who can't appreciate the wisdom in a country song such as *I Just Hope Those Honky-Tonks Don't Kill Me Before I Live Myself to Death.* Granted, more than one Bubba from Georgia has spray-painted his girlfriend's name on an overpass. More than one Bubba from North Carolina will list Jack Daniels among his ten most-admired people, and more than one Bubba from Texas has seen his wife's hairdo get caught in a ceiling fan.

But more than one Bubba from Minneapolis likes to do his Christmas shopping at Graceland. More than one Bubba from Chicago has to buy a VCR because professional wrestling comes on when he's at work, and more than one Bubba from Rochester has more curtains in his van than he has in his home.

The fact is, Bubba is an attitude more than anything else. There are perfectly sensible people who sleep much better at night realizing that without Bubba's attitude, biscuits and gravy might soon be run out of town by curried pumpkin soup, and then where would we be?

Bubba knows. We would all be so politically correct that we would march in parades to protest battered lesbian seals. We would eventually be forced to refer to halfbacks as African-American ballcarrier persons.

This is primarily why all of your Bubbas, no matter where they come from, choose to embrace the same philosophy of life, which is:

"There's always one more sumbitch than you counted on."

Life: Bubba thinks life is a pretty good deal, all in all, especially on those days when a man has some money in his pocket and his Firebird has just come off the lube rack.

He knows it's a better deal for Americans than for anybody else, of course. That's because your American has things to be interested in—football, cheeseburgers, adultery, pantyhose commercials—that keep him from wanting to make the sort of trouble that your foreigners do.

It's Bubba's guess that your troublemaking foreigners would enjoy life more if they didn't have to argue all the time about Buddha or Muhammad or whether Jesus went to Heights or Poly.

That's when they're not having to put up with earthquakes, tidal waves, volcanoes—those kinds of things.

It's too bad life treats foreigners this way, Bubba says. But better them than him.

One thing they might do is try eating a lot fewer fish heads.

Love: A very difficult thing for Bubba to talk about, as it is for most normal men, he believes.

In fact, in all the years Bubba was married to Janie Ruth, he can't recall that he ever really opened up his heart on the subject, except for those afternoons he

SCULPTURE BY DON BALM

was with Vicky Lynn Kilgore at the Shady Valley Motel.

Wives: Bubba is still trying to figure out what they want.

Bubba's good buddy, Joe Ed Starkey, who's been married six times, keeps saying, "You can't do nothin' about them—they're flawed creatures."

Bubba is not that cynical. He keeps working at it. So far, he's pretty sure of this much:

They like to be hugged fairly often.
They like to get flowers.
They like to talk about shit.

The first two are easy enough. It's that last one that really takes a lot out of you.

Ex-wives: You can accumulate ex-wives real easy, Bubba says, particularly in this day of the no-fault divorce.

Among his friends, Bubba has noticed that you can get yourself an ex-wife if you refuse to spend any money on all that furniture she thinks you need to keep your house from looking like Beirut.

You can get an ex-wife if you keep on wanting to play golf on your vacation instead of going to Disney World.

You can get an ex-wife if you make that tragic mistake of not being able to recite poetry while you're trying to lift something heavy or fix the plumbing.

You can eventually get an ex-wife if you continue to give her anniversary presents that plug in.

The quickest way to get an ex-wife, of course, is to let Janie Ruth catch you with Vicky Lynn Kilgore.

Also, you can get a second ex-wife real quick if you let Vicky Lynn find some panties in your glove compartment that belong to Melissa Evans.

Girlfriends: It's been Bubba's experience that your best girlfriends, those who last the longest, are the ones happily married to somebody else.

This is the girlfriend who lets you know up front that she's strictly in it for the adventure, like you are.

A girlfriend is not a mistress, incidentally. Your good mistresses are expensive to maintain, and Bubba would rather spend his money on a new set of Hogan irons.

Girlfriends are not always as good-looking as wives, but they're certainly more good-natured—which, by and large, is why they become girlfriends in the first place.

It's always a sad day, however, when the girlfriend suddenly turns out to be not so happily married and not so good-natured. All you can do in this unfortunate moment, Bubba says, is heave a sigh, shake your head and quietly say to yourself, "Oh, Christ—here we go."

Female Bubbas: They lead a double life. You'll see the rascals around the office or downtown during the day, and they appear to be dedicated, responsible secretaries or receptionists, though one or two may give you a hint of what they're up to when they say something to you like, "Where we gonna boogie tonight, ace?"

Then night comes and they're out on patrol in their skintight jeans, showing off their store-bought tits, chain-smoking Vantage 100s, drinking Bud Lites, discussing the size of Randy's dick and saying fuck every other word.

Bubba's not fooled anymore. A lot of big talk is all they are.

Fathers: The thing Bubba remembers best about his daddy is how his daddy never talked to anybody in the family as much as he talked to the TV set. This gave him something in common with most other daddies, actually.

Bubba's daddy would come home from work every night and sit in the same chair and eat his dinner off the same tray. It was from this vantage point that he could tell Ironside who the kidnapper was, or tell Kojak to watch out for that crazy sumbitch with a knife hiding in the closet. Mostly, however, Bubba's daddy talked to news commentators and to all the vagrants and foreigners who turned up on the news every evening.

There was definitely a news broadcast on TV if Bubba would overhear his daddy saying any of the following things:

(1) "That's a crock."

(2) "There's a liberal for you."

(3) "I don't believe you can sell any of that crap in this house tonight."

(4) "That's right. All of you lay down in the street now."

(5) "Well, I've got a suggestion for you, hoss. If you don't like it here, why don't you get your ass on over there to Mozambique?"

Bubba's daddy almost never saw anything good on the TV news.

Patsy Clair swears to this day that it was those I-raqis and I-ranians who caused his heart attack and killed him.

Bubba's mama: They don't make women like Bubba's mama anymore. If Bubba had to pin it down, he'd say they stopped when the microwave oven came along.

There was never a household problem Bubba's mama couldn't handle with a smile. She cooked and cleaned and picked up and held down a part-time job all her life. She never got sick. As a matter of fact, the only time she ever even had to lie down on the bed for a minute or two was when Florence died—she loved that Lab.

Bubba's mama was a great lady in all ways, and she left Bubba with a wonderful legacy, which was the recipe she invented for chicken-fried bacon:

Dip pieces of bacon in milk.
Dredge with flour.
Sprinkle salt and pepper.
Place in cold skillet on hot stove.
Turn once.
Remove when brown.
Serve with Bisquick biscuits.

Bubba can still hear his mama's voice talking about her invention.

"The bacon don't shrink, and all the fat is preserved inside the crispy brown coating."

She was about half saint, is all she was.

Dogs: To Bubba's way of thinking, there aren't many things more entertaining than rolling around on the carpet with a slick-haired dog.

Dogs have many splendid virtues, he says.

(1) They are entirely sympathetic about your problems at the office.

(2) They enjoy hearing about your golf game, hole by hole, shot by shot.

(3) They like the same TV programs you do.

(4) Food will square most any differences you have with them.

(5) They hardly ever object to anything on moral grounds.

Movies: Bubba enjoys going to the movies. Mainly, he likes the ones where something happens.

One thing he's certain about, however: There can't be as many serial killers around as Hollywood would have you believe or there wouldn't be a pretty girl left in America.

Bubba has been known to sum up the various types of movies for his friends:

Romantic movies: Edward doesn't see how he can divorce his wife as long as she's in the wheelchair. Rachel doesn't see how she can divorce her husband as long as he's off at war. Oh, well. Time to fuck again.

Cop movies: "Make my day, Carlos, so that I can *hasta la vista* your dope-crazed ass."

Adventure movies: "Let me get this straight. We have only 12 hours to get the diamonds out of the temple or the Nazi mummies will stick forks in our eyes?"

English movies: They talked for three days and the girl never fell off the cliff.

Subtitled movies: They smoked a lot. Nobody could figure out how to stop the windshield wipers and two or three people finally caught trains.

Western movies: "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, Clarissa. Put the

(continued on page 161)

"You ain't going to be a headless horseman for long, sugar."

WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN

in the land of the setting sun, we found a rising generation of women

text by
DEAN KUIPERS

THE AMERICAN West has not lost its anarchist soul. By that I mean a spirit of resistance to all kinds of control, a quest for genuine personal freedom. Just look at the women of the Pac Ten. Well, I know that you're looking at them. You should listen to them, too.

Here's what they told me they want more than anything else: to play all aspects of their personalities freely, without anyone—man or woman—getting in their faces. These women are bored by social mores and are on the defensive against coercion and groupthink, no matter how subtle. They've decided to take their brains, curves, tattoos, nipple (and other) rings, Amazonian-poison-toad studies and no-soapbox consciousness right into the professional world with you, me and everybody else, and damn the torpedoes.

Yeah, I know. They sound like a Virginia Slims ad. You're groaning, "I can't even talk to these women." Wrong. Three dozen or so interviews led me right to the bottom lines. To wit: Some college feminists love to be naked in front of people, and a lot of them love glamour. Most have been reading Dad's PLAYBOYS since they were kids and regard an appearance here as a validation, an arrival.

Notice that I'm counting most of the interviewees as feminists. It was usually the first thing they wanted to talk about. Bad conscience? Sometimes. But they offered this gentle, though firm, reminder to the women's movement: This is a liberation struggle, and one goal is personal freedom. A woman has

(text concluded on page 151)

In a nod to equal time for the hoppily undressed, we leod off with Andrew Martinez (above), o.k.a. the Noked Guy, who was recently expelled from the University of Californio ot Berkeley for ottending classes in the nude. Only the board of regents seemed to care. Here to cheer him on are (opposite poge, top row, from left) UC Berkeley's Betty Yu, Texas notive Mariteresa Corter (who loves big steoks and motorcycles) and Jennie Jouett, plus Stanford's Kim McCreery. They shore sly grins with (middle row, from left) Lynn Enoch, a Stonfordite who likes "people who stand up for whot they believe in," Berkeley's Andrea Morquez, ond Anna Viele, also of Stanford, who can't decide whether to be o poet or a lawyer. The well-grounded women are (from left) Stanford's Justine Mottero and Berkeley's Kristin Keeney.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN, ARNY FREYTAG AND DAVID MECEY

PAC 10
PAC

From Arizona State come these natural beauties, grander than the Canyon. It must be something in the water. Jessica Piper (far left) sculpts nudes and "loves to get really messy." Christine Nielson (left) is a champ equestrienne in preveterinary studies.

Arizona State's Kelly Lynn (above) coaches gymnastics and basketball. She would like to continue coaching or become a school principal. Her schoolmate Tara Tamiko Steele (bottom left) shows her mother's Japanese heritage. Jodi Lewis (opposite page, bottom) appeared in our April 1993 group shot at Arizona State. We prefer to see her alone.

University of Oregon's Amy Summers (left) models, studies morine biology and hopes "to live in a beautiful place and teach scuba." We would never miss class. Oregonian Laura Christi (below) is a dance major and model who lives for the stage.

Do you feel like you need a cold shower? UCLA's sun-and-water-drenched Rachel Lee (above) grew up in Seal Beach, just outside of Los Angeles, making it much more essential to drop everything and learn how to surf. Speaking of which, Southern Cal's Maili Bergman (top left) hails from Hawaii and rides the waves when she's not studying business and working toward owning an aerobics gym. She wants to meet people "who share my passion for life." Accounting major Jane Harding (bottom left) performs in the USC marching band's flag line and—you guessed it—is nuts about the beach.

UCLA's Kristin Stickles (above) is outstanding in our field of dreams. Not only is "collecting condoms" first on her list of hobbies, but she also goes for "any sport with action—no golf." What school wouldn't want this sociology major wearing its logo? We like the net game played by UCLA's Wendi Leydig (top right). Stanford's Justine Mattera (right) knows what's in when school's out. Justine teaches aerobics, rows varsity crew, is on the synchronized swimming team and also works as a reporter and editor. She says that she loves "traveling and scandals." We want all the details, Justine.

Stacey Addison (left) wanted to shaw the world that Berkeley girls have badies as well as brains. We're canvinced. This anthropalogy major carries a 4.0 GPA and is also an the saccer team. Berkeley's Jennie Jauett (abave) is obviausly in the right field; she writes fantasy navels for children. Jennie's hobbies include riding mauntain bikes, weight lifting and jet-skiing. Crystal Luchette (belaw) is studying nursing at Arizona State and laves warm summer nights. Saunds like a cure for the common cald.

Oregon State's Karen Chapin (top left) is an interior-merchandising major who went to a small-town high school—there were only 11 other students in her class. Jill Eby (above), also at Oregon State, is sweating toward owning an athletic club. Michelle Barrand (bottom left) and Kathleen Lenore (below) are classmates at Washington State University. Kathleen has four brothers and says her family "breeds boys." We're glad they made an exception.

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These Arizona women have changed the way we think about the desert. University of Arizona wild things (right) have good reason to celebrate Jennifer Young (below). Her ability to express herself can't hurt her career in communications. Opposite page: Art history mojor Kristin Anderson (bottom), also at Arizona, wos voted "most likely to marry for money" in high school. We were sleepless in Seattle: University of Washington's Erika Olds (near left) is trilingual ond wants to be a photojournalist. Her classmote Kendra Duby (far left) wolks tall ot 6'2" and aims at family counseling ond sex therapy. Men, the line forms to the right.

56-0 (continued from page 93)

"He'd drunk the protein drink, run the track like some geriatric buffalo, and what had it gotten him?"

bowl when he was done.

All his life he'd been a slow, fat, pasty kid, beleaguered and tormented by his quick-footed classmates, until he found his niche on the football field, where his bulk, stubborn and immovable, had proved an advantage—or so he'd thought. He'd drunk the protein drink, pumped the iron, lumbered around the track like some geriatric buffalo, and what had it gotten him? Caledonia had gone 0–43 during his four years on the varsity squad, never coming closer than two touchdowns even to a tie—and the 43rd loss had been the hardest. Fifty-six to nothing. He'd donned a football helmet to feel good about himself, to develop pride and poise, to taste the sweet nectar of glory, but somehow he didn't feel all that glorious lying there flat on his back and squinting one-eyed at Puckett and Poplar's *Principles of Physical Communications: A Text*, until the lines shifted before him like the ranks of Xs and Os in Coach's eternal diagrams. He dozed, woke again to see the evening shadows closing over the room. By nightfall he felt good enough to get up and puke.

•

In the morning, a full 40 hours after the game had ended, he felt even worse, if that was possible. He sat up, goaded by the first tumultuous stirrings of his gut, and winced as he pulled the sweats over each bruised and puckered calf. His right knee locked up on him as he angled his feet into the laceless high-tops (it had been three years at least since he'd last been able to bend down and tie his shoes), something cried out in his left shoulder as he pulled the Caledonia sweatshirt over his head, and then suddenly he was on his feet and ambulatory. He staggered down the hall like something out of *Night of the Living Dead*, registering a familiar face here and there, but the faces were a blur mostly and he avoided the eyes attached to them. Someone was playing Killer Pussy at seismic volume and someone else—some half-witted dweeb he'd gladly have murdered if only his back didn't hurt so much—had left a skateboard outside the door, and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete damn near crushed it to powder and pitched right on through the concrete-block wall in the bargain. But if nothing else, he still had his reflexes. As he crossed the courtyard to the cafeteria in a lively, blistering wind, he noted absently that he'd progressed from a hobble to a limp.

There was no sign of Suzie in the cafeteria, and he had a vague recollection of her calling to cancel their study date the previous evening, but as he loaded up his tray with desiccated bacon strips, mucilaginous eggs and waffles that looked, felt and tasted like roofing material, he spotted Kitwany, Moss and DuBoy skulking over their plates at one of the long tables in the back of the room. It would have been hard to miss them. Cut from the same exaggerated mold as he, his fellow linemen loomed over the general run of the student body like representatives of another species. Their heads were like prize pumpkins set on the pedestals of their neckless shoulders, their fingers were the size of the average person's forearm, their jaws were entities unto themselves and they sprouted casts like weird growths from all over their bodies.

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete made the long limp across the room to join them, setting his tray down gingerly and using both hands to brace himself as he lowered his bruised backside to the unforgiving hardwood slats of the bench. Then, still employing his hands, he lifted first one and then the other deadened leg over the bench and into the well beneath the table. He grunted, winced, cursed, broke wind. Then he nodded to his teammates, worked his spine into the swallowing position and addressed himself to his food.

After a moment DuBoy spoke. He was wearing a neck brace in the place where his head was joined to his shoulders and it squeezed the flesh of his jowls up into his face so that he looked like a rodent. "How you feeling?"

You didn't speak of pain. You toughed it out—that was the code. Coach Tundra had been in the Army in Vietnam at some place Ray Arthur Larry-Pete could never remember or pronounce, and he didn't tolerate whiners and slackers. "Pain?" he would yelp incredulously at the first hint that a player was even thinking of staying down. "Tell it to the 101st Airborne, to the boys taking a mortar round in the Ia Drang Valley or the grunts in the field watching their buddies get blown away and then crawling six miles through a swamp so thick it would choke a snake, with both their ears bleeding down their neck and their leg gone at the knee. Get up, soldier. Get out there and fight!" And if that didn't work, he'd roll up his pant leg and show off the prosthesis.

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete glanced up at DuBoy. "I'll live. How about you?"

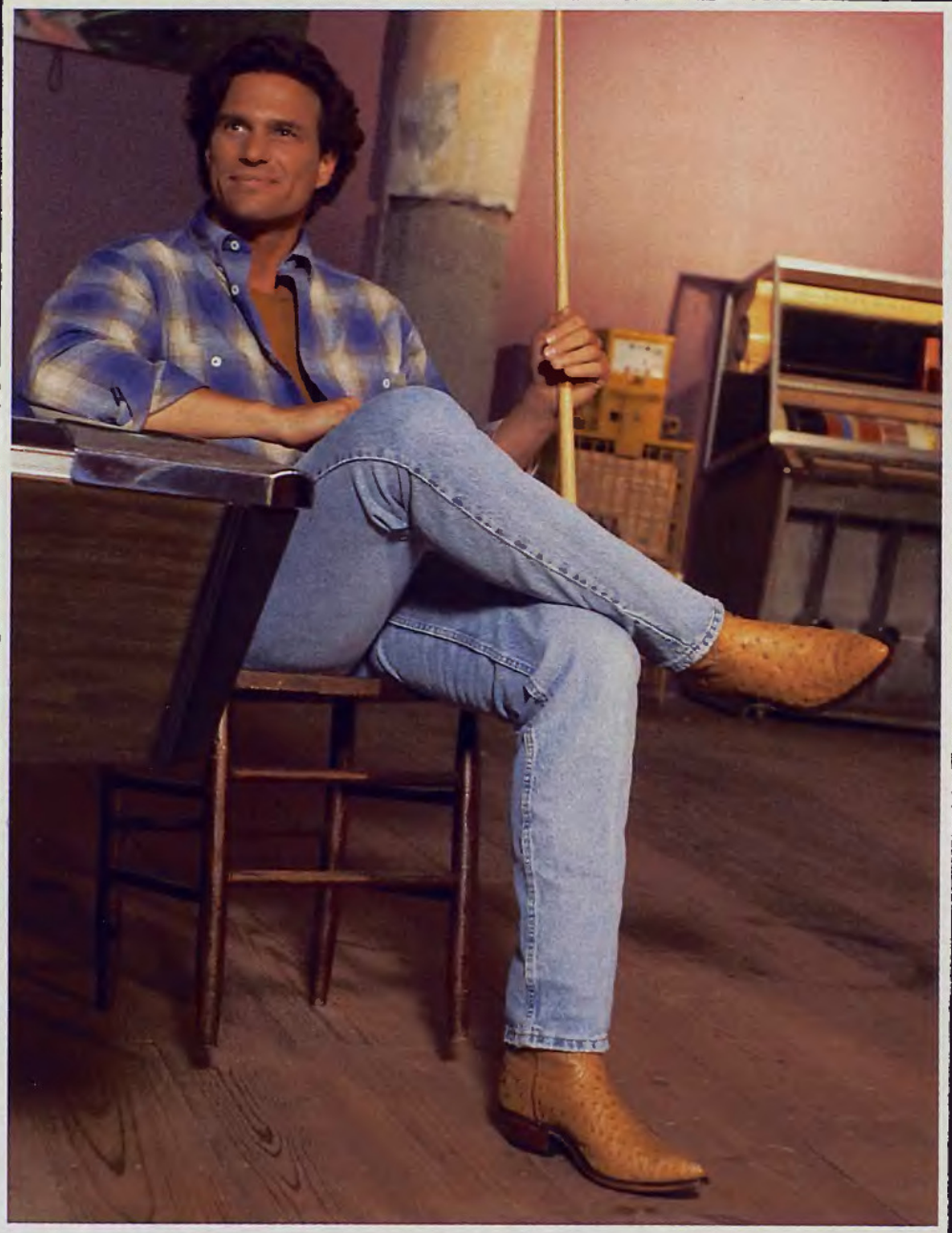
DuBoy tried to shrug as if to say it was nothing, but even the lift of a shoulder made him slap a hand to the neck brace as if a hornet had stung him. "No big thing," he croaked finally.

There was no sound but for the onomatopoeia of the alimentary process—food going in, jaws seizing it, throats closing on the load and opening again for the next—and the light, trilling mealtime chatter of their fellow students, the ones unencumbered by casts and groin pulls and bloody toilets. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete was depressed. Over the loss, sure—but it went deeper than that. He was brooding about his college career, his job prospects, life after football. There was a whole winter, spring and summer coming up in which, for the first time in as long as he could remember, he wouldn't have to worry about training for football season, and he couldn't imagine what that would be like. No locker room, no sweat, no pads, no stink of shower drains or the mentholated reek of ointment, no jock itch or aching muscles, no training table, no trainer—no chance, however slim, for glory.

And more immediately he was fretting about his course work. There was the Phys. Comm. exam he hadn't been able to study for and the quiz the professor would almost certainly spring in Phys. Ed.—and there were the three-paragraph papers required for both Phys. Training and Phys. Phys., and he was starting to get a little paranoid about Suzie, one of the quintessentially desirable girls on campus, with all her assets on public view, and what did he have to offer her but the glamour of football? Why had she backed out on their date? Did this mean their engagement was off, that she wanted a winner, that this was the beginning of the end?

He was so absorbed in his thoughts, he didn't register what Moss was saying when he dropped his bomb into the little silence at the table. Moss was wearing a knee brace and his left arm was in a sling. He was using his right to alternately take a bite of his own food and to lift a heaping forkful from Kitwany's plate to Kitwany's waiting lips. Kitwany was in a full-shoulder harness, both arms frozen in front of him as if he were a sleepwalker cast in plaster of paris. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete saw Moss' mouth working, but the words flew right by him. "What did you

(continued on page 136)



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if you can do it.

- Dizzy Dean

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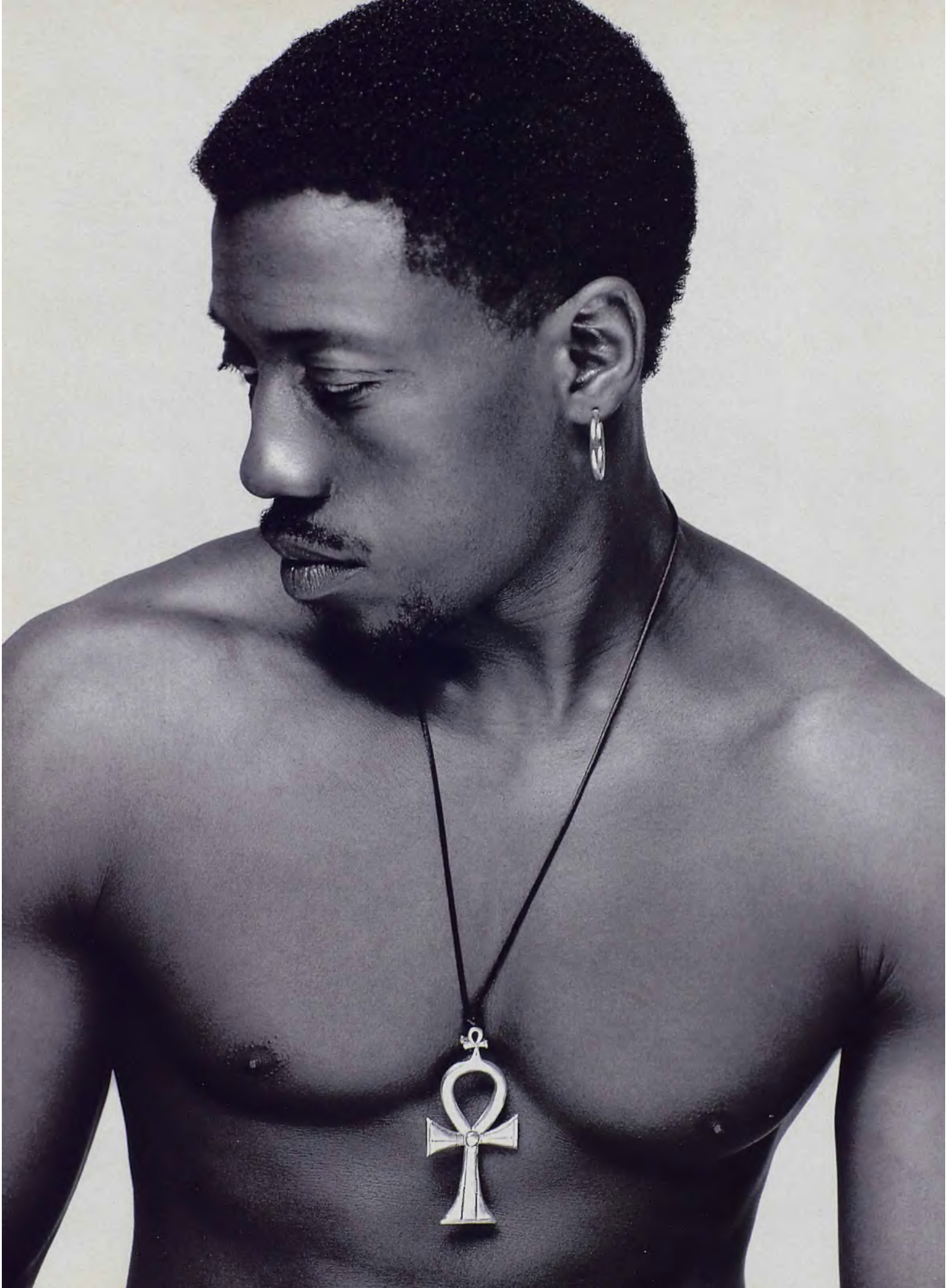

20 QUESTIONS

WESLEY SNIPES

Wesley Snipes has been drug overlord Nino Brown in "New Jack City," baseball rookie Willie Mays Hayes in "Major League," transracial lover Flipper Purify in "Jungle Fever" and hard-boiled law-enforcement types in "Passenger 57" and "Boiling Point." In all of these, Snipes seems to engage the audience thoroughly in his make-believe. And there's more to come in "Rising Sun," with Sean Connery, and in the futuristic "Demolition Man," with Sylvester Stallone. Snipes would argue that his success is consistent with his staying close to his African-American roots, his adherence to Islam and his willingness to try anything. Contributing Editor David Rensin reports: "After a screening of 'New Jack City,' Warner executives learned that although audiences were supposed to hate Snipes' ruthless, drug-dealing character, they were sympathetic instead. The story goes that the execs met to determine why. I asked Snipes about it. 'They won't even admit to having the meeting,' he said, laughing. 'But they must have figured out something. They just offered me a three-picture deal.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: White men have been targets of feminists because of insensitivity. On the other hand, black men seem to get away with calling women "bitches." How does that square with the feminist sisters? Are you feeling the heat?

SNIPES: It stays out there because it sells rap records. But it doesn't go over at all with self-respecting black women. There's always been a weird thing about our culture, where we convince ourselves that the derogatory names we call one another are all right. Walking around calling one another nigger is like battery. Accepting it is like trying to find a little peace with it. We concede it's good even though we had no control over designing it from the giddy-up. But we'll do the best we can. "Wha's up, nigger? Wha's up, motherfucker?"

hollywood's premiere black action hero schools us on racism, artistic opportunity and trim

2.

PLAYBOY: In *White Men Can't Jump*, Woody Harrelson's character is better than yours at shooting hoops. At what can you kick his butt in real life?

SNIPES: Basketball. [*Laughs*] Every time we played one-on-one, I won. But he can whip me at surfing.

3.

PLAYBOY: Woody has a reputation as a ladies' man. Can you beat that?

SNIPES: [*Laughs*] I wish I could understand how he says certain things to women. He can be in a relationship with two or three women, and all of them know one another and all are very comfortable with the fact that this is going on. I don't understand that. I think it's a cultural thing. Maybe white and Asian women can handle it, but sisters do not go for it. It's impossible, unless you're a pimp.

4.

PLAYBOY: Care to share any Wesleyan sex secrets?

SNIPES: Physical prowess is a spiritual rhythm, a harmony. There's a rhythm to making love, a unification of breathing. Asians are into how to heal through breathing and sex, how different positions are better for the heart, the lungs. When you submit to the rhythms of nature, everything else falls into place.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do blacks and whites live in different sexual cultures?

SNIPES: [*Laughs*] Black women know the power of the booty. To a black man, the white woman is forbidden fruit. Sacred fruit. And white women are more understanding of a man in many situations. They fish. They bait the hook, pull him in, let him run, pull him in. They don't have a problem with sexuality. They figure, "Hey, if I have to give up a little trim to keep him around, I'll give up the trim. I want him to come back." Sisters are different. They figure, "No, no, no. The last thing I'll do is give up the trim. I'm going to hold on to this. I'm gonna find out everything about you and see if you deserve any of my trim."

6.

PLAYBOY: In *New Jack City*, Ice-T nursing Chris Rock to recovery may not be one of the magic moments in black cinema. Should rappers do what they do best and cross back over?

SNIPES: It's not fair for me to say that because you're a rapper you shouldn't have other ambitions. But I question directors and producers who hire these people. Are they looking for quality work or commercial value? They figure rap is so popular that putting a rapper in a movie will make money. It doesn't work like that. Look at the film Ice-T and Ice Cube were in, *Trespass*. It was terrible. They're my boys, but I had to tell them, "Yo, you should be whacked." There was nothing on the screen, no substance in the characters. They did totally ridiculous stuff. No one's going to go for that—and they haven't—even with rappers in it.

7.

PLAYBOY: In *Demolition Man* you play someone who has been in suspended animation. What real-life moment would you want to be your last before you went into deep freeze?

SNIPES: Some type of affair where all my best friends and a woman I'm really, really into are there. We have a nice barbecue and talk and have sex. Then, boom, I'm checkin' out. And when I wake up, a couple of those people are still around. Especially the woman.

8.

PLAYBOY: What can every man learn from some of your co-stars: Sean Connery, Christopher Walken and Denzel Washington?

SNIPES: Sean: How to be suave and debonair. Chris: Freedom. He may be trapped in his own thing, but he exudes freedom. Even in the way he words things. He's like Thelonious Monk was with chord changes. Sean is refined. Chris is the opposite. Denzel: A sense of balance. He's learned to balance his popularity with his family life. He still hangs out with the fellas, but he can hobnob with the hotshots.

9.

PLAYBOY: Who would you stop on the street just to meet?

SNIPES: Rutger Hauer. I dig him so much. He's so intense. He always has that look that's a cross between a nice guy and a maniac. My favorite Hauer film is—no question—*The Hitcher*. The scene that did it for me is where he's sitting in the truck cab and Jennifer Jason Leigh is tied between the cab and the body. Sweat is dripping off his face. His look is like, "You guys just don't understand. You think this is a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY THURNHER

joke. It's no joke." And then the motherfucker drives off and rips her in half. I went berserk!

10.

PLAYBOY: Which of your many characters actually seduced you and made it tough for you to become Wesley when the camera was off?

SNIPES: My character in *King of New York*. He'd reached the breaking point. It also could have been the way things were going in my life at the time, but I was always very aggressive and very tense. I found myself taking my tension home. I stayed in New York for two weeks after we finished shooting, then I got the hell out of there and went down to Florida.

I suppose most people would like to think I was seduced by Nino Brown in *New Jack City*, but I was in control of him. He never got into me. Some women I was involved with at the time who saw the character on the set would assume that I was doing a Nino Brown thing. "You're doing your Nino imitation." I'd say, "No, I just happen to feel the same way he'd feel." This is one of the hazards of the business. Right off the bat no one believes you. If you're developing a relationship with the opposite sex, they automatically assume everything you do is an act. "How many women have you said this to? You're such a great actor, you could be acting right now."

"Why, Mrs. Courtney—I rather think I'll settle for a trick."

11.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst thing a woman could do on a date besides try to get a job?

SNIPES: Come up to the house at three or four in the morning, kiss, hug and make out and then decide, "No, I don't think this is right. I'm not that kind of girl." Well, that kind of girl wouldn't have come up in the first place. I don't hide where my head is at. So if I'm kissing you and trying to stick my hands all over you and I'm clawing you, it's a pretty good indicator that I might be interested in having some.

12.

PLAYBOY: When you cook to impress, what's the most impressive thing that you cook?

SNIPES: Breakfast. Nice red potatoes—boil them up a bit, then put them in the frying pan so they're crisp on the outside and soft on the inside. Eggs, with onions and stuff. English muffins. Turkey bacon. Maybe a banana pancake on the side if I'm really trying to get in the drawers. [*Laughs*] That's a joke, man. Otherwise, people will say, "That's the way he does it."

13.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you said "If only I were white"?

SNIPES: When the cops had me pinned up against the car for something I didn't do. Unfortunately, nothing conditions white cops to respect all human beings. When cops are on the gun range, they shoot at a black silhouette on white paper. They train on it every day. They're conditioned. Black spot. Gotta hit it.

14.

PLAYBOY: Would your career have been any different if you were white?

SNIPES: [*Clears throat*] I'd be so wealthy it'd be ridiculous. Look at the white actors who have a little more rhythm about them, a bit more soul. Mel Gibson, Sean Connery, Bruce Willis. Bruce is a perfect example. His whole modus operandi is black. He grooves with it. He loves the blues. He talks rhythmically. He's very relaxed and cool. And people love him. So to be white with my energies and flavors and nuances and character would be awesome. I'd own this magazine by now.

15.

PLAYBOY: You have a four-year-old son. If you were to educate him about being

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black in America, and you could do it only through the movies, which movies would you show him?

SNIPES: *Birth of a Nation, Sparkle, The Jesse Owens Story, Malcolm X, Apocalypse Now, The Godfather, Cabin in the Sky, Boyz N the Hood, New Jack City, Grand Canyon.*

16.

PLAYBOY: Is there a role or a film you're dying to do that Hollywood will never be prepared to offer you?

SNIPES: Yeah, a remake of *Cleopatra* or *The Ten Commandments* and let me play Mark Antony or Moses. No way it will ever happen. We'd be messing with icons. We'd also be tampering with the comfortable myth that Moses actually looked like Charlton Heston.

17.

PLAYBOY: You converted to Islam. Did *Malcolm X* ring true for you?

SNIPES: There were some pretty strong realities, but I think the movie was sort of a compilation of the best and most popular articles about Malcolm. Many more things that were poignant took place that didn't make it in. There was a small scene in the film where they talk a guy through withdrawal. But they never say how the Muslims snatched cats off 125th Street, guys leaning over with drool from their mouths to their feet. They'd put them in a room and read the Koran to them and detox them. Feed them herbs and beans—healing foods. That would have been a hell of a scene because the Muslims have been the most successful at converting hardened criminals and drug addicts into decent men with a spiritual base. That's something you have to respect.

18.

PLAYBOY: Early in your career you did commercials for Western Union, Coca-Cola and Levi's, among others. What couldn't you sell on TV?

SNIPES: The Just Say No campaign. Asking people to say no—people who are disillusioned with their lives, who lack self-confidence—is a farce. Kids can tell hypocrisy when they see it. The solution is about self-respect. The more you have, the less likely you'll try to escape.

19.

PLAYBOY: You used to install telephones for a living. Any old phone-company secrets you'd like to share with us?

SNIPES: In New York, you can find your telephone number if you dial 958. There's another code you use to find out the number of someone who has just called you. The best secret is that the phone company increases the voltage through the lines every couple weeks, just shoots this energy through. And most phones that you buy on the cheap or at an electronics store can't handle it. All of a sudden your phone goes out and you're forced to buy one that the big boys manufacture.

20.

PLAYBOY: You went blond for *Demolition Man*. Do blonds have more fun?

SNIPES: It all depends on how many brunettes are around.

"Now, by God, that's a foxhound!"

56-0

(continued from page 130)

say, Moss?" he murmured, looking up from his food.

"I said Coach says we're probably going to have to forfeit to State."

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete was struck dumb. "Forfeit?" he finally gasped, and the blood was thundering in his temples. "What the hell do you mean, forfeit?"

•

A swirl of snow flurries scoured his unprotected ears as he limped grimly across the quad to the Phys. Ed. building, muttering under his breath. What was Coach thinking? Didn't he realize this was the seniors' last game, their last and only chance to assuage the sting of 56–0, the final time they'd ever pull on their cleats against State, Caledonia's most bitter rival, a team they hadn't beaten in modern historical times? Was he crazy?

It was cold, wintry, the last week in November, and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot had to reach up with his good hand to pull his collar tight against his throat as he mounted the big concrete steps brushed with snow. The shooting hot-wire pains that accompanied this simple gesture were nothing, nothing at all, and he barely grimaced, reaching down automatically for the push bar on the big, heavy, eight-foot-tall double doors. He nodded at a pair of wrestlers running the stairs in gym shorts, made his way past the woefully barren trophy case (CALEDONIA COLLEGE, THIRD PLACE DIVISIONAL FINISH, 1938 read the inscription on the lone trophy, which featured a bronze figurine in antiquated leather headgear atop a pedestal engraved with the scores of that lustrous long-ago six-and-five season, the only winning season Caledonia could boast of in any of its athletic divisions, except for women's field hockey, and who counted that?), tested his knees on the third grueling flight of stairs and approached Coach's office by the side door. Coach Tundra almost never inhabited his official office on the main corridor, a place of tidy desks, secretaries and seasonal decorations, telephones, copiers and the new lone fax machine he could use to trade Xs and Os with his colleagues at other colleges, if he so chose. No, he preferred the back room, a tiny, unheated, poorly lit cubicle cluttered with the detritus of 19 unprofitable seasons. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete peered through the open doorway to find Coach slumped over his desk, face buried in his hands. "Coach?" he said softly. No reaction. "Coach?"

From the nest of his hands Coach's rucked and gouged face gradually emerged, and the glittering, wicked raptor's eyes that had struck such bowel-wringing terror into redshirt freshman

and senior alike stared up blankly. There was nothing in those eyes now but a worn and defeated look, and it was a shock. So, too, the wrinkles in the shirt that was always pressed and pleated with military precision, the scuffed shoes and suddenly vulnerable-looking hands—even Coach's brush cut, ordinarily as stiff and imperturbable as a falcon's crest, seemed to lie limp against his scalp. "Fontinot?" Coach said finally, and his voice was dead.

"I, uh, just wanted to check—I mean, practice is at the regular time, right?"

Coach Tundra said nothing. He looked shrunken, lost, older in that moment than the oldest man in the oldest village in the mountains of Tibet. "There won't be any practice today," he said, rubbing his temple over the spot where the military surgeons had inserted the steel plate.

"No practice? But Coach, shouldn't we—I mean, don't we have to——"

"We can't field a team, Fontinot. I count 16 guys out of 42 who can go out there on the field and maybe come out of their comas for four consecutive quarters—and I'm counting you among them. And you're so banged up you can barely stand, let alone block." He heaved a sigh, plucked a torn, battered shoe from the pile of relics on the floor and turned it over meditatively in his hands. "We're done, Fontinot. Finished. It's all she wrote. Like at Saigon when the gooks overran the place. It's time to cut our losses and run."

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete was stunned. He'd given his life for this, he'd sweated and fought and struggled, filled the bloated vessel of himself with the dregs of defeat week after week, year after year. He was flunking all four of his Phys. Ed. courses, Suzie thought he was a clown, his mother was dying of uterine cancer and his father—the man who'd named him after the three greatest offensive linemen in college football history—was driving in from Cincinnati for the game, his last game, the ultimate and final contest that stood between him and the world of pay stubs and mortgages. "You don't mean," he stammered, "you don't mean that we're going to forfeit, do you?"

For a long moment Coach held him with his eyes. Faint sounds echoed in the corridors—the slap of sneakers, a door heaving closed, the far-off piping of the basketball coach's whistle. Coach Tundra made an unconscious gesture toward his pant leg, and for a moment Ray Arthur Larry-Pete thought he was going to expose the prosthesis again. "What do you want me to do," he said finally, "go out there and play myself?"

•

Back in his room, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete brooded over the perfidy of it all. A

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few hours ago he'd been sick to death of the game (what had it gotten him but obloquy and bruises?), but now he wanted to go out there and play so badly he could kill for it. His roommate—Malmo Malmstein, the team's kicker—was still in the hospital, and he had the room to himself through the long morning and the interminable afternoon that followed it. He lay there prostrate on the bed like something shot out in the open that had crawled back to its cave to die, skipping classes, blowing off tests and steeping himself in misery. At three he called Suzie—he had to talk to someone, anyone, or he'd go crazy—but one of her sorority sisters told him Suzie was having her nails done and wasn't expected back before six. Her *nails*. Christ, that rubbed him raw: Where was she when he needed her? A sick, sinking feeling settled into his stomach. She was cutting him loose, he knew it.

And then, just as it was getting dark, at the very nadir of his despair, something snapped in him. What was wrong with him? Was he a quitter? A whiner and slacker? The kind of guy who gives up before he puts his cleats on? No way. Not Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot. He came up off the bed like some sort of volcanic eruption and lurched across the room to the phone. Sweating, ponderous, his heart, lungs and liver trembling with emotion, he focused all his concentration on the big pale block of his index finger as he dialed Gary Gedney, the chicken-neck who handled the equipment and kept the Gatorade bucket full. "Phone up all the guys," he roared into the receiver.

Gedney's voice came back in the thin, whistling whine of a balloon sputtering around a room: "Who is this?"

"It's Fontinot. I want you to phone up all the guys."

"What for?"

"We're calling a team meeting."

"Who is?"

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete considered the question a moment, and when he finally spoke it was with a conviction and authority he never thought he could command: "I am."

•

At seven that night, 26 members of the Caledonia Shuckers varsity football squad showed up in the lounge at Bloethal Hall. They filled the place with their presence, their sheer protoplasmic mass, and the chairs and couches groaned under the weight of them. They wore Band-Aids, gauze and tape—miles of it—and the lamplight caught the livid craters of their scars and glanced off the railway stitches running up and down their arms. There were casts, crutches, braces, slings. And there was the smell of them, a familiar, communal, lingering smell, the smell of a team.

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot was ready for them, pacing back and forth in front of the sliding glass doors like a bear at the zoo, waiting patiently until each of them had gimped into the room and found a seat. Moss, DuBoy and Kitwany were there with him for emotional support, as was the fifth interior lineman, center Brian McCornish. When they were all gathered, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete lifted his eyes and scanned the familiar faces of his teammates. "I don't know if any of you happened to notice," he said, "but here it is Monday night and we didn't have our regular practice this afternoon."

"Amen," someone said, and a couple of the guys started hooting.

But Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot wasn't having any of it. He was a rock. His face hardened. He clenched his fists. "It's no joke," he bellowed, and the thunder of his voice set up sympathetic vibrations in the pole lamps with their stained and battered shades. "We've got five days to the biggest game of our lives, and I'm not talking just about us seniors but everybody, and I want to know what we're going to do about it."

"Forfeit, that's what." It was Diderot, the third-string quarterback and the only one at that vital position who could stand without the aid of crutches. He was lounging against the wall in the back of the room, and all heads now turned to him. "I talked to Coach, and that's what he said."

In that moment, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete lost control of himself. "Forfeit, my ass!" he roared, slamming his forearm, cast and all, down on the nearest coffee table, which fell to splinters under the force of the blow. "Get up, guys," he hissed in an intense aside to his fellow linemen, and Moss, DuBoy, Kitwany and McCornish rose beside him in a human wall. "We're willing to play 60 minutes of football," he boomed, and he had the attention of the room now, that was for sure, "Burt, Reggie, Steve, Brian and me—and we'll play both ways, offense *and* defense, to fill in for all those guys with broken legs and concussions and whatnot."

A murmur went up. This was crazy, insane, practically sacrificial. State gave out scholarships—and under-the-table payoffs, too—and they got the really top-flight players, the true behemoths and crackerjacks, the ones who attracted pro scouts and big money. To go up against them in their present condition would be like replaying the Gulf war, with Caledonia cast in the role of the Iraqis.

"What are you, a bunch of pussies?" Ray Arthur Larry-Pete cried. "Afraid to get your uniforms dirty? Afraid of a little contact? What do you want—to have to live with 56 to nothing for the rest of your life? Huh? I don't hear you!"

But they heard him. He pleaded, threatened, blustered, took them aside one by one, jabbered into the phone half the night till his voice was hoarse and his ear felt like a piece of rubber grafted to the side of his head. In the end they turned out for practice the following day—23 of them, even Kitwany, who could barely move from the waist up and couldn't get a jersey on over his cast—and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot ascended the three flights to the coach's office and handed Coach Tundra the brand-new silver-plated whistle they'd chipped in to buy him. "Coach," he said as the startled man looked up at him from the crucible of his memories, "we're ready to go out there and kick some butt."

•

The day of the game dawned cold and forbidding, with close skies, a biting wind and the threat of snow in the air. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete had lain awake half the night, his brain tumbling through all the permutations of victory and disaster like a slot machine gone amok. Would he shine? Would he rise to the occasion and fight off the devastating pass rush of State's gargantuan front four? And what about the defense? He hadn't played defense since junior high, and now, because they were shorthanded and because he'd opened his big mouth, he'd have to go both ways. Would he have the stamina? Or would he stagger around the field on rubber legs, thrust aside by State's steroid-swollen evolutionary freaks like the poor, pathetic, bumbling fat man he was destined to become? But no. Enough of that. If you thought like a loser—if you doubted for even a minute—then you were doomed, and you deserved 56–0 and worse.

At a quarter to seven he got out of bed and stood in the center of the room in his undershorts, cutting the air with the battering ram of his cast, pumping himself up. He felt unconquerable suddenly, felt blessed, felt as if he could do anything. The bruises, the swollen eye, the hip pointer and rickety knees were nothing but fading memories now. By Tuesday he'd been able to lift both his arms to shoulder level without pain, and by Wednesday he was trotting round the field on a pair of legs that felt like bridge abutments. Thursday's scrimmage left him wanting more, and he had flown like a sprinter through yesterday's light workout. He was as ready as he'd ever be.

At 7:15 he strode through the weather to the dining hall to load up on carbohydrates, and by 8:00 he was standing like a colossus in the foyer of Suzie's sorority house. The whole campus had heard about his speech in the Bloethal lounge, and by Wednesday night Suzie had come back round again. They spent the night in his room—his private room, for the duration of Malmstein's stay at the Sisters of Mercy Hospital—and Suzie had traced his bruises with her lips and

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THE GOLDEN EAGLE RING

hugged the tractor tire of flesh he wore round his midsection to her own slim and naked self. Now she greeted him with wet hair and a face bereft of makeup. "Wish me luck, Suze," he said, and she clung to him briefly before going off to transform herself for the game.

Coach Tundra gathered his team in the locker room at 12:30 and spoke to them from his heart, employing the military conceits that always seemed to confuse the players as much as inspire them, and then they were thundering out onto the field like some crazed herd of hoofed and horned things with the scent of blood in their nostrils. The crowd roared. Caledonia's colors, chartreuse and orange, flew in the breeze. The band played. Warming up, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete could see Suzie sitting in the stands with her sorority sisters, her hair the color of vanilla ice cream, her mouth fallen open in a cry of savagery and blood lust. And there, just to the rear of her—no, it couldn't be, it couldn't, but it was: his mom. Sitting there beside the hulking mass of his father, wrapped up in her windbreaker like a leaf pressed in an album, her scalp glinting bald through the dyed pouf of her hair, there she was, holding a feeble fist aloft. His mom! She'd been too sick to attend any of his games this year, but this was his last one, his last game ever, and she'd fought down her pain and all the unimaginable stress and suffering of the oncology ward just to see him play. He felt the tears come to his eyes as he raised his fist in harmony: This game was for her.

Unfortunately, within 15 seconds of the kickoff, Caledonia was already in the hole 7–0, and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete hadn't even got out onto the field yet. State's return man had fielded the kick at his own 30 after Malmstein's replacement, Hassan Farouk, had shanked the ball off the tee, and then he'd dodged past the entire special-teams unit and on into the end zone as if the Caledonia players were molded of wax. On the ensuing kickoff, Bobby Bibby, a jittery, butterfingered guy Ray Arthur Larry-Pete had never liked, fumbled the ball, and State picked it up and ran it in for the score. They were less than a minute into the game and already it was 14–0.

Ray Arthur Larry-Pete felt his heart sink, but he leapt up off the bench with a roar and butted heads so hard with Moss and DuBoy he almost knocked himself unconscious. "Come on, guys," he bellowed, "it's only 14 points, it's nothing. Bear down." And then Bibby held on to the ball and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete was out on the field, going down in his three-point stance across from a guy who looked like a walking mountain. The guy had a handlebar mustache, little black eyes like hornets pinned to his head and a long, wicked, annealed scar that plunged into his right eye socket and back out again. He looked to be about 30 and he wore number 95 stretched tight across the expanse of his chest. "You sorry sack of shit," he growled over Diderot's erratic snap count, "I'm going to lay you flat out on your ass."

And that's exactly what he did. McCornish snapped the ball, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete felt something like a tactical nuclear explosion in the region of his sternum and number 95 was all over Diderot while Ray Arthur Larry-Pete stared up into the sky. In the next moment the trainer was out there along with Coach—already starting in on his Ia Drang Valley speech—and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete felt the first few snowflakes drift down into the whites of his wide-open and staring eyes. "Get up and walk it off," the trainer barked, and then half a dozen hands were pulling him to his feet, and Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot was back in his crouch directly across from number 95. And even then, though he hated to admit it to himself, though he was playing for Suzie and his mother and his own rapidly dissolving identity, he knew it was going to be a very long afternoon indeed.

•

It was 35–0 at the half, and Coach Tundra already had his pant leg rolled up by the time the team hobbled into the locker room. Frozen, pulverized, every cord, ligament, muscle and fiber stretched to the breaking point, they listened numbly as Coach went on about ordnance, landing zones and fields of fire, while the trainer and his assistant scurried round plying tape, bandages and the ever-present aerosol can of Numzit. Kitwany's replacement, a huge, amorphous red-faced freshman, sat in the corner, quietly weeping, and Bobby Bibby, who had fumbled twice more in the second quarter, tore off his uniform, pulled on his street clothes without showering and walked on out the door. As for Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot, he lay supine on the cold, hard tiles of the floor, every twinge, pull, ache and contusion from the previous week's game reactivated and a host of new ones cropping up to overload his nervous system. Along with Moss and DuBoy he'd done double duty through the first 30 minutes—playing offense and defense both—and his legs were paralyzed. When Coach blew his whistle and shouted, "On the attack, men!" Ray Arthur Larry-Pete had to be helped up off the floor.

The third quarter was a delirium of blowing snow, shouts, curses and cries in the wilderness. Shadowy forms clashed and fell to the crunch of helmet and the clatter of shoulder pads. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete staggered around the field as if gutshot, so disoriented that he was never quite certain which way his team was driving—or, rather, being driven. But mercifully, the weather conditions slowed down the big blue barreling machine of State's offense, and by the time the gun sounded they'd only been able to score once more.

And so the fourth quarter began, and while the stands emptied and even the most fanatic supporters sank glumly into their parkas, Caledonia limped out onto the field with their heads down and their jaws set in grim determination. They were no longer playing for pride, for the memories, for team spirit or their alma mater or to impress their girlfriends; they were playing for one thing only: to avoid at all cost the humiliation of 56–0. And they held on, grudging State every inch of the field, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete coming to life in sporadic flashes during which he was nearly lucid and more often than not moving in the right direction, Moss, DuBoy and McCornish picking themselves up off the ground at regular intervals and Coach hollering obscure instructions from the sidelines. With just under a minute left to play, they'd managed (with the help of what would turn out to be the worst blizzard to hit the area in 20 years) to hold State to only one more touchdown, making it 49–0 with the ball in their possession and the clock running down.

The snow blew in their teeth. State dug in. A feeble, distant cheer went up from the invisible stands. And then, with number 95 falling on him like an avalanche, Diderot fumbled and State recovered. Two plays later, and with eight seconds left on the clock, they took the ball into the end zone to make it 55–0, and only the point-after attempt stood between Caledonia and the unforgivable, unutterable debasement of a second straight 56–0 drubbing. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot extricated himself from the snowbank where number 95 had left him and crept stiff-legged back to the line of scrimmage, where he would now assume the defensive role.

There was one hope, and one hope only, in that blasted, naked, dead cinder of a world that Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot and his hapless teammates unwillingly inhabited, and that was for one man among them to reach deep down and distill all his essence—all his wits, all his heart and the full power of his honed, young musculature—into a single, last-ditch attempt to block that kick. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot looked into the frightened faces of his teammates as they heaved for breath in the defensive huddle and knew he was that man. "I'm going to block the kick," he said, and his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "I'm coming in from the right side and I'm going to block the kick." Moss' eyes were glazed. DuBoy

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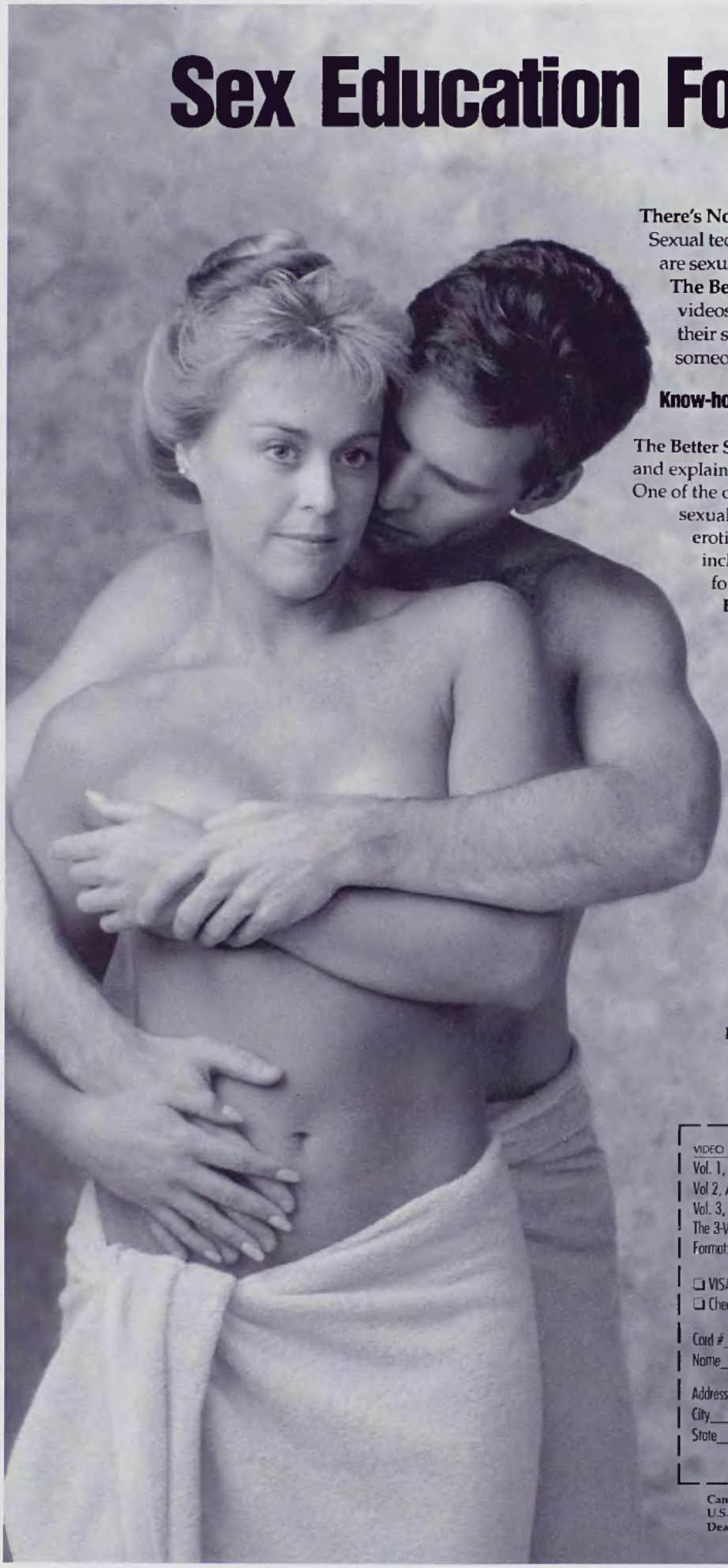

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was on the sidelines, vomiting into his helmet. No one said a word.

State lined up. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete took a deep breath. The ball was snapped, the lines crashed with a grunt and moan, Ray Arthur Larry-Pete launched himself at the kicker like the space shuttle coming in for a landing and suddenly—miracle of miracles!—he felt the hard, cold pellet of the ball glancing off the bandaged nubs of his fingers. A shout went up, and as he fell, as he slammed rib-first into the frozen ground, he watched the ball squirt up in the air and fall back into the arms of the kicker as if it were attached to a string, and then, unbelieving, he watched the kicker tuck the ball and sprint unmolested across the goal line for the two-point conversion.

If it wasn't for Moss they might never have found him. Ray Arthur Larry-Pete Fontinot just lay there where he'd fallen, the snow drifting silently round him, and he lay there long after the teams had left the field and the stands stood empty under a canopy of snow. There, in the dirt, the steady drift of snow gleaming against the exposed skin of his calves and slowly obliterating the number on the back of his jersey, he had a vision of the future. He saw himself working at some tedious, spirit-crushing job for which his Phys. Ed. training could never have prepared him, saw himself sunk in fat like his father, a pale, plain wife and two grublike children at his side, no 80-yard runs or blocked points to look back on through a false scrim of nostalgia, no glory and no defeat.

No defeat. This was a concept that seemed all at once to congeal in his tired brain, and as Moss called out his name and the snow beat down, he tried hard, with all of his concentration, to hold it there.

"We have about three more days with everybody on live batteries. Then we're going to have to start throwing some of the Game Boys overboard."

CHEATING HEARTS

(continued from page 76)

problem. I haven't seen him since." I'll continue to talk about it to give it a sense of continuity. Repetition, continuity and detail.

Tell me about your answering machine.

What's the worst possible thing that could happen with your answering machine? Your wife could be in your office and see the light blinking, and just out of curiosity press PLAY to see who is leaving you messages—especially if she's suspicious. Then you're caught. So attention to detail means being willing to do things like taking your answering machine apart and putting black tape over the little red light.

What about lipstick and perfume?

Not allowed. Most women who have ever been with a married man know not to do it. But if you find yourself in that situation you have to go to great lengths to undo it. You have to buy new shirts, go to laundromats, whatever is necessary. Then again, humans are animals—we can *sense* one another. And a wife doesn't need to smell perfume to sense another woman. I remember a guy who thought he was miles ahead of the game because his girlfriend didn't wear perfume. His wife divorced him anyway. When she left him, she said, "You come home every night smelling of sex." This is why you have to take a shower and take your own soap with you—the same soap you use at home. If you leave smelling like Lifebuoy and come home smelling like Safeguard, you have a problem. Health clubs are good for this—you can get a shower there on the way home.

But sometimes you feel like you can still smell the girl on you, even if you've taken a shower. Here you've had this intense experience with a woman—and she's *in you*, you can still feel her presence. So in order to get rid of that, I'll stop at a convenience store and get Slim Jims or smoked sausages, eat them and sometimes even rub them on my cheeks or on my neck so I smell like a salami sausage.

You also told me that you have occasionally told your wife you were at a strip club.

Yes, because some guilt can often deflect the entire guilt. If you appear to be confessing something, your wife will be satisfied that you confessed to some wrongdoing. In doing that, you hide the greater wrongdoing. So what you do is say, "I wasn't going to tell you, but I went out to a topless place and the girl did a lap dance and, God, I know I'm stupid, but I paid 50 bucks to have her do this." But because you didn't have sex with the stripper, this allows your wife to vent her anger, even while she's thinking, Yeah, but it could be worse, he could be sleeping with somebody—when in fact that's exactly what you were doing. So always

confess a little bit to get out of a big jam.

You were able to maintain that first extramarital relationship for a long time. Did you have to convince your mistress to stay?

I didn't have to convince her, but she eventually tired of it.

Why?

I don't know.

What did she tell you?

I think her Catholicism finally got the better of her.

This was emotionally devastating for you?

Yes.

Tell me why.

Because I had the best of both worlds—number one and number two. I really cared for this woman. But even though I was willing to leave my wife for her, that meant nothing to her. She told me that one of the reasons she got involved with me was because I was safe, but suddenly I became unsafe when I fell in love with her. So I was caught between a rock and a hard place: I couldn't leave my wife because then I became unsafe to the mistress, and, at the same time, the mistress was struggling with intense guilt over the relationship. I had lost control. I had gone from ultimate control—a wife and a mistress—to having absolutely no control and being at the whim of my own emotions.

You actually told your wife.

Right.

How come?

Stupidity. Absolute stupidity—and probably for selfish reasons. My pain was so great that I wanted to share it with the person who had been so supportive for all those years. But ultimately it was a selfish act because it did nothing but cause pain for her. If I could do it all over again, I would have found a way to work it out myself. I would have gone to therapy and not subjected her to that.

But the two of you are still together. Was that questionable for a period of time?

Yeah. She was going to leave me because I couldn't make up my mind.

But eventually it worked out.

Right. In fact, we were just saying the other night how great it is that we withstood this. We're watching a lot of our friends go through troubles, and we're so glad we're still together, that we got through this.

But you're still out there looking.

Yeah. [*Laughs*]

Since that first affair, have you had others?

Yes. One-night stands.

Would you allow yourself to become that emotionally involved again?

I hope not, but there's always that loaded bullet. You never know when one's going to come around in the chamber. That's the danger of this.

A lot of single guys out there are complaining that they can't get laid, yet all you married men seem to be having a great time. What's wrong with this picture?

We're not hungry. We don't appear so rabid, so eager to please. A certain emotional stability comes with being married and women find that attractive. Also—and this is key—married men know how to be intimate. They've already been intimate with a woman. I'm not talking physically, I'm talking emotionally and mentally. Married men have a sense of vulnerability and abandon. They're not so worried about what they say and how they act. They know how to talk about intimate things without being embarrassed by them—there's a certain confidence there.

Are there things a girlfriend can do for you that a wife can't?

A girlfriend doesn't have the familiarity of repetition, so every lovemaking session is a discovery. My father used to say that a woman sells mystery and I really believe it. What is this woman like naked? What is she like in bed? What does she feel like inside?

Are there things that you'd ask a girlfriend to do sexually that you would not ask a wife?

No, but I think there often are things a girlfriend is more willing to do sexually than a wife is.

Like what?

Oral sex.

Really?

Yes. In fact, I've heard prostitutes say if wives gave oral sex, they'd be out of business. And every married man I've talked to said the blow jobs stopped on the wedding night. That was it. You never got another one. It's the oddest thing in the world. Now contrast that with the church parking lot.

Also, what I liked about my girlfriend is that she would spend an hour just stroking my hair, for example. She'd take the time to show attention to me physically, and I in turn wanted to do that to her. My wife doesn't do that. If wives could only realize the little things they can do to keep their husbands from wandering. I think that's why we wander. We want those little rituals back—the ones we had early on that slowly disappeared.

Do you have any regrets? Do you wish, for example, that you didn't feel compelled to go outside your marriage?

Oh yeah, I absolutely wish that I was so satisfied with my wife that I would never even think of anyone else.

So is all this her fault?

No, it's not her fault. It has nothing to do with her and everything to do with me. It's a horrible thing to live with, but I suppose I suffer from the "I want it all" syndrome: I want the most beautiful

"I can't answer the phone right now. If you would like to have sex with me, press 'one.' If you want to have group sex, press 'two.' If you just wish to leave an obscene message, wait for the beep."

woman in the world, who is young, buxom and a sex fiend in bed. It boils down to a control issue. Having an affair is the realization of fantasy, but it is only a fantasy. It's dangerous if you look at it as anything more than that. Once you get some time away from that mistress—maybe see her two or three years later—you say to yourself, "I almost threw my life away for this. I wasn't acting rationally." It's a drug, a narcotic.

What warnings would you give to men who have affairs?

I'd warn them about that section in the brain that reacts to this like cocaine. I'd also warn them about the YETs—that stands for "You're Eligible, Too." You're eligible to fall in love, lose your wife, everything you've worked for simply because of this affair. You're playing with a loaded weapon.

•

NAME: Bob
AGE: 50
OCCUPATION: Creative director, ad agency
MARRIED: 19 years (second marriage)
CHILDREN: Two

How many affairs have you had?

Are we counting both my marriages? [*Laughs*] In this whole marriage there have been two real affairs. That doesn't include one-night stands. Sometimes two people sharing sex with each other doesn't become an affair.

Then let's put it this way: During this marriage, how many people have you had sex with other than your wife?

Probably a dozen. It's terrible—I don't keep track. There was a time when I could tell you exactly how many, but not anymore. I think a dozen is right. Maybe more—I don't think it was less.

How recently have you been with someone other than your wife?

Within the past four years.

Was that one of the one-night stands?

It was an ongoing one-night stand.

And you don't consider that an affair?

That's correct.

How did the affair start?

She was at a conference in a nearby city. She telephoned me and invited me to come over to have a drink. The happy hour turned into, not an affair, but a happier *hour*—a one-night stand that continued. . . .

How many times?

Four.

Why did it end?

Our motives were different. I was there to have fun, she was there to find a new husband. I felt I was becoming a kind of vehicle for her to move from one place to another. Well, I didn't want to be a part of that process, not in any way, shape or form. So I distanced myself. I had to tell her that I liked her—hell, I may have even loved her—but that I had no intention of leaving my wife. None whatsoever.

Let's talk about sex. Is an affair all about finding someone who's really good in bed?

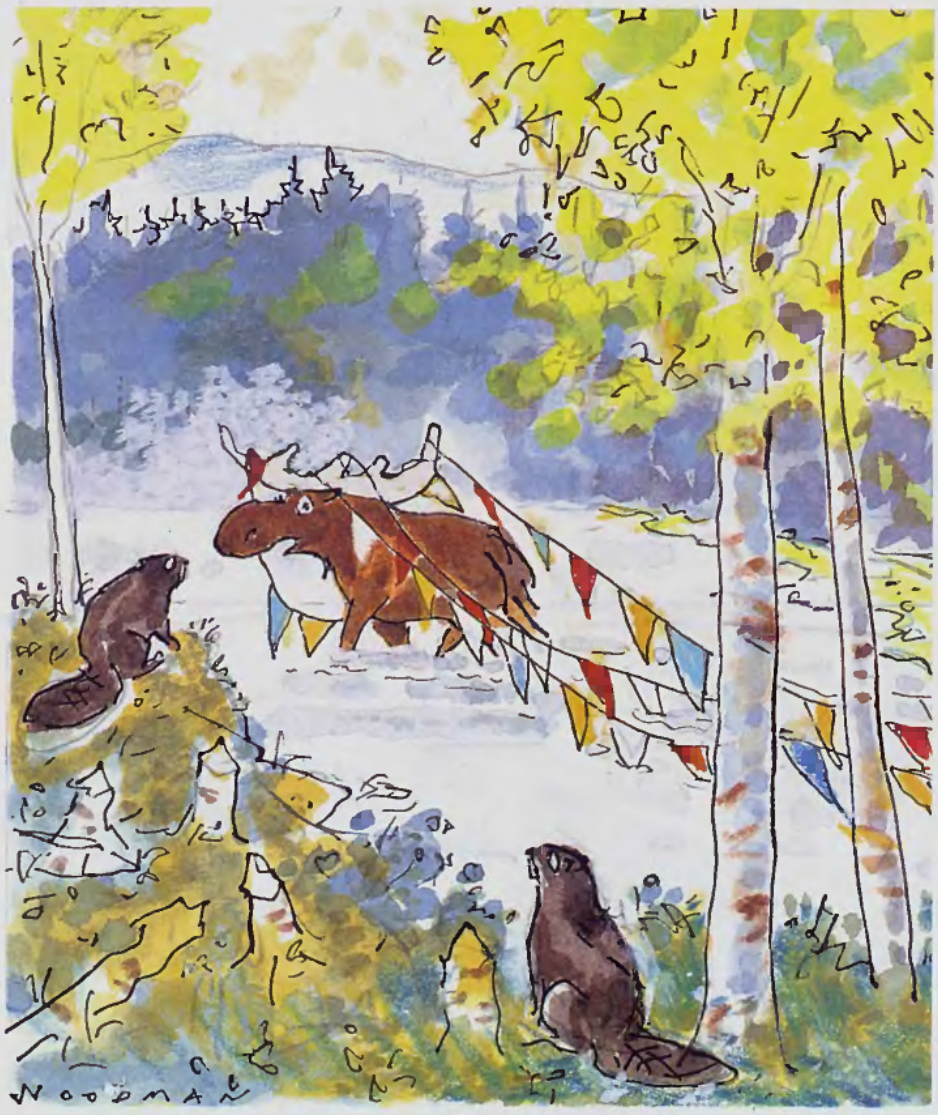
Not really. I'm suspicious of women who are too good, because I think they're doing it just for me—that they're not getting anything out of it. I have had experiences with high-class prostitutes—they are wonderful in bed, but you know it's because you're paying them $400. If a woman says to me, "Oh, you're this" and "Oh, you're that," it's great for my ego but I have to wonder why she's saying this to me. What's behind it for her?

Maybe it's just great sex.

Maybe. But I think sex is only that great when you're from 18 to 25. Once you get beyond that age, it's still good, but you never get that same rush that you once did. You've been there before, done it, there's nothing new. At this point, I don't think there's anything that anybody can do that I haven't done before—in any position. Whether the person you're with is whipping you with a riding crop, or you're doing the whipping yourself, it's like, "Show me something new." Inevitably it goes from the sensation of, "God, I've never done this before, this is a trip," to developing these warm, positive feelings for the other person. That's what it's all about.

What do you get from an affair that you don't get at home?

That's hard to explain. My wife's religious background makes it difficult for her to experience sex fully in a lot of ways. Consequently, my most positive affairs have been ones with no boundaries, no rules, no limits. Like if someone wanted to perform oral sex on me and didn't expect me to do it back to her. Where she would say, "Oh, I'm in the mood for this tonight. You don't have to do anything, I'm just going to do this for you." In a marriage, there's almost always some kind of exchange going on. The difference between being a husband and being a lover is that being a lover is



"There's a new mall over where the old timber road used to be."

much easier and less encumbered with restrictions and rules.

Basically, a lover doesn't expect as much from you as a wife does.

Exactly. And not only that, she can be crazier. My wife is an extremely rational individual and, on occasion, the other women I've been with have been wacko—and I like that. Not like Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*, but sometimes ditzy, frothy. You're never going to have a heavy conversation with them. With them it's all whipped cream, an illusion.

Sounds like you're actually looking for an escape.

Yeah, from the real world. I don't want there to be anything real. It's all fantasy, pure escapism.

Do you have safe sex with these women?

Within the past six years, absolutely. Prior to that I was a little less careful. But now I'm extremely careful.

What's safe sex to you?

Condoms.

And that's OK with the women?

Yeah. And *they* bring them—all different colors. Putting condoms on is part of foreplay and it's fun. Only teenagers don't know how to use condoms. It's funny to listen to teenagers say condoms cut down on the sensation. It's like, "You turkey. You only get three pushes, anyway. Cut down on the sensation and you might actually go a little longer."

Tell me why a woman would want to have an affair with you.

Because I know what I'm doing physically. But I think it's more than that. What women have liked about me is that I've understood them in a way that most men don't. That's a gift. The other advantage is that we're not going to get involved with each other.

And you think a lot of women don't want to get involved?

You bet. They're just like me. They have someone at home they don't really want to leave. They like their lives.

It's been four years since you've had sex with someone other than your wife. Why?

It just hasn't worked out. When you say sex, I haven't had physical sex. There's been a certain amount of heavy petting within the past year, but that was with people who were younger than I am. I suspect I was old enough to be their father, so there was a certain appeal to them. They're sort of experimenting. They want to do something to break the rules, and being with me is certainly breaking enough rules. That alone is a high for them. It's pure adolescent lust.

How old are these girls?

Old enough to consent. If they're too young I can't deal with them because their bodies are too perfect. I can't deal with that hard-body stuff. I'm too old. I like women who have more droop to them. Women who dance around with their breasts all perky and standing out I think of as children and I can't get it up. It's too scary. [*Laughs*]

Why did you start having affairs?

Because I was young and stupid. And because, even though my wife says she wants every part of me, there are parts she really doesn't want.

Like what?

She gets really uptight about being tied up, for example. That just doesn't go with her. So if I want to play that game, I have to find someplace else to play it—or just decide I'm going to give this up. And, in that case, I'm going to be angry at her for the rest of my life because I gave up something that I want. She keeps saying, "Take that crap out of here"—so I do. I view having affairs as removing objectionable crap from the marriage. So, to me, what we're talking about is being true to ourselves and taking a part of us that is important to a place where it can be safely acted out without harm. Having discharged that energy, you can feel safe and happy, and that's what it's all about.

What else do you get from these young girls that you don't get at home?

Oral sex.

Your wife won't do that with you?

No.

Why not?

She doesn't like it. And if she is going to do it, she has to get herself mentally prepared. But these young women have

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a different way of approaching the world, and it's just great. They'll say, "I really don't want you to touch me or anything, but would you mind if I just did this?" And the fact that it's in their cars or my car, in a semipublic place, well, that is all fantasy stuff.

See, most of the time I live my life in this little fenced-in yard where everything is neat and perfect. And every now and then I have to get outside that yard.

Tell me about the older woman you were involved with.

I took in some film to be developed and this woman came out and took it from me. She was a knockout. When she took the film she asked if I wanted her to "push it." I looked at her and said, "What?" She said, "Would you like me to bump it twice?" I said, "Sure" and laughed. That's how it started.

Was she sexy?

Absolutely. She'd do anything I wanted. She was like a man. She would initiate sex, she'd do it in any position. Her former husbands used to call her a whore, they hated her for it. But that's exactly what I liked her for. I also used to cook dinner for her. She'd come home from work, I'd be there and dinner would be ready. To her, that was somebody taking care of her and that's what she wanted. Because she was a little older than me, I realized that it's not how incredibly attractive someone is, it's more about what they're really like and how they react to you. There were parts of me that she understood that no one in my life had ever understood.

How do you get away with cheating?

First, you have to be extremely sensitive to your wife. I can always tell when she's getting close to catching on. There is a feeling of the bloodhounds being let go. When you hear them barking in the distance, you have to be able to walk up the river so they can't pick up the scent. So if your attention level is dropping to the point where the other person starts to get the feel of what's going on, then you're not doing it right. Part of the fun is walking the tightrope—without a safety net. One misstep and you're lying flat in the sawdust on the floor.

Also, always be where you say you're going to be. The worst thing is to say, "I'm going to get a haircut," then have her drop in at the office only to be told, "No, we haven't seen him all day." That, or to show up at home without a haircut.

Does your wife have any idea that you've been unfaithful to her?

She suspects because she knows me.

Has she questioned you?

Uh-huh.

And you just deny it?

Uh-huh.

And she believes you?

She has to. She has no evidence. She'll ask me if I think she's being insecure, and I tell her I don't know because I don't want to lie to her. That's an ugly game, when you say, "Yeah, you're being really insecure."

You've never lied?

Well, other than when she says, "Are you having an affair?"

What do you say then?

No.

And that's not lying?

Well, I can't say yes!

How do you know when to end an affair?

When you know that there's only one place it can go—and that place is worse. It's like diminishing returns. "Let's quit while it's still going good and not get on the other side of it." Sometimes you have to do this quickly, right at that specific point, or you can get into some pretty negative behaviors as the relationship begins to fall apart.

Is there anything that would stop you from having affairs?

If she said to me, "Look, I know what's going on and what you're doing is hurting me, so I really wish you'd give these things up—just for me. If you really love me, you'll do it." Then I think I might do it. But she's never said that to me because I don't think she's ready to make that statement. That's a pretty heavy thing to ask somebody.

Do you think the reason she doesn't ask is because of what you would ask back—namely, to act out your sexual fantasies?

Right. I can understand how she finds them degrading or humiliating, but not everyone looks at them that way. Some people just consider them a game.

What's the most crucial piece of advice you'd give to a man who was thinking about having an affair?

The worst time to have an affair is when you're angry at your wife. If you're unhappy in your marriage, the affair will never work out well for you because you're approaching it out of anger. If you approach the affair out of love, then you're OK. In other words, the trick is to have the affair when you don't really need it. If you need one, you tend to pick people who aren't good, because what you're really trying to do is blow up the marriage.

You said you like life on the edge. Why?

I think of myself as conservative. When I invest in stocks I never invest in anything that isn't conventional—Dow Jones industrials. I got out of IBM because they started getting too strange for me, and General Motors because I didn't like their attitude. But in my emotional life, the only way to live is on the edge. I can't see any other way. Life in the middle class is very normal and it's not a place I want to stay 100 percent of the time. If I don't do something on the edge, I feel like I'm dying.

•

NAME: Jake
AGE: 35
OCCUPATION: Doctor
MARRIED: Seven years
CHILDREN: Two

How many affairs have you had?

In my mind an affair is a repetitive situation where there is emotional involvement. Anything I've ever done has been a one-nighter, and I've had 60 to 70 of those since I've been married.

All of them were really one-nighters?

Ninety percent of them were one-nighters. The other ten percent were two or three nights. But being with the same person more than two or three times—that's rare.

Isn't it safe to assume that at least a few of these girls would want to see you more than two or three times?

The more that becomes apparent to me, the more there is no possibility of its happening. Many times they express it verbally, other times it's expressed emotionally—as in the way the sex went.

Explain that.

There's a difference between making love and fucking. I'd say that, at best, only five to ten percent of my interludes have been making love. Fucking is purely physical—very little lip-kissing. Making love is far more romantic, sensitive. I don't think you ever set out thinking, Well, I'm going to fuck this girl. But for me, the better the sex is, the more I have to stay away.

Why?

Because I don't want to become attached to anyone other than my wife.

So you prefer to have affairs where the sex isn't good?

No, I prefer one-night stands where the sex is fabulous. But you have to move on and hope that the next one is just as fabulous. I detest men who have affairs. What I consider an affair is an emotional, intellectual, loving, ongoing relationship with a woman. I think that's wrong. To do something physical outside your marriage, and for the woman to know going in what the score is—that you just want to have a good time and that there's no future in it—is totally different. If my wife had a one-night stand, that's something I could live with. If she had a loving, continuing relationship, I could never deal with it. I assume the same is true for her.

Do you think she could deal with knowing that you were having one-night stands?

I don't think it would be a nice thing to deal with, but I think she could do it. Primarily because, before we were married, she knew the kind of person I was and I never claimed I could change.

What kind of person are you?

I'm a dying breed—one of the last true romantics left in America. I don't aspire to be with women for the conquest. I love women, I wouldn't want to live without women, everything that drives me deals with women. For me, the ultimate glory is for a woman to have a fabulous time with me—not necessarily

for me to come or to add a notch on the bedpost, but to have that woman think I'm one of the last great lovers. I'm not the best fuck in the free world, but I do believe that few men appreciate women like I do.

You once told me that pretty women are the worst lovers.

Unfortunately, that has been my experience. More often than not the most beautiful women I've been with have been the dullest lovers. Over and over again, it seems to reinforce itself. Women who are really beautiful know it, and they have men available to them. Nothing is special. They believe men are there simply to please them, and they just lie there in bed like a New York strip. Like, "Aren't I beautiful to look at?" Well, yes, they are, but the less beautiful women—the ones who don't have so many opportunities available to them—are hungry and grateful and eager to please.

Most single men say they have a hard time getting laid these days. Why is it that a married man has it so easy?

If a man has a problem getting laid today, it's his own fault. If you lack self-confidence, humor, sensitivity, balls—if you're unable to convey to a woman that you understand her needs—then you're not going to get laid whether you're married or single. Most men probably believe that if they screw a woman as hard as they can for 120 seconds, the woman is going to come. Well, that certainly isn't my experience.

What is your experience?

That every woman has her own switch—and it's my job to find it. If she doesn't come this way, she'll come that way. All she has to do is give me time to find those switches.

Where do you meet these women?

Everywhere. In grocery stores, drugstores, airports, hotels, by swimming pools. No rules apply. If you see a woman who interests you, go for it.

Tell me how you go about it.

It depends on how the woman strikes me. If she seems wild, my approach would be different from one toward someone who appeared laid-back and conservative. I don't believe in having a package of great opening lines. A great line to one woman is perhaps a horrible line with another. It's just intuition.

When do you let them know you're married?

When I sense we're going to have sex. Make no mistake, I'm not doing this to make friends. Once I sense that the cat's in the bag, then it's critically important to me that they know I'm married. I don't want a *Fatal Attraction* situation. Besides, it would lose something for me if I had to lie my way into a woman's pants. I want to get them based on who I am and what I am: a married guy with two great kids and a great wife. And when I want to do something on the side, I do. And each time I do, it's just a better reminder to me how much I enjoy sex with my wife.

If sex with your wife is so good, why do you need it on the side?

Why not? I love women and I see no harm in it, particularly because it's never going to grow into a relationship that could hurt my wife or the woman I'm with that night. The score is known going in. Want to have a few laughs and share a moment? Then let's do it.

How do you keep everything under wraps?

One of the key rules is: If you're scared, you'll get caught. So getting caught never occurs to me. I'm quick on my feet and I have the confidence that, if I got caught, I could talk my way out of it. My wife has never asked me and I assume it's because she doesn't want to know. Actually, I think she trusts me enough to know that if it did happen, it wouldn't be anything more than a one-night stand. I also think my wife knows she can't keep up with me physically. If I had my druthers, we'd make love in the morning, I'd come home for lunch and we'd do it again at night. I can't just wake up and say, "I won't be horny today." It just doesn't work that way.

Are there sexual things that a girlfriend or lover can do for you that your wife can't?

No. But that's true with a lot of men I know. They rationalize what they're doing based on, "My wife won't give me a blow job" or "My wife won't do it doggie style." That's not me. I'm not out there doing all these perverted things with women I pick up and then going home and doing it missionary style with my wife. These other men are limited sexually in their marriages. I'm limited in terms of the frequency I would like.

But didn't you tell me that you have sex every day with your wife?

[*Pause*] I would say 350 days a year.

When you're with these women, is it ever a date—or is it just sex?

I never date. That's wrong. No dating, no flowers. The closest I come to that is when I say, "Meet me at such and such bar." But we don't drive there together. I don't show up with a box of chocolates or roses. But before I was married I did.

But before you were married, it wasn't an affair.

And I don't think it's an affair now.

Not everyone would agree with you.

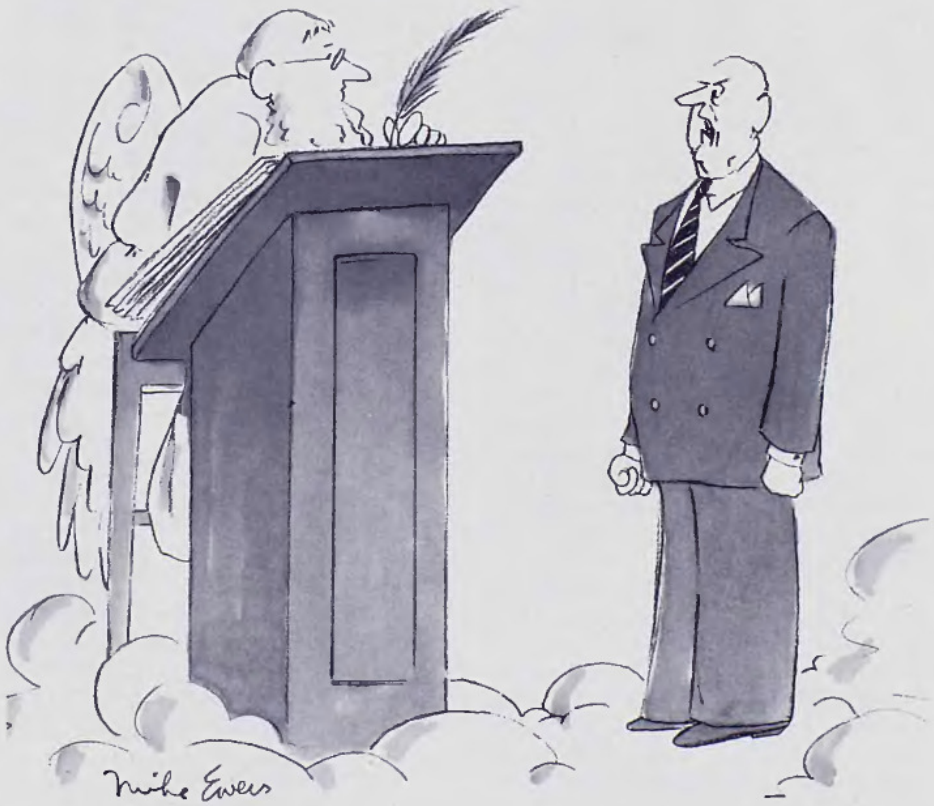
That doesn't matter. I'm not looking for approval. Every person has his own moral code. For me, an affair is horribly immoral. Here you have a wife who loves you, yet you're going to put yourself in a position where you could get attached and fall in love—usually at the expense of two people: the girl you're having the affair with and your wife.

What about the guy's expense?

Fuck the guy, he has it coming. He should end up with neither one.

Is there a difference between a woman you'd have a one-night stand with and a woman you would marry?

To be honest, it would be hard for me to take seriously as a candidate for



"Of course I was greedy, prideful and envious. How do you think I got out of the mail room?"

marriage someone who went to bed with me the first night. I'm not looking for Mother Teresa, but I'm also not looking to marry the opposite.

Are you having safe sex with these women?

Six, seven years ago we knew next to nothing about AIDS. So in the beginning it wasn't safe sex. Now it is. Still, in a drunken moment, shit happens. Also, I'm not so sure what safe sex means. Does safe sex mean you can't have oral sex with a woman? If cunnilingus is not safe sex, I don't practice safe sex. If you mean using a rubber, nowadays I try to. But some of that is intuitive, too. If you have a sense that someone isn't out there being wild, maybe you take a shot. I personally detest rubbers—I don't enjoy intercourse with them. But I use them when I have to. I could sit here and say, "Oh, yes, safe sex. I put a Baggie on my tongue." Well, I don't.

How can you be sure that some of these women aren't out there being wild?

I know this doesn't sound too humble, but I can sense when they're doing something that they haven't done before or, at least, very often. If women have lots of one-night stands, they don't try to hide it. And the ones who do try to hide it are pretty easy to see through. They say, "Oh, I never do this"—then they open their purses and have 50 different kinds of rubbers for you to choose from. There are also times that you can tell a woman's experience physically. There's a certain reserve, a shyness, an undeniable warming-up period, an emotional resistance to what's happening. And then they let loose.

How do you convince these women that you're worth the shot?

Salesmanship. It's my letting them know that they're not going to be sorry—that they're going to have a great time, not regret it. You're selling a product: The product is you and the commodity is the evening.

Has a woman ever tried that with you?

If a woman is going overboard coming on to me, I'm tremendously turned off. I like the challenge of selling me to a total stranger. There's that mystique. It's not that I resent it when a woman comes on to me. But if there's not a challenge, then it's not me she wants, it's a dick—and she can get that anywhere. I want them to want me, the whole package.

Let's talk about telltale signs—lipstick, perfume. How do you cover up those things?

They're never a problem, even with my wife. I'm a very physical guy. I hug my friends. If you're paranoid or scared of those things, that's how you get caught. But if you go home and smell of perfume and your wife says, "What's that?" and you say, with a great deal of confidence, "Hell if I know"—end of discussion. If you say, "Uh, I was going to buy you some and I tried it on myself," that's where the problem starts. I never think or worry about it.

Are you saying it's not important to shower after sex?

Well, I shower, but not because I'm worried about getting busted, but out of respect for my wife—especially if we're going to make love. But I don't think there's anything I couldn't talk my way out of unless she walked into the room and saw me in bed. And even then I'm not convinced.

What are some other basic rules of having an affair?

Never leave any physical evidence. Never! You get a gift, into the garbage. You get a card, torch it. Never give out your phone number, and if they find a way to call you at home, immediately tell them never to do it again. I'm unlisted. Also, always pay cash. The smart guy never has to say he was somewhere with a client. There's nothing to explain if you pay with cash. The less of a paper trail you create, the better. Women also love to leave earrings and shit to mark their territory. In essence, they're creating opportunities for a second meeting. So you want to check that room every time she's there.

Finally, deny, deny and deny some more. Don't ever fucking admit to the affair. And you can't feel guilty. Guilt will kill you, and women sense it. If you're going to be with a woman and then not be able to look at your wife for a week or a month, you have a problem. On the other hand, if you can be with this woman, then go home and ravage your wife, you're fine. Everyone I know who got caught probably got caught as a result of his own guilt. He has an affair, he feels guilty and doesn't make love to his wife for a month. Well, of course, she suspects something is wrong. Then the guy gets into a fight with her to help him rationalize his affair. "I have to be with this other woman because things are so bad at home." It's a self-fulfilling prophecy. Guilt will expose you and ruin you.

Have you ever become possessive of any of these women?

Never, because the moment you do you're sending a message to them that it's OK for them to be possessive of you. And you would have to be a real asshole to want to possess someone whom you're not permitting to possess you. That's a little psychotic.

Is this all about life on the edge or is it ego?

For me, it's a mixture. The danger plays a part, sure. But it's tremendously gratifying for me to know I can please other women. So, yes, there's a lot of ego involved. If I had done this three times and three times the women had told me I was a shitty lover, I wouldn't still be doing this.

Where do you go for your affairs?

Sometimes in cars, once it was in the ladies' room at a Bennigan's.

Really?

Yeah. I met her at the bar. Things were going good, we were both really drunk. She pulled me into the ladies' room and started giving me head. Not in a stall, but in the middle of the bathroom while women were coming and going. That certainly isn't typical. Most of the times it's motels or her place—even my place when my wife is out of town.

I know, I know—here we go: "Did you do it in your marital bed?"

Did I say that?

You were about to. And let me tell you, it kills me when people say that. It's so hypocritical. What's the difference if I'm in a motel or my own bedroom? I'm still with another woman. That's the issue—that's the act—so to me there is no difference. Sure, it's a little more dangerous, but doing it in my home isn't a particularly compelling or erotic thing. My wife was out of town, so why should I go to a fucking motel? The opportunity presented itself and that's the key: Make the most of your opportunities in life.

When was the last time you cheated?

I'd say three weeks ago. She was 25, a waitress at a fancy restaurant I dine at with my wife. I had a dinner meeting and when it ended I went up to the bar and she brought me a drink. She was getting off early, so we went out for a drink and it just happened.

And you had no fear that it might go further than this one night?

The fear was that I would want more.

Why?

Because she was so pretty, she had a terrific personality and the sex was great. With very little effort, things could have really developed. So I don't let them. To do so is the kiss of fucking death. If you were to ask me what the most intimate aspects of these one-nighters were, kissing by far is more intimate than fucking or going down on a woman. Consequently, there aren't a lot of women I make out with.

Don't they notice?

No, because I can still be hugging them and caressing them and kissing them all over their bodies. What I'm talking about is a long, mouth-to-mouth kiss. That's very rare for me. It's putting your shield down. I have to have a real strong feeling to be that intimate. I don't have to have that kind of feeling to kiss them on the ass or the back of their legs—that's sexual kissing. Passionate kissing is another level. Kissing can make me feel guilty. Fucking can't.

Do you ever think of your wife when you're with those other women?

I try not to, because on a certain level, it's wrong. Keep in mind, I'm not proud of any of this. I don't think what I do is bad or evil, but I do think it's *wrong*. If I start thinking about my wife, well, I have yet to be with a woman who is better than my wife. If I start comparing, any woman's going to come up short. The idea isn't to minimize the moment but to maximize it.

Some men have affairs for the escapism, the chance to dump reality momentarily for a fantasy world. Is that true for you?

I think it's the opposite. My reality is: I probably can't be loyal. It's not this tropical paradise escapism—I have nothing to escape from. I have a good life. I'm not looking to escape.

So what is it?

I think I have a gift, and I'm just sharing it. Eddie Van Halen is a gifted guitarist who shares his music with his audience. I think that I'm a gifted romantic whose audience is women.

What do you do that's so special?

I know what girls like, how to treat them. The thrill isn't to have a reputation or a history. It's just the woman telling you, "You were great." If I were with a woman and she didn't come or if she had a shitty time, I would be crushed. I know that women like to talk to their girlfriends, and I want them to say, "I was out with fucking Conan last night."

That's really important to you?

Yeah. In the final analysis, it's fun and ego-gratifying to please someone else. If I play sports, I want to be the best. Well, that happens in bed, too. Would you rather be known as a great lover or a great businessman? Easy. There are a lot of great businessmen.

The reason I started this article was because I kept attracting married men and I didn't know why. Can you help me answer that?

You're attractive, intelligent, you're immediately viewed as safe. There's little chance of your becoming a *Fatal Attraction*. Your own self-esteem, which transcends your personality, would not allow it. Also, you don't appear to be a wild woman who's out fucking every sailor in town. From a safe-sex standpoint, you would be a desirable candidate. And, as a journalist you understand protecting sources, so discretion would never be a problem with you.

[*We finish our conversation. The tape recorder is off and we prepare to leave.*]

You know, George Plimpton, he experiences whatever he writes about. So if you're going to be true to your art, I don't know how you can understand me or this article or even be true to your editors unless we immediately go back to your place.

All in the name of research?

I think you owe it to the article.

•

NAME: Ron
AGE: 42
OCCUPATION: Film editor
MARRIED: 15 years
CHILDREN: One

You had a long-term affair. Tell me how it began.

At work. We were thrown together a couple of times to work on a project and

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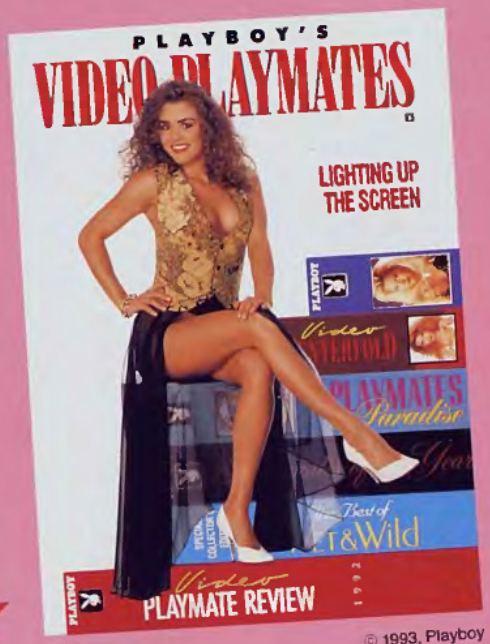

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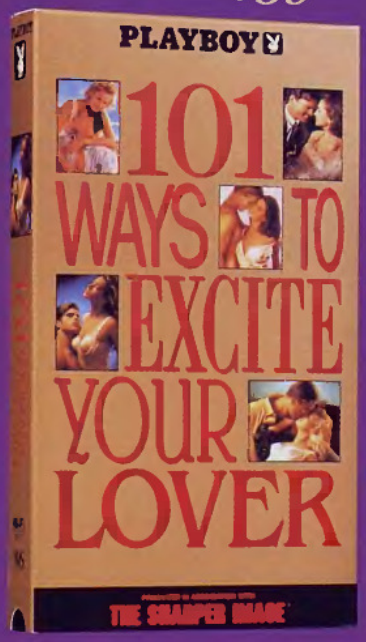

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we started sharing things with each other—ways in which we were alike and, in some cases, not alike. I'm not sure now if I was more attracted to the differences or to the similarities.

Anyway, we were at dinner. We had a couple glasses of wine and she decided to sit on my side of the table. We were talking about the project and she was using her hands, and said, "Presto! It will be like this"—and she put her hand up and I took it. Suddenly we were holding hands. It wasn't intentional, it was instinctual. It was like we had linked all of a sudden. She looked at me and I looked at her and, for a second, I got a chance to look inside—and I saw that there was some attraction there. A couple days later we were at dinner and we ended up holding hands again, but that time we cut to the chase. It was like: Something is happening here. I feel what I think you feel. We're going to get into a lot of trouble, aren't we? But we're also going to have big fun.

How long had you been married?

Six years.

In the back of your mind, were you thinking, I'm a married man?

That didn't enter my mind, but the moment was pretty intense. A flash went off and I thought, Wow, I have simpatico with somebody other than my partner. How am I supposed to handle this? It was only when I was driving home that I thought, What the fuck am I doing? Then I thought, OK. I had a little to drink, she had a little to drink, no commitments were made. It'll be forgotten by tomorrow. After all, we had just kind of laughed and said, "I like you, you like me, things could develop." No one had said, "Let's go back to my place," or whatever. That came later. [*Laughs*]

When?

The next time we went out. It was one of those scenarios where I took her back to her car, we sat and talked for a long time and she asked me to come home with her. I told her I just couldn't—it would be a problem. So nothing happened for a while. Finally, there was a Saturday when we both had to work. We finished early and went back to her apartment to have a drink and to talk.

Did you know consciously that you were crossing a line?

Pretty much so, but at that point it didn't matter. I sort of said, "Fuck it, I'm in it for the whole thing." I liked her.

And what happened?

We made love, talked, made love again, cooked food, made love, took a little break, got our energy back and then went at it again. We showered and I went home. Then we had to figure out how we were going to see each other, which was a bit of a logistics problem because her life was busy and so was mine. Sometimes we would go to a show. Sometimes we would just get together to talk. It wasn't always for the physical part—though that was great and there wasn't any problem with it—but it was more than that. There was a meeting of the minds.

Maybe it was my insecurity; maybe I was wondering if I was still attractive. There's a line in *Moonstruck* that asks: Why do men cheat? And Olympia Dukakis says, "Maybe it's because they fear death"—that they're afraid of getting old. I wasn't exactly afraid of getting old, but you do wonder if you're still attractive, if you're still interesting. Things sometimes become routine. There are some people who just want to fuck, but I began to feel that I was getting something from this individual that I wasn't getting from my partner.

Such as?

Probably the fact that she listened to me. Treated me as an equal. She encouraged me to feel like I could try things I hadn't tried.

Sexual things?

Worldly things.

What about the sex?

I had never been inhibited sexually, so I didn't feel uncomfortable about trying anything new. What I really liked was having her legs wrapped around my body and knowing she enjoyed it. If anything, my performance anxiety came when I wondered if I was pleasing her. If indeed I was, then that made me happy.

It sounds as if you might have considered leaving your wife for this woman.

Yes. We considered it and talked about it. But her response was, "Everybody says that when they're having an affair. They always plan all this stuff. But you know only a little bit about me. You're not there when I wake up in the morning with bad breath and my hair all messed up. We've had disagreements, but you haven't seen me really angry." Basically, she was saying, "That's not what I want to hear because it comes too close to the promises everyone always makes, promises they can't keep. So let's just continue to have this relationship and see how things go."

And?

And things went pretty well. But remember, she was single at the time. I'm this married guy and, of course, all the traditional things begin to set in. You try as hard as you can to be there for holidays but it's difficult. Birthdays you can do because you don't necessarily have to be with family on that day, but Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter—those things are blocked out for family. So you kind of kiss that person goodbye during those particular times. Well, after five or six years of that. . . .

How did it end?

Eventually, she told me she was going to concentrate her time on this other guy she had met.

How did she tell you?

We had gone jogging, we came back and took a shower together, made love, lay in bed for a while. While we were getting dressed, she said, "I don't know how much longer this can go on. I don't want to be second best, I need to be first in somebody's life." I knew I had to make a decision. She had this other person, but she didn't want to get into who she liked better. I never asked if they had made love—I didn't want to know. But, basically, she needed more than a bed buddy, and I wasn't ready to make a break at that time.

Why not?

My daughter was still young. I was reading everything on the subject I possibly could, trying to figure out what happens when you leave your kid at a young age. Do they go fucking crazy or what? There's no way to figure that out. You just have to do what's best for you.

How did you feel once it was all over?

I was upset. I walked out of the apartment and thought, That's it, you're fucking through, buddy. My stomach kind of fell out. I felt like I had made the wrong choice. I was pretty crushed and so was she. I thought about what I was going home to. I found out later that what she had wanted me to say was, "I'll get out of my marriage." Eventually, she married the other person.

But she really wanted you.

I don't think it's ego, but I like the fact that, to this day, we're still friends and we share that little smile that says, "I know more about you than most people do." In my wildest egomaniac moments, I wonder if I could woo her back. I feel like I could, but I wouldn't try it while I was still married.

Why not?

That would violate a little rule I had made for myself: I don't want to do this again. I didn't like the hurt on her face. The highs were very high, but when it was low I always had the feeling it was lower for her than it was for me.

Did you have any guilt?

Oh, yeah—a whole lot of it. I even went back to church.

Really?

Yeah. I remember one night after it ended, I wanted to drive by and see her and I thought, No, you can't do that. So I went to a church instead. The doors were locked and I thought, Holy shit, I'm locked out. This is a sign. I'd read passages about adulterers. I even had dreams that I had a big red "A" on my forehead, and that family and friends disowned me because I had dishonored them. No one can beat you up more than you can beat yourself up.

Did your wife ever find out about your affair?

Yes.

How?

After the relationship was over, I sent this woman flowers on her birthday. The card read, "Love, Me." For some reason,

the florist sent a copy of the bill back to my house. My wife read it and asked what was going on. I had to tell her. She was very upset. I told her it was over, but she wanted to know why I sent the flowers. I told her it was because I still cared. She asked me if I loved the other woman and I told her yes, but that I was here with her now and that I loved her, too.

So now you're making a conscious effort not to have affairs?

Yeah, because I didn't like the outcome of my affair and I didn't like myself very much afterward. It didn't occur to me during the affair, but now I realize: I don't want to be one of those talk-show guys. I want to be able to say no. Am I tempted? Fuck yes, I'm tempted. Do I have fantasies? Yes. But I'm trying not to act on them. I can handle the affair, I just can't handle the ride down afterward. For me, it was mostly the look on her face when it was over.

Did the affair strengthen your marriage in any way?

Yes. We both now say what's on our minds a little more directly. One stipulation after we discussed this was that if she was going to harangue me for the rest of eternity about this, I was gone. She couldn't have put any more guilt on me than I already felt myself. She could choose to believe it or not believe it, but I refused to live with her using it as a hammer to beat me. That definitely would have sent me away.

But there were a couple of stormy months. Then some things happened that just naturally brought us together.

Like what?

Little things. Like when you're putting out the sprinkler and accidentally get wet. So you start running through it a few times. And then you both start laughing and acting childlike again.

In other words, you got the spark back.

Yeah. You kind of make peace and you let it all go.

Have you been tempted since then?

There was one woman—we met for a drink after work, we sat and talked and I told her that I always wanted to kiss her, just to see what she tasted like. We kissed and it was real good—but that bell went off and I had to go. So we leave and we're driving our separate cars. She's next to me at the light, I roll the window down and say, "You know, I should have asked to go home with you. If I had, what would you have said?" She smiles and says, "You should have asked." Then the light turns green and she takes off. I thought, Oh fuck. But in retrospect, after I got home and everything was cool and I went to sleep with the covers over my head, realizing I was safe, I thought it was pretty cool, a nice stroke.

Is that enough, just knowing that women are interested?

It has to be enough.

WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN

(continued from page 120)

only one life to live, and if she really wants to bare the evidence of her workouts to the world, she has the right. After all, these women work for their bodies. While the rising cost of school has sunk activism to an all-time low, the gyms are packed.

One woman put it this way: "I used to say that PLAYBOY is a sexist magazine that objectifies women, and my boyfriend would say it is a celebration of beauty. Now I've decided we're both right."

At the University of California–Berkeley's Office of Student Research, stats man Tom Cesa told me through a blush, "I can tell you that in terms of GPAs and SAT scores, the women at Berkeley are smarter now than they have ever been." Smarter than the men, too. Law is still the most popular postgraduate field at Berkeley, and—surprise, surprise—law-school women came out in droves for PLAYBOY. The first woman who walked into Contributing Photographer David Chan's studio suite told me why: They're coached to keep their bodies and sensuality under wraps, as it makes them less competitive. "The law firms don't want somebody whose sexuality makes a problem in the office," she said, annoyance ringing in her voice. Appearing in PLAYBOY is a chance to show them all what they're missing and, more important, to live out an anticareerist dream. That's what it means to be a whole person—you can be motivated by fantasy from time to time. Almost every law, medical or preprofessional student I talked with told me the same thing: If appearing on these pages is a bad career move, then it must not be the right career. No loss.

All right, these poses are about fantasy. This is about satisfaction. Lots of women fantasize about careers in modeling. But it was essential to an equal number of these women that this could be a one-shot deal. It's an amateur's dream. One woman, a filmmaker, wanted to create an erotic image, a "hussy image, an indelible, to refer to at any time. An alter ego to put down in stone and then let go of." These women felt sexy that day, that week, in general, and once you're sexy in PLAYBOY, at least one part of you is sexy forever.

Don't forget, this is about sex, they assured me, not just modeling. Most of them didn't even know their measurements. Although the women I talked with found PLAYBOY to be as much art as erotica, some feminists clearly love raw sexual images as well.

A razor-sharp student of human sexuality at the University of Washington told me it is vital that we all work to normalize fun, open, forgiving attitudes about sex. She lamented the fact that this society tends to crush sex as a way of dealing with other problems, such as violence against women or AIDS. "We're misinformed about the effects of censorship and oppression," she said. "If we equate shame with the body, it leads to miscommunication in science, politics, all human conduct. We have to open up."

"Senator, we're one of those special-interest groups you've heard about."

Troy Aikman *(continued from page 114)*

"'People think Dallas is a sports town, but it isn't. It's a winners' town,' says Aikman."

to 7–8 behind Aikman in 1990, and then in 1991 to 11–5 and the team's first playoff appearance since 1985. Aikman missed the team's final four regular-season games and one playoff game with a sprained knee. Quarterback Steve Beuerlein led the team to five straight victories and Johnson and Aikman again became embroiled in a controversy. When reporters questioned an apparently healthy Aikman at the end of the season, he said he was ready to play. Johnson said he wasn't, and Beuerlein would continue to start. Aikman again felt Johnson had lost confidence in him.

No one should have been surprised, then, by Johnson's reaction to Aikman's recent back surgery. At first, the Cowboys' staff dismissed Aikman's complaints of back pain—leaving their star quarterback to seek medical attention on his own. When a herniated disk was discovered and treated surgically, Johnson was quick to imply that Aikman would not be the starting QB unless he showed up on time—and well—to camp. Was he playing more mind games with Aikman, or simply covering himself in case Aikman was actually unable to play? Of course, Aikman seems adept at regaining Johnson's confidence, as he did this past year when he started every game in the Cowboys' 16–3 season. His quarterback rating was third best in the NFL, and his QB rating during the playoffs was the best in NFL history. Aikman's relentless improvement over the years has mirrored his team's improvement. He had the good fortune to grow with his young teammates, to the point where they are on the threshold of becoming a perennial power. Aikman's current relationship with Johnson can best be described as peaceful coexistence based on continued success.

"See!"

When Aikman was 13, his father asked him if he was going to sign up for junior football. He knew what his father meant. "He was a tough old country boy who loved football," says Aikman. "He liked the roughness of it. I knew what he wanted, so I signed up. If he hadn't asked, I might never have played."

Aikman laughs when he is asked if it ever dawned on him to go against his father's wishes. "I never rebelled against my father," he says. "Never."

Aikman's disciplined upbringing may explain why he was haunted by fears not common to boys his age. Even today, he talks about those fears with the naïveté of a child.

"Getting old scares me," he says, giggling. "I remember when my father turned 40, he wouldn't open his gifts for two weeks. He took it hard. I thought it was foolish. I told him he should feel fortunate to live to be as old as he was." Aikman does not see the awkwardness of what he is saying. His young life has been so filled with the sorts of success that most people only dream of that he can't imagine his later life equaling it.

"Look," he says, "when you're a kid you look forward to getting older. When you're 16 you get a car. At 18 you're an adult. At 21 you're a full-blown adult. But after that, what? I mean, what's left? Twenty-five was perfect for me. But 35? I hope I'm still playing. I have this fear—what will I get into after football?"

His biggest fear, he says, is death. "When I was nine, I used to have nightmares about death. I was in a major state of depression. I'd walk around thinking, One day I'm going to die! Now don't get me wrong, I'm a religious person and I think this next life will be wonderful, but still—it *bothers* me."

This may explain why, even today, he sleeps with a Bible beside his bed and why, in college, he joined the Fellowship of Christian Athletes until their "hypocritical attitude turned me off." (In high school, he became an avid churchgoer, even though his parents weren't.)

"In my senior year of high school I got rebaptized," he says. "It was a total immersion, in a dunking tank." He

blushes with embarrassment. But he is not embarrassed by the dichotomy of his Christian faith and his fear of death. When it is pointed out that a man with faith shouldn't fear death, he seems confused, as if his faith were merely a good-luck charm to ward off death. It is a child's view of faith. In many ways, Troy Aikman is childlike. Even his fears are those of a child who wants to ward off the woes of adulthood.

By the time Aikman graduated from high school, he was a small-town guy who liked to cruise Main Street in a pickup truck. At night he practiced his autograph for the day when he would be somebody. He was also an all-state quarterback, and though he claims he wasn't heavily recruited, two colleges wanted him desperately: the University of Oklahoma, with its legendary coach, Barry Switzer, and Oklahoma State, coached by none other than Jimmy Johnson. Aikman rebuffed Johnson because, even then, there was something about Johnson that turned him off. He found it hard to understand how Johnson could promise him that he would start for four years "when he hadn't even seen me play at that level." Switzer led Aikman to believe that by his sophomore year Oklahoma would abandon its wishbone offense for a pro-style passing attack. After two dispiriting seasons at Oklahoma, Aikman realized Switzer had no intention of fulfilling his promise. When Aikman broke his leg in the fourth game of his sophomore year (ironically, against Johnson's new team, Miami) and running quarterback Jamelle Holieway replaced him, Aikman saw the handwriting on the wall. He had never been very happy at OU anyway.

Aikman transferred to UCLA, where his coach, Terry Donahue, would become one of his closest friends. Players at UCLA never received any special treatment. "There were too many famous people in Los Angeles," explains Aikman, for anyone to worship college football players.

Aikman led the Bruins to two successive bowl victories, the Aloha Bowl in 1988 and the Cotton Bowl in 1989, and became the third-highest-rated QB in NCAA history, the number-one draft choice of the Cowboys and a millionaire in 1989.

He was 22, a golden boy, the Cowboys' "redeemer." He was on the verge of the kind of celebrity he could only have dreamed about as a boy in Henryetta. Despite his fame, Aikman still sees himself as just a kid from a small town.

"I had become a country boy," he says. "In big cities like L.A. and Dallas, I missed the slow pace, the open spaces. If I had stayed in Henryetta, I might have lived the rest of my life there." Fame hasn't altered his perspective. "I still understand myself in terms of the big picture," he says. "Football isn't everything. I know that. And I'm very content with who I am."

Aikman likes to think of himself as a reluctant celebrity, one who has been forced, against his nature and background, to confront the perks and pitfalls of fame. He still has the trappings of a country boy: the reddish hair, freckles, boots, pickup truck, chewing tobacco, country-and-western music. He still claims he's shy around women, and then he blushes. He still has his small-town manners. He is prompt for interviews, unlike many other celebrities. He's cordial with strangers but a little removed, cautious, the way small-town people are. He still has a small-town person's aspirations for happiness (a trip to Disney World, for example). But there is another side of him, too, one that has little to do with Henryetta.

His sisters say he is good at tuning out people who irritate him. He admits he can be rude to strangers in public. And though he appears promptly for interviews, he balks at giving reporters the time they need.

Despite his supposed shyness, Aikman thinks nothing of telling someone who knows a beautiful actress, "Give her a big hello from me." This time he doesn't blush but grins that seductive grin peculiar to famous athletes who think the world is their oyster.

As for Disney World, well, Disney World paid Aikman in excess of $60,000 to tell the world he was going to Orlando after the Super Bowl.

If Aikman had never left Henryetta, he might have become a grown-up Tom Sawyer, with all the innocence that suggests. But he did leave. He went to the big city, where he learned things Tom Sawyer never would have learned. He learned to be suspicious, disdainful and wise in the ways of the world. This bothers Aikman to this day. It goes against his nature, which is why he is constantly trying to reinforce the image of himself as a Henryetta boy grown large. That's why Aikman makes a point of returning to Henryetta whenever possible. He went back last year to be honored in a parade down Main Street. Already, the townspeople had named a street after him, Troy Aikman Avenue. (Local kids are constantly stealing the street sign to hang up in their rooms.)

"It was neat," he says. "You know, after the Super Bowl, the parade in Dallas was nice, but the Henryetta parade was special. The people there treated me the same as they always have. The way they treat everyone, with respect. That's why I go back. To reassess my values. The people in Henryetta, their values—I want to phrase this right—life to them is so simple." Simple in a way it no longer is for Troy Aikman.

"You're such a romantic. You don't run to the phone the instant your beeper goes off."

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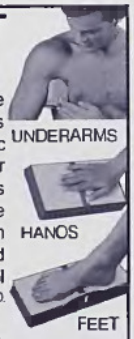

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Football Forecast

(continued from page 110)

Cowboys to a Super Bowl title within five years. He did it in four, which only deepens my respect for his coaching wizardry. Now the youngest team in the NFL (average age: 27), Dallas' future is all blue sky. If the salary cap doesn't interfere, this could become a dynasty.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas	12–4
Washington*	9–7
Philadelphia	8–8
New York Giants	7–9
Phoenix	6–10

*Wild-card team

Last season, his fourth in the league, quarterback Troy Aikman threw for 3445 yards, with 23 touchdowns and only 14 interceptions. If his herniated disk heals as quickly as he says it will, he'll ride tall in the saddle again. If not, six-year vet Hugh Millen will enjoy the chance to hit deep threat Michael Irvin (78 receptions for 1396 yards in 1992) and short-yardage specialist Jay Novacek (68 for 630), who continue to get better.

Dallas' potent passing attack is complemented by a ground game led by the extraordinary Emmitt Smith. Smith scored 18 touchdowns last season (the most in the NFL) and won his second straight rushing title by racking up 1713 yards (which broke Tony Dorsett's club record of 1646).

However flashy its offense, Dallas' greatest strength is its top-rated defense. The 1992 acquisition of defensive end Charles Haley from San Francisco was the final link in a chain that thoroughly shackled opponents. Haley's quarterback pressures open the lanes, which allows the linebackers and the rest of the linemen to do their thing. The Cowboys are young enough and good enough to win it all again and should become the first team since San Francisco did it in 1989 and 1990 to nail back-to-back Super Bowls.

The Joe Gibbs era in Washington is over. In 12 years Gibbs led the **Redskins** to four Super Bowls and won three of them. "He has simply been the best coach in the history of the Redskins," says team owner Jack Kent Cooke. After Gibbs retired, longtime defensive coordinator Richie Petitbon was named as his successor. Petitbon is not in for a picnic.

"It's going to be difficult," he admits. His primary concerns are the Hogs, the Redskins' aging offensive line, and quarterback Mark Rypien, who went from Super Bowl MVP two years ago to the NFC's lowest-ranked starting passer in 1992. To make matters worse, the Posse—Washington's famed trio of talented receivers—has split up. Ricky Sanders (51 receptions in 1992) and Art Monk (who caught only 46) are still around, but leading receiver Gary Clark (64 catches) is now darting about in Phoenix. The Redskins signed Cincinnati's Tim McGee to replace Clark, but I doubt that he'll do as well. Although the Hogs must upgrade their pass-blocking, they still provide adequate cover for Redskins ballcarriers. Running backs Earnest Byner (who rushed for 998 yards in 1992) and Ricky Ervins (495) will again make major contributions, as will second-round draft choice Reggie Brooks of Notre Dame. Even though All-Pro linebacker Wilber Marshall was traded to Houston, Washington's veteran defense, seventh best in the league, will remain rugged.

In spite of Rypien's bum year in 1992, Washington still finished 9–7 and made the playoffs. I expect better from Rypien this time around, which means the Redskins will again slip into the postseason.

At the moment, **Eagles** team owner Norman Braman isn't too popular in Philadelphia. Last year he allowed Pro Bowl tight end Keith Jackson to leave the nest. This year he failed to reenlist All-Pro Reggie White, the league's most dominant defensive lineman. Says Eagles' defensive end Clyde Simmons, "We're like the lost children of Israel trying to find the promised land without Moses." Braman also allowed quarterback Jim McMahon, defensive tackle Leon Seals, defensive back John Booty and offensive tackle Ron Heller to get away. The only quality free agent he picked up was 49er pass rusher Tim Harris (17 sacks in 1992). Harris' only problem: He's facing his second drunken-driving charge in the past 20 months and may be suspended.

Philadelphia was 11–5 last year and still has a strong nucleus. After briefly being benched in 1992 by head coach Rich Kotite, Randall Cunningham went on to complete 61 percent of his passes for 2775 yards and 19 touchdowns. He has a solid set of wide-outs in Fred Barnett (67 receptions for 1083 yards) and Calvin Williams (42 for 598). Herschel Walker rushed for over 1000 yards, but became expendable late in the season, when Heath Sherman piled up 583 yards to average 5.2 yards a pop. Philly's defense, led by Simmons (his 19 sacks were the most in the league last year) and linebacker Seth Joyner, will again be hard as nails. The Eagles have been wounded by free agency, but they're still dangerous.

If Dan Reeves didn't actively seek the **Giants'** vacant head-coaching job, he might have been out of football. He got it only because Boston College's Tom Coughlin and Dallas' Dave Wannstedt both turned down the job. Reeves doesn't mind. "I was my mother's third choice, too," he says. As soon as he took over, Reeves ended the quarterback hassle (created by ex-coach Ray Handley)

between Phil Simms and Jeff Hostetler. After Reeves named Simms as his starter, Hostetler packed his bags and flew west to join the Raiders. Simms will be 37 and can't scramble, but he can still throw. Whether he can hold up for an entire season is another matter, and it's a big worry: His backups are prospects Dave Brown and Kent Graham. Simms' health permitting, the Giants' passing stats will improve, thanks to the addition of wide receivers Mark Jackson (who played for Reeves in Denver) and the 49ers' Mike Sherrard. New York's ground game—led by running backs Rodney Hampton and Jarrod Bunch—is solid.

Defense, once the Giants' hallmark, is now a question mark. All-everything linebacker Lawrence Taylor, 34, is attempting to come back from a torn Achilles tendon. Maybe he'll make it, maybe he won't. That's why the Giants signed linebackers Carlton Bailey of Buffalo, Michael Brooks of Denver and Marcus Buckley of Texas A&M, their third-round draft choice. I don't see New York making the playoffs or finishing better than .500.

Count on the **Cardinals** to repeat as the least in the East. Phoenix, 4–12 last season, scored a total of only 243 points, the fewest of any team in the NFC. With the additions of quarterback Steve Beuerlein, wide-out Gary Clark and Georgia's Garrison Hearst—the best running back in college football last year—the Cards are a sure thing to improve their scoring output. Unfortunately, Phoenix' defense, 24th in the league in 1992, is also a sure thing to get hammered again. Talk about futility: Phoenix has won only five divisional games in the past three years. General Manager Larry Wilson and head coach Joe Bugel probably will not be around in 1994.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Detroit	9–7
Green Bay*	9–7
Minnesota	7–9
Chicago	5–11
Tampa Bay	5–11

*Wild-card team

Detroit fell to 5–11 last season and everyone wondered why. No great mystery here: The **Lions** were understandably disheartened by tragedies that struck two of their teammates. During a game in 1991, guard Mike Utley suffered an injury that left him paralyzed. Last year, guard Eric Andolsek was run over and killed by a truck while doing yard work.

"We had a poor record but we weren't that bad a football team," says head coach Wayne Fontes. He's right. Despite a slow start behind a weak offensive line, All-Pro running back Barry Sanders gained 1352 yards. In 1992, Fontes couldn't decide on a starting quarterback. Rodney Peete began the season, Erik Kramer replaced him and Andre Ware finished up. Peete has been installed as this year's starter, and he'll again be throwing to quality receivers Herman Moore, Brett Perriman and Willie Green. Detroit's offense will be noticeably stronger with the addition of a trio of free agents—tight end Rodney Holman (from Cincinnati) and guards David Lutz (from Kansas City) and Bill Fralic (from Atlanta).

Detroit will muster a dramatically improved pass rush this season. On draft day, the front office traded for New Orleans' All-Pro linebacker Pat Swilling and also drafted pass-rush specialist Antonio London of the University of Alabama. The Lions are ready to roar again.

When Eagle All-Pro Reggie White signed with the **Packers** during the winter, he said he wanted to play for a team that was ready to make a run for the Super Bowl. Green Bay isn't there yet, but the team is definitely in the midst of a revival. In head coach Mike Holmgren's first season, the Packers were 9–7 and just missed postseason play with a season-ending loss to Minnesota.

A large share of the team's success belonged to first-year general manager Ron Wolf. He lured Holmgren away from San Francisco and made a great move in getting quarterback Brett Favre from Atlanta. Nobody expected Holmgren to turn things around so quickly, especially when he went with a roster that included two dozen new faces. Green Bay's resurgence was possible only because of Favre's heroics. After taking over in the third game, the second-year quarterback completed 64 percent of his passes for 3227 yards and 18 touchdowns. Favre was aided immensely by wide receiver Sterling Sharpe, who set an NFL record with 108 receptions. Sharpe and Favre will both benefit from the presence of free-agent pickup Mark Clayton, who used to catch Dan Marino's bombs in Miami.

To make it over the next hurdle, the Pack will have to put together a respectable ground game. Last season Green Bay's rushing attack was 21st in the league, and since then the team's leading ballcarrier, Vince Workman, has moved on to Tampa Bay. Darrell Thompson and Edgar Bennett will have to step up their output, and they just might: The acquisition of free agent offensive linemen Harry Galbreath (Miami) and Tunch Ilkin (Pittsburgh) will perk up the Pack's aging line.

In 1992, Green Bay's defense ranked 23rd in the NFL and produced only 34 sacks. White, along with another free agent, tackle Bill Maas (Kansas City), will change that in a hurry. Come playoff time, the Pack will finally be back.

In his first year with the **Vikings,** head

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coach Dennis Green led Minnesota to an 11–5 record and a playoff appearance. He did so despite inconsistent quarterbacking and injuries to two of the Vikes' top three receivers. Green is optimistic about this season. "I think once you've made the playoffs, the nucleus is there," he says. And the nucleus is there; all they lack is an effective and durable quarterback. I'm a little surprised that Green signed brittle Jim McMahon, whose 11-year NFL career has been plagued by injuries. The Vikes lost two offensive starters to free agency—center Kirk Lowdermilk and tackle Brian Habib—and their absence will be hazardous to McMahon's health. The pair will also be missed by Terry Allen, who last season rushed for 1201 yards and scored 15 touchdowns.

In 1992 the Vikings were winners thanks mainly to a hard-nosed defense that was especially nasty against the passing game. Cornerback Audray McMillian's eight interceptions tied for the league lead, and the team's 51 sacks (led by Chris Doleman's 14.5) were third best in the NFL.

But the Vikes won't be winners this season. I don't expect McMahon to go through the season unscathed. Combine that with the Vikings' brutal schedule (which includes games against the Cowboys, 49ers, Saints, Broncos and Raiders), and it will be a minor miracle if Minnesota makes it into the playoffs.

Replacing fiery Mike Ditka won't be easy for new Bears head coach Dave Wannstedt, the architect of last year's league-leading Dallas defense. Chicago fans would have much preferred losing icy team president Mike McCaskey. McCaskey and Ditka never got along, mostly because McCaskey often overruled Ditka on the team's draft choices, which is one reason why the Bears are in such sad shape. When the team went 5–11 last year, McCaskey didn't hesitate to hand Ditka his walking papers.

In an attempt to save face, McCaskey hired this year's most sought-after head-coaching prospect, beating out the Giants and Broncos for Wannstedt's services. Wannstedt has plenty of problems to solve, and it's now up to McCaskey to act like Jerry Jones in Dallas and get Wannstedt the players he needs.

Wannstedt's first major undertaking will be a reclamation job on quarterback Jim Harbaugh. After six years, Harbaugh is, at best, an average quarterback. Last season he threw for only 2486 yards and had just 13 touchdowns—along with 12 interceptions. Chicago's offensive line needs strengthening: Running back Neal Anderson, who usually gains 1000 yards a season, managed only 582 last year. Incoming fullback Craig Heyward (from New Orleans) is built along the lines of William "The Refrigerator" Perry, which points to the team's need for speed. Case in point: Tom Waddle, the Bears' leading receiver in 1992, is the slowest wide-out in pro football. To help remedy the problem, Chicago's first-round draft choice was fleet receiver Curtis Conway of Southern California.

On defense, the Bears have plenty of holes to plug. Perennial All-Pro linebacker Mike Singletary retired. The Bears signed Seattle's Joe Cain to replace him. Wannstedt is well aware that last season, the Bears' defense ranked 17th in the league. If anyone can improve it overnight, it's Wannstedt.

As disappointing as Vinny Testaverde was during his six-year stint with the Buccaneers, I rate him better than the three quarterbacks the team will go with this year: 39-year-old Steve DeBerg and inexperienced Craig Erickson and Mike Pawlawski. Tampa Bay's offense would be hopeless if not for the presence of running back Reggie Cobb, who last year rushed for 1171 yards.

The Bucs' defense is hopeless. Tampa Bay (5–11 in 1992) isn't bad at shutting down the run, but that hardly matters to opponents, who pass the Bucs to death. Last season Tampa's pass defense, the league's worst, gave up an NFL-high 25 touchdown passes. Rookie tackle Santana Dotson led the Bucs with ten sacks, and this year another rookie end, first-round pick Eric Curry of Alabama, will make his presence felt. Tampa picked up a pair of proven free agents in linebacker Hardy Nickerson (from Pittsburgh) and cornerback Martin Mayhew (from Washington), but opposing quarterbacks will still have a field day against the Bucs.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco	10–6
New Orleans*	10–6
Los Angeles Rams	8–8
Atlanta	7–9

*Wild-card team

Eddie DeBartolo, one of the game's most generous owners, tried everything he could to keep Joe Montana from leaving the 49ers, but Joe felt it was time to go. His move to Kansas City will finally allow Steve Young to be fully accepted in San Francisco, where fans still idolize Montana for leading the Niners to four Super Bowl titles. Young may well lead them to a few more. In 1992 he was the league's MVP, its top-rated passer for the second straight year and the key man in the Niners' 14–2 showing. Young completed 66.7 percent of his passes for 3465 yards and 25 touchdowns and threw just nine interceptions. He also ran for 537 yards and four touchdowns. And Young will get better. So will Ricky Watters, San Francisco's first 1000-yard running back since Roger Craig was in his prime. Watters gained all that ground despite missing most of the final five games with a bum shoulder. With Watters' running, Young's passing and Jerry Rice's receiving (the incomparable one caught 84 passes for 1201 yards and 10 touchdowns), the 49ers' offense was the best in the NFL.

The same could not be said of their defense. San Francisco's spotty secondary was responsible for the Niners finishing 26th against the pass. DeBartolo tightened up things considerably by signing All-Pro safety Tim McDonald of Phoenix. Overall, however, San

Francisco—with the defections of All-Pro defensive lineman Pierce Holt and team sack leader Tim Harris—was hurt by free agency.

Low-key head coach George Seifert still knows what it takes to win. He'll get the 49ers home first in the West and will again challenge Dallas for the NFC's Super Bowl berth.

This could be the year the **Saints** finally win their first playoff game in team history. Last fall savvy head coach Jim Mora led his team to a club-record 12 victories. But what he, his players and the team's fans remember most was New Orleans' 36–20 playoff loss to Philly at the Superdome. Says linebacker Sam Mills, "People in New Orleans are at a point—and so is this team—where we have to go to the next step." They won't take that step, however, until they rebuild their offensive line and rev up their mediocre running game.

To help correct those deficiencies, the Saints signed versatile fullback Brad Muster (Chicago) and drafted highly rated offensive tackle Willie Roaf, a 6'4", 299-pound bruiser out of Louisiana Tech. The Saints' air attack was more than passable—Bobby Hebert clicked on 59 percent of his passes for 3287 yards and 19 touchdowns—but Hebert was after a huge raise and the Saints decided he wasn't worth it. He'll be replaced by Wade Wilson, a capable quarterback acquired from Atlanta. Also gone is ferocious linebacker Pat Swilling, who was traded to Detroit.

But the Saints are still stacked with heavy hitters, and I expect them again to give up the fewest points in the NFL. They'll be back in the playoffs, and this just might be the year they take the extra step.

Watch out for the **Rams.** Last year team owner Georgia Frontiere made a smart move by rehiring former head coach Chuck Knox, who has made a specialty of reviving lifeless ball clubs. Knox has turned teams around in Los Angeles, Buffalo and Seattle, and he's doing it again in Los Angeles. In 1992, the Rams finished 6–10, but those six wins were twice the number they rang up the year before. Knox also restored QB Jim Everett's self-confidence. As a result, Everett completed 59 percent of his passes for 3323 yards and 22 touchdowns. The Rams gained more than they lost in the free-agent wars. Stellar offensive tackle Gerald Perry jumped crosstown to the Raiders, and All-Pro linebacker Kevin Greene is now a Steeler. Knox quickly obtained the Jets' Irv Eatman to fill Perry's spot and then picked up linebackers Henry Rolling (from San Diego) and Shane Conlan (from Buffalo), along with defensive end Fred Stokes (from Washington). Knox' biggest needs now are another wide receiver to complement Henry Ellard and Flipper Anderson, and another dependable running back. Cleveland Gary rushed for 1125 yards last season, but he has a tendency to fumble. The Rams' first-round draft choice, running back Jerome Bettis of Notre Dame, is a 248-pound pile driver who'll probably give Knox the chance to employ his favorite offense: Ground Chuck. It won't be long before the Rams are in the playoffs again.

Falcons fans are growing weary of self-promoting head coach Jerry Glanville, and so is Atlanta's management. They have a right to feel frustrated. Last year the Falcons finished 6–10 and had the NFL's worst defense. In quest of a quick fix, team owner Rankin Smith spent a small fortune on free agents and trades. The Falcons picked up much-traveled running back Eric Dickerson from the L.A. Raiders, 49er All-Pro defensive tackle (he also can play end) Pierce Holt, Washington defensive tackle Jumpy Geathers and three fourths of a new defensive secondary (Detroit's Melvin Jenkins, Green Bay's Vinnie Clark and Denver's Alton Montgomery).

For the Falcons to go anywhere at all, quarterback Chris Miller needs an injury-free season (he didn't get one last year). When he's healthy, Miller is one of the best in the business. In case Miller goes down again, the Falcons also signed former New Orleans quarterback Bobby Hebert.

With all the talent Glanville has inherited, drafted and imported during the past three years, it's hard to believe that the Falcons haven't been a fixture in the playoffs. If they miss again this year, Glanville will be history.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami	10–6
Buffalo*	10–6
Indianapolis	9–7
New York Jets	7–9
New England	4–12

*Wild-card team

Dolphins head coach Don Shula hasn't been to the Super Bowl since 1984, and he wants back in. He came close last year, when his team lost to the Bills in the AFC title game. His biggest gripe is that Miami doesn't score enough.

"That's been a disappointment with an offense that supposedly has as much firepower as we do," Shula says. It's not the fault of quarterback Dan Marino, who threw for 4116 yards, most in the NFL. To give Marino more targets, Shula signed free-agent wide receiver Mark Ingram of the Giants, traded for Irving Fryar of the Patriots and made Penn State wide-out O. J. McDuffie his number-one draft pick. Last year Shula went for defense in the draft and came up with a pair of starters, cornerback Troy Vincent and defensive end Marco

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Coleman. Not coincidentally, Miami's defense rose from 27th to ninth against the run. It will be even better with the return of All-Pro linebacker John Offerdahl, who was sidelined with injuries in 1992. To have a realistic shot at the Super Bowl, however, Miami must upgrade its rushing attack, which last year ranked 24th in the league.

FIVE COACHES IN THE HOT SEAT

Jerry Glanville, Atlanta: Colorful but controversial antics are wearing thin with fans, media and management. Club is loaded with talent. Glanville's own words—"It's time to put up or shut up"—may come back to haunt him.

Jack Pardee, Houston: Has done a commendable job, but team owner Bud Adams—after seeing his Oilers in the playoffs six straight years—is tired of watching the Super Bowl on TV.

Joe Bugel, Phoenix: Hard-working, but he hasn't had a winning season in his three years with the Cardinals. It isn't totally his fault—ownership hasn't knocked itself out acquiring talented players.

Wayne Fontes, Detroit: After its NFC title-game appearance in 1991, the team slumped badly last year (5–11) and looked disorganized in the process. Fontes, a players' coach, has to solve his quarterback problem. This season could be his make-or-break year.

Bruce Coslet, New York Jets: Nice guy, but the one-year extension on his contract probably means that's all the time he has left to win. GM Dick Steinberg loaded up the Jets with free agents and is expecting a playoff berth.

Shula needs only seven more victories to become the winningest head coach in pro football history. He'll get them while winning the East.

Something's seriously wrong in Buffalo. After their latest defeat in the Super Bowl, the **Bills** fired general manager Bill Polian, who was instrumental in building the team. "We lost the best GM in football," says quarterback Jim Kelly. "It's sad to see a guy like that leave. He's done so much for us."

Polian didn't leave of his own accord, but a number of Bills did: Buffalo lost six players in free-agency defections. Among the missing: All-Pro offensive tackle Will Wolford and linebackers Shane Conlan and Carlton Bailey. That doesn't exactly qualify as a case of rats leaving a sinking ship. Led by Kelly, running back Thurman Thomas and wide receiver Andre Reed, the Bills can still score touchdowns in bunches.

Being routed in the Super Bowl notwithstanding, Buffalo's defense—headed by defensive end Bruce Smith and linebacker Cornelius Bennett—is plenty mean. This is still a first-class team, but the law of averages is about to catch up to the Bills. After three straight Super Bowl losses, the odds are heavily against their returning to the big dance.

Ted Marchibroda should have been given more consideration as coach of the year. Last year he took over the hapless **Colts**—the team had gone 1–15 in 1991—and somehow whipped them into winners. Indianapolis finished 9–7 and came within one victory of gaining a playoff spot. On paper, it didn't add up: The Colts' offense was last in the league in rushing (and 24th overall), and its defense ranked 21st. So how did Marchibroda do it? Beats the hell out of me.

Quarterback Jeff George threw for only 1963 yards, and Anthony Johnson, the team's leading ballcarrier, picked up a puny 592 yards. Both will do better this season, because of a pair of free-agent pickups—All-Pro tackle Will Wolford from Buffalo and center Kirk Lowdermilk from Minnesota—who will quickly make their presence felt along Indy's offensive line. The Colts still need to add a breakaway back, but their corps of wide receivers—Reggie Langhorne, Jessie Hester and number-one draft choice Sean Dawkins of California—will prove as lethal as any team's.

Last year's top two draft picks, defensive tackle Steve Emtman and linebacker Quentin Coryatt, were high-impact performers—and if they both hadn't gone down with season-ending injuries, Indianapolis could have edged its way into the playoffs. They may not get there this year, but at least the Colts will be contenders.

No team made bigger off-season moves than the New York **Jets.** Within the opening weeks of free agency, the team signed two prime-time performers, safety Ronnie Lott of the Raiders and defensive tackle Leonard Marshall of the Giants. They then traded for an even bigger marquee attraction, Boomer Esiason. The Jets also came to terms with Bengal cornerback Eric Thomas, Chicago tight end James Thornton and Buffalo kick returner Clifford Hicks.

But they didn't stop there. On draft day, cagey general manager Dick Steinberg stole the Cardinals' top running back, Johnny Johnson (who gained 734 yards last year), by virtue of trading places in the draft with Phoenix, which was desperate to land Georgia's Garrison Hearst. Steinberg's first draft choice was Florida State linebacker Marvin Jones, an instant starter.

All the new talent just might revive the Jets. After making the playoffs in 1991 and winning five in a row during the 1992 preseason, New York went 4–12. The Jets bombed mainly because their offense fizzled under the direction of rookie quarterback Browning Nagle. Head coach Bruce Coslet, the Bengals' former offensive coordinator, has turned the reins over to Esiason, who should be able to put at least a semblance of sonic boom in the Jets' offense. It won't take much to improve: Last year only three other teams in the league scored fewer points than New York.

The **Patriots** have a new owner (James Orthwein) and a new field boss (Bill Parcells). They needed both. After a two-year hiatus, the former Giants head coach (who once coached Patriots linebackers) takes over a beleaguered New England franchise that finished 2–14 last season. The Patriots certainly need help everywhere, and the methodical Parcells is providing it. He used the first pick in the college draft to land Washington State's Drew Bledsoe, who has the size and skills to develop into a franchise quarterback.

Thanks to free agency, Parcells was able to make his new team semi-respectable in a matter of months. On defense, he signed ends John Washington (Atlanta) and Aaron Jones (Pittsburgh), and tackle Leon Seals (Philadelphia). On offense, his free-agent pickups include quarterback Scott Secules (Miami), tackle Steve Trapilo (New Orleans), wide receiver Mike Farr (Detroit) and special teamer Reyna Thompson (Giants). Parcells is a demanding and remarkable coach, and it won't be long before he molds his ragtag band into a decent team. They won't come up winners this season, but the Pats will be patsies no more.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Houston	11–5
Pittsburgh*	10–6
Cleveland	8–8
Cincinnati	3–13

*Wild-card team

The off-season was a bitch for the Houston **Oilers.** It wasn't easy to erase the memory of blowing a 35–3 third quarter lead in last season's 41–38 AFC playoff loss to Buffalo. Two days after that historic debacle (no NFL team had ever squandered a 32-point lead), owner Bud Adams did not renew the contract of defensive coordinator Jim Eddy and replaced him with former Eagles head coach Buddy Ryan. Oilers head coach Jack Pardee is no doubt looking over his shoulder at Ryan, the crustiest coot in pro football. Adams has grown impatient with a team that has appeared in the playoffs six straight years without getting to the Super Bowl. If Pardee can't take the Oilers there this year, Ryan will get a shot at doing it next year.

Despite missing five of the last six games of the 1992 season, superb quarterback

Warren Moon passed for 2521 yards and 18 touchdowns. Receivers Haywood Jeffires (90 catches), Curtis Duncan (82), Ernest Givins (67) and Webster Slaughter (39) give the Oilers the NFL's highest-octane passing offense.

Running back Lorenzo White turned in the best season of his five-year career: White gained 1226 yards—and didn't fumble once for a turnover—behind a disciplined offensive line led by center Bruce Matthews and guard Mike Munchak. With tackle Ray Childress at the forefront, the Oilers had the league's third-best defense. It'll be better this season with the signing of Redskins All-Pro linebacker Wilber Marshall. If Moon stays healthy this season, Houston will make it to the Super Bowl.

Last year new head coach Bill Cowher took a disorganized 7–9 **Steelers** outfit and guided it to an 11–5 record and its first Central Division title since 1984. Although Pittsburgh quarterback Neil O'Donnell was hampered by a leg injury, he nevertheless passed for 2283 yards and 13 touchdowns. He'll do a lot better this year now that lightning-quick wideout Louis Lipps has returned after sitting out last season. (Lipps was steamed at the Steeler front office for not going after another blue-chip wide receiver.)

Pittsburgh's biggest story on offense was ballcarrier Barry Foster, who rushed for a team-record 1690 yards. Foster, a workhorse, ran the ball a league-high 390 times. He'll be helped this year by the return of running back Tim Worley, who was suspended for all of 1992 for violating the league's substance-abuse policy.

The Steelers' lost four starters to free agency: linebackers Hardy Nickerson and Jerrol Williams, and linemen Aaron Jones and Tunch Ilkin. When the front office recovered from the shock, the Steelers jumped into the free-agent pool and pulled out All-Pro linebacker Kevin Greene (from the Rams) and linebacker Greg Clark (from Seattle). Pittsburgh's defensive leader is All-Pro cornerback Rod Woodson, who last year finished second on the team in sacks and tackles. He's a hard hitter who can run like a whippet, which makes him very dangerous on kick returns. The Steelers won't repeat as division champs, but they'll be in the playoffs again.

After the **Browns** finished 7–9, team owner Art Modell, one of the NFL's nicer guys, came down hard on the Cleveland media for their heavy criticism of head coach Bill Belichick. "I'm so positive of his future here," said Modell, "that if we don't get the job done by the end of his contract [in 1995], I will get out of football and leave Cleveland."

Belichick somehow kept the Browns competitive without a quality quarterback for most of the year. After Bernie Kosar broke an ankle in the second week of the season (he missed nine games), backup Todd Philcox broke a thumb the following week. Free agent Mike Tomczak, a Bears castoff, was pressed into duty and went 4–4 before Kosar returned. Kosar's history of injuries caused the Browns to pick up Tampa Bay free agent Vinny Testaverde to act as a backup.

Cleveland took a big step in upgrading its mediocre air attack by adding Testaverde's teammate at Tampa Bay, wide receiver Mark Carrier, who caught 56 passes for the Bucs. The Browns' ground game also needs overhauling. The team's leading runner, recently retired Kevin Mack, gained only 543 yards, and number-one draft choice Tommy Vardell checked in with a meager 369.

Belichick's forte, defense, was Cleveland's bright spot last season. At one point, the Browns set a club record by going 14 quarters without giving up a touchdown. But Cleveland didn't get much help in the college draft, so the Browns won't be going anywhere fast. If he stays true to his word, Modell may well have only two years left in professional football.

Last season, in his NFL debut as a head coach, Dave Shula guided the **Bengals** to a 5–11 record. Don's kid did a damn good job, given what he had to work with: Cincinnati fielded the NFL's 26th lousiest offense and defense. But I like his boldness. Toward the end of last season, Shula benched Boomer Esiason in favor of David Klingler. Although Klingler completed only 48 percent of his passes, it was a decent enough showing for a rookie quarterback. This year, Shula will work in at least two more rookie starters, first-round draft choice John Copeland (a defensive end out of Alabama) and Michigan tight end Tony McGee, Cincinnati's second-round pick.

The Bengals' only strength is their ability to grind out first downs. Running backs Harold Green, the AFC's fourth-leading rusher last year, and Derrick Fenner head up the ground game. With Tim McGee, the team's top receiver last year (only 35 receptions), now playing for the Redskins, Cincy is in dire need of wide-outs.

Shula is good, but he's no magician. For the third straight year, the Bengals will wind up last in the AFC Central.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Diego	10–6
Kansas City*	9–7
Denver	8–8
Los Angeles Raiders	8–8
Seattle	5–11

*Wild-card team

Chargers general manager Bobby Beathard continues to astound the NFL. He was personnel director for Miami in the early Seventies when the Dolphins went to two Super Bowls, and for Washington in the Eighties, when the Redskins went to three Super Bowls. Last year, his third with San Diego, Beathard helped the Chargers make the playoffs for the first time in a decade.

Beathard's bravest move was to hire Bobby Ross from Georgia Tech and install him as head coach. In his 1992 NFL

"Twelfth row, your Majesty. Blonde hair. Red sweater. Cute."

debut, Ross should have been voted coach of the year. He deserved it. After dropping their first four games, Ross' guys won 11 of their last 12 and captured the AFC West title.

On offense, quarterback Stan Humphries got the job done after John Friesz was lost for the year after being injured in the preseason. Humphries, acquired by Beathard from the Redskins, completed 57.9 percent of his passes for 3356 yards. Wide receiver Anthony Miller caught 72 passes and running back Ronnie Harmon snared 79. Marion Butts took care of the rushing with a team-high 809 yards.

The Chargers once again proved that you win in the NFL with defense. San Diego's was the league's fourth best and was led by All-Pro linebacker Junior Seau, who might be the most exciting defensive player in pro football. Don't take that as a slight to defensive end Leslie O'Neal, who topped the AFC with 17 of the Chargers' conference-leading 51 sacks. I look for San Diego to win another division title.

The **Chiefs,** 10–6 last season, believe that Joe Montana can take them to the Super Bowl. They might be right. Then again, maybe not. With the exception of a single showcase appearance last fall, Montana, now 37 and coming off elbow surgery, has been out of action for almost two years. He'll probably shake off the rust, but not opposing pass rushers. Montana's biggest worry has to be the play of Kansas City's offensive line. Last year the Chiefs gave up a frightening total of 48 sacks. If they don't improve, don't expect Montana to stand up to that kind of punishment. My prediction: Montana won't be healthy enough to play in more than ten of the Chiefs' games.

In addition to Montana's availability, Kansas City's heralded running game is also open to question. Last year the Chiefs' rushing attack plummeted from third in the league in 1991 to 23rd. Running backs Barry Word, Christian Okoye, Harvey Williams and free-agent pickup Marcus Allen can't do it alone. To beef up their awful offensive line, the Chiefs drafted guards Will Shields (Nebraska) and Lindsay Knapp (Notre Dame). At least one of them will have to instantly mature if Kansas City's running game is to take off again.

Luckily for head coach Marty Schottenheimer, the Chiefs' strength is their defense, which last year scored a league-high eight TDs. Led by linebacker Derrick Thomas and defensive end Neil Smith (each recorded 14.5 sacks), the Chiefs were the NFL's second-toughest team to pass against.

While I'm not overly optimistic about the Chiefs' running game, the presence of Montana plus that fire-breathing defense should carry Kansas City into the playoffs again.

After 12 years, during which he led the **Broncos** to three Super Bowl appearances (and losses), head coach Dan Reeves has left Denver. Quarterback John Elway hasn't, and as Elway goes, so go the Broncos. Last season, after a 7–3 start, Elway was injured. Not too surprisingly, Denver finished 8–8.

Wade Phillips, the Broncos' new head coach (last year he was their defensive coordinator), has decided to go with a 49ers-style offense, which will mean a more balanced attack that doesn't depend entirely on Elway. To make it work, Phillips needs a more productive ground game. With that in mind, Denver signed three free agents who'll play key roles on offense: San Diego running back Rod Bernstine (who's also a sure-handed receiver), and linemen Don Maggs (Houston) and Brian Habib (Minnesota).

THE NFL'S SIX WORST TEAM OWNERS

Tim Robbie, Miami: After Joe Robbie died, his seven children sued one another for control of the team. Confidential settlement was reached, but bad blood still exists. All the legal turmoil has put the franchise in heavy debt, which will lead to an eventual sale. Only the presence of head coach Don Shula has given the team stability.

Bill Bidwill, Phoenix: May still have the first dollar he ever earned as an owner—and the Cardinals are proof that you get what you pay for. Bidwill outraged St. Louis when he left town in 1987 and went west in quest of bigger bucks. His team has quickly worn out its welcome in Phoenix.

Georgia Frontiere, Los Angeles Rams: A far cry from husband number six, Carroll Rosenbloom, who was a knowledgeable and respected owner.

Ken Behring, Seattle: A meddler who doesn't have a clue about football. His arrogance caused one of the game's best coaches, Chuck Knox, to leave.

Bob Irsay, Indianapolis: Still hated as much in Baltimore (the city he abandoned) as Bidwill is in St. Louis. Son Jim is working hard to rectify 21 years of futility that his father brought on the once-proud Colts.

Mike McCaskey, Chicago: Since he assumed control of club operations, the team's fortunes have dwindled. Even his grandfather—the Papa Bear himself, George Halas—who hired Mike Ditka, wouldn't hire McCaskey.

Despite the efforts of linebacker Simon Fletcher (16 sacks in 1992) and a punishing secondary that is led by safeties Steve Atwater and Dennis Smith, the Broncos' defense slipped to 22nd in the league last season. That was just one notch better than Denver's offense. Phillips will have a lot of work ahead of him.

It's about time for **Raiders** boss Al Davis to stop futzing around and commit himself to a starting quarterback. In 1992 Los Angeles' vaunted vertical passing attack went horizontal, primarily because of poor play from quarterbacks Jay Schroeder and Todd Marinovich, both of whom were brought over by Davis. Neither will be the man this year. Schroeder was allowed to go to Cincinnati, and Marinovich will now play second fiddle to ex-Giant Jeff Hostetler, this year's designated starter. Says Davis, "Hostetler runs very well, takes few sacks and has a 70 percent winning average as a starter." True enough. We'll see if he's the pure passer the Raiders need to put points up on the board.

The Raiders, 7–9 last season under head coach Art Shell, are stacked with experienced and explosive receivers: Tim Brown, Willie Gault, James Lofton (picked up when the Bills didn't re-sign him). They also hope to sign former Heisman Trophy winner Raghib "Rocket" Ismail (who proved himself in Canadian football). The running backs—Gaston Green (648 yards for Denver last year) and Nick Bell—aren't too shabby, either.

The Raiders fielded the league's ninth best defense in 1992. Now that tackle Howie Long has returned to Pro Bowl form, L.A. will be far stingier and more ornery. The chances of a quick turnaround will finally boil down to how well Hostetler performs. If he comes through, the Raiders could contend for a spot in the playoffs.

The **Seahawks** (2–14 in 1992) once again will be the AFC West's divisional doormat. Last year's Seattle offense scored only 140 points and was the worst in the NFL. The team's passing attack was directed by former WLAF quarterback Stan Gelbaugh, who won the job by default: Kelly Stouffer has been a bust, and 6'8" Dan McGwire, Seahawks owner Ken Behring's personal 1991 first-round draft choice, probably should try the NBA. Seattle will be pinning all its hopes on Notre Dame's Rick Mirer, the second player picked in this year's college draft.

If the Seahawks had an offense they would be dangerous. After just three seasons in the NFL, defensive tackle Cortez Kennedy has established himself as an All-Pro, and he's only going to get better. Seattle's overall defense isn't bad, but you can't win if you don't score.

WHO IS BUBBA?

(continued from page 118)

"Politics: Never vote for any man or woman who has a relative in the ready-mix concrete business."

coffee on while I go kill the rest of those outlaws who forgot to shave today."

Science-fiction movies: "It doesn't seem possible that they can look, talk and act just like humans when only three days ago they were in boxes of Cream of Wheat. How in heaven's name can that be, professor?"

Safari movies: "He says he saw a white man here six weeks ago, but he thinks that he went to Magoola Gomba with Ava Gardner."

Medical movies: "I'm afraid the pain will slowly consume his whole body, but he probably won't go blind until there's no one left in the audience."

Historical movies: That moat doesn't seem to do much good.

War movies: "No, sir, I've never tried to land a B-17 before. I'm just a homespun tailgunner from Pocatello, Idaho."

Horror movies: "Is that you, Debbie?"

Dove hunting: It is essential, Bubba says, that you and your friends go out and kill several hundred doves every year. This helps prevent the evil doves from taking over the entire western half of the U.S.

But there is a right way and a wrong way to go dove hunting. The right way involves the following steps:

(1) Store up enough whiskey and food for the weekend.

(2) Make sure the bimbos can find the cabin.

(3) When the bimbos actually do find the cabin, tell the Mexicans to go kill the doves.

Ballet: Bubba has never been to a ballet, but he learned a crucial thing about it when he saw these ballet dancers on public television one night: Most of your swans come up short on tits.

Work: Bubba believes in hard work. If you work hard at your job, you'll get ahead. Of course, if you want to go any higher, you'll have to kiss some ass. That's how businesses are run. Business set it up this way sometime after the industrial revolution.

Bubba has been a salesman all his life. Right now, he sells big ones and little ones. If he sells little ones, he has to sell about 5000 of them a year to come out all right. If he sells big ones, he has to sell only two.

Bubba is proud of being a salesman. He says everybody in the world is a salesman of one kind or another. It doesn't matter whether you deal in floor covering or paint Hindus in flower beds, you're a salesman.

Politics: Bubba believes strongly in exercising the right to vote, but he has hard and fast rules about the candidates and issues that will get his vote:

(1) Never vote to expand or extend anything, because it will only raise your taxes more than they would be raised ordinarily.

(2) Never vote on any kind of environmental issue, because yes may mean no, or no may mean yes. The bird-watchers will trick you any way they can.

(3) Always vote against the incumbent unless he's one of your golfing buddies.

(4) Never vote for a lawyer, naturally.

(5) Never vote for a hairpiece.

(6) Never vote for a shiny suit.

(7) Never vote for a pair of tasseled loafers.

(8) Never vote for a man under five feet four.

(9) Never vote for anybody from Massachusetts.

(10) Never vote for any man or

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woman who has a relative in the ready-mix concrete business.

Sexual harassment: Bubba is all for doing whatever it takes to put an end to sexual harassment. It is a disgusting thing, he says, and he knows what he's talking about because he has been a victim of it himself on more than one occasion. He vividly remembers that night when Maxine Shaw rubbed up against him at the Blue Note and said:

"I want to fuck you, Bubba. If you fuck me, I won't tell your wife. If you don't fuck me, I'll tell your wife you did."

Bubba vows to fight on the side of feminists to destroy this dreaded epidemic.

Stress: Stress results from staying pissed off too long. Bubba and Joe Ed Starkey believe that getting drunk or kicking inanimate objects are still the best ways to relieve stress—or pissed offedness, if you will.

Sidewall Thornton has a different idea. Sidewall recommends farting in public. Sidewall likes to fart at the 7-Eleven while the Haitian is ringing up his lottery tickets and beer. He says farting loud and long in crowds often helps him integrate back into society when he's feeling separate and tense and confused. Several people have learned the hard way never to pull Sidewall's finger if he asks them to do it in the middle of a social gathering.

Condoms: Condoms are for queers. Bubba staunchly believes that his wholesome sperm deserves to enjoy its freedom and he likes to think it has a grin on its face while it's splashing around in the lagoon or playing softball or trying on some caps.

God: There is no question that God is an American. God may have started out in Europe, but He came to America as soon as He noticed that we were basically good-hearted people who bathed regularly and would someday invent central air-conditioning.

Bubba says people who sometimes have doubts about God being an American just need to remind themselves of where cold meat-loaf sandwiches and college football came from.

Bubba loves God and tries to go to church every Easter. He also prays to God in his own quiet way, usually in those moments when he would dearly like to have a tee shot in the fairway on a long par four or badly needs a touchdown in the fourth quarter to cover the point spread.

But he understands completely that there will be those occasions when God is in Palm Springs with His phone off the hook.

Europe: Bubba saved up and went on this package tour of Europe a few years ago to see what it was all about. It was mostly about trying to ditch the tour guide and stay out of cathedrals but not miss the bus.

He was glad he satisfied his curiosity about Europe, though, and had a number of things to report to Joe Ed and Sidewall.

(1) Switzerland was the tallest.

(2) Your Englishman doesn't seem to mind finding a bullet in his meat.

(3) France doesn't care if you sit in a sidewalk café all day.

(4) Italy won best ruins.

(5) Your Germans act like they're about half-ready to try it again.

Philosophy: Bubba believes you can find more useful philosophy on the signs behind a bar than you will in some book that was written by a goatee in the Balkans. Among his favorites that have adorned the walls of Dottie's Paradise Lounge:

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A LACK OF PREPARATION.

THE OTHER LINE MOVES FASTER UNTIL YOU GET IN IT.

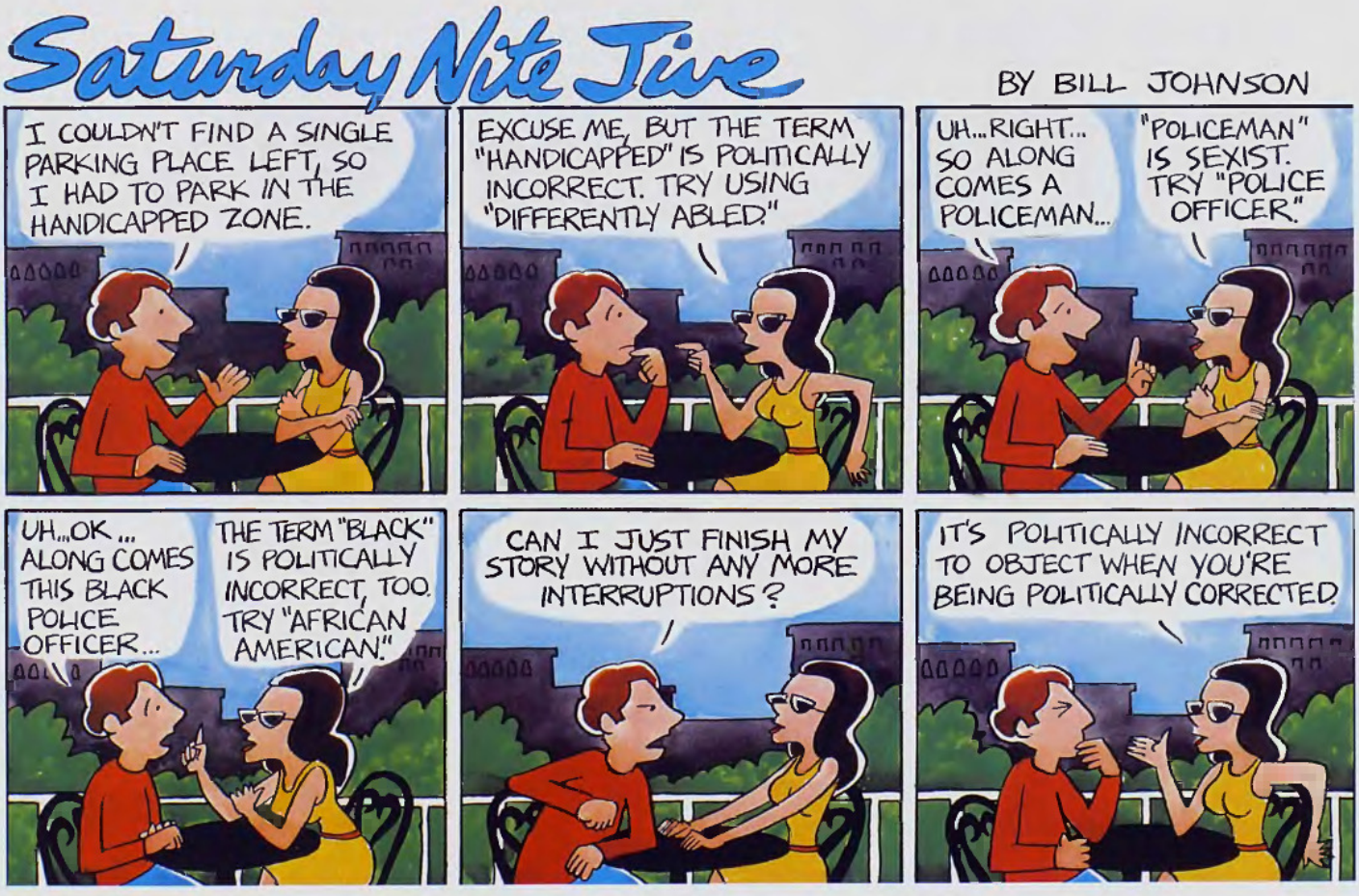
NOSTALGIA IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

TRUTH IS ONE OF MAN'S MANY OPTIONS.

FRIENDS THAT COME AND GO NEVER LEAVE QUICK ENOUGH.

IF YOU CAN SMILE WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, YOU HAVE SOMEBODY IN MIND TO BLAME.

SUICIDE WILL END MOST ARGUMENTS, EXCEPT IN THE HOME.


Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
I COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE PARKING PLACE LEFT, SO I HAD TO PARK IN THE HANDICAPPED ZONE.
EXCUSE ME, BUT THE TERM "HANDICAPPED" IS POLITICALLY INCORRECT. TRY USING "DIFFERENTLY ABLED."
UH...RIGHT... SO ALONG COMES A POLICEMAN...
"POLICEMAN" IS SEXIST. TRY "POLICE OFFICER."
UH...OK... ALONG COMES THIS BLACK POLICE OFFICER...
THE TERM "BLACK" IS POLITICALLY INCORRECT, TOO. TRY "AFRICAN AMERICAN."
CAN I JUST FINISH MY STORY WITHOUT ANY MORE INTERRUPTIONS?
IT'S POLITICALLY INCORRECT TO OBJECT WHEN YOU'RE BEING POLITICALLY CORRECTED.

EQUILIBRIUM

(continued from page 90)

is *self*-exploitation. It's totally different. Everyone's exploited anyway. But Madonna's got it on her own terms. She turns the tables. That's power."

They didn't sound like Mary's words then, not the Mary I thought I'd known. I couldn't think of a good comeback. I wondered if Stevie was teaching her those things, but I kept my mouth shut. It was risky.

She lifted the cover off the blender and stuck her finger inside, then brought it dripping to her mouth.

"Yuk," she said, licking her upper lip. "Not enough lime."

•

The old Mary had a diary—a slim, private journal bound in pink cloth. She kept it on a bedside table in her tiny dormitory single, conspicuously accessible, tucked beneath her clock radio. I searched through the pages for my name while Mary showered in the stalls a few doors down. I found it as a heading, JOEY, underlined and written above the question "Am I a priority in his life?"

I stared at it. I imagined Mary's voice—slightly plaintive, direct, earnest—speaking the words: "Am I?"

I thought I heard Mary's slippers shuffling down the hall, so I closed the book and slipped it back under the radio. But the question stayed with me. It was troubling. "Priority" seemed like such a heavy word. I was busy back then. I managed the campus radio station, played rhythm guitar in a blues band, drank beer with the artist types downtown. I was a communications major, a budding media star, with my measured delivery and silken on-air voice. Everyone listened to my show.

And Mary was an English major who liked pink. I didn't want to be with her too much. I kissed Mary in her room. I slept with her. But I didn't want to be identified as hers: the boyfriend of a simple girl.

Alone with me Mary would talk of missing Peterborough, the small town where she grew up. She talked about her friends there as if they were still in high school; she reminisced about climbing Mount Monadnock, about ice-skating after midnight, about slumber parties and long walks around her snowy neighborhood. She laughed easily and sometimes started crying in the same breath, sniffing quietly, reaching around for an embrace. She had a little Gund teddy bear on her bureau. She joked that I was her big teddy, her big bear. I never knew what to say.

•

The phone from the kitchen frightens me, ringing in sharp, loud bursts. I am supposed to be reviewing my Bobby Gladstone questions, but instead, I have spent the past half hour sifting through clothes in Mary's closet, trying to find a diary, a notebook, anything in her handwriting. Mary doesn't talk about her past anymore. Apparently, she doesn't keep track of the present, either.

The answering machine clicks on and Mary's voice filters through the speaker. She starts to say something about Stevie as I pick up the phone.

"Oh. Hi," she says. "I didn't think you were there."

"I'm always here," I say.

"Aw, Joey. Lighten up. Listen. I'll be home soon, but I'm eating dinner at Stevie's tonight, so I won't be around long."

"What about New York?" I ask.

"That's why we're eating together. We still have to work things out."

"Don't you have to bartend tonight?"

"I called in sick." She pauses, says something to someone away from the receiver. "Joey? I'll be home in a few minutes. I just called to let you know. I didn't want you to be worried."

"I am," I say.

"Well, don't be."

•

When Mary enters the apartment she heads directly for the bedroom and closes the door to change—no time for a hello. Usually she leaves the door open at least enough for us to talk. I am listening to a Bobby Gladstone demo tape on her stereo in the living room. I turn the music down and knock.

"Can I come in?" I say.

"I'm changing," she says. "Come in if you want."

I push open the door as Mary is zipping up her jeans. She looks up, brushes the hair back from her face.

"Whatsa matter, Joey?" She pouts her lips in mock pity. "You look so sad."

"I don't want you to go to New York."

It doesn't have much of an impact. She folds her arms across her breasts and tips her head back, smiling. "Well," she says. "That's nice to hear, but you're a little late."

I would like a cigarette now. I lean against the wall, pressing my hands to the smooth plaster behind me.

Mary picks up her shoes and walks by me quickly. I follow.

"I don't have time for this," she says, flopping down heavily on the couch, making the springs squeak. The corner of my playlist sticks out from beneath her thigh. Mary tugs at it and it rips. Then she lifts her legs and pushes the paper to the floor.

I sit down next to her, watching as she ties her shoes. "I thought we could do something this weekend," I begin. "Together. Maybe go dancing on the harbor cruise, have dinner, see a movie. Whatever."

"Bad timing," she says. "Besides, since

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when do you dance?"

I think of putting my arm around her while she is hunched over, drawing her close to me. But her shoulders jut out sharply, looking reproachful as she works at her laces. I reach toward her, eyeing her pumping back muscles, then rest my hand on the cushion.

"I'm not happy with things," I say.

Mary leans back and sighs. "That's not my fault," she says. Her voice is toned down, painfully reasonable. "I've told you before you could get another job on the side. And there are other radio——"

"I'm not happy about us," I say. "You and me, I mean."

She turns to me, her brown eyes dark and stubborn. "Joey, let's not argue now," she says. She reaches behind my neck and pulls me to her lips, kissing me roughly. She winks. "We can fight later."

"I'm serious," I say. As she makes to rise from the couch I reach out to grab her arm. It is a sudden movement, and I am surprised by how thin her wrist feels in my grip. I am more surprised when she sits down again, closer to me.

I let go of her wrist. My eye muscles tingle. I take off my glasses.

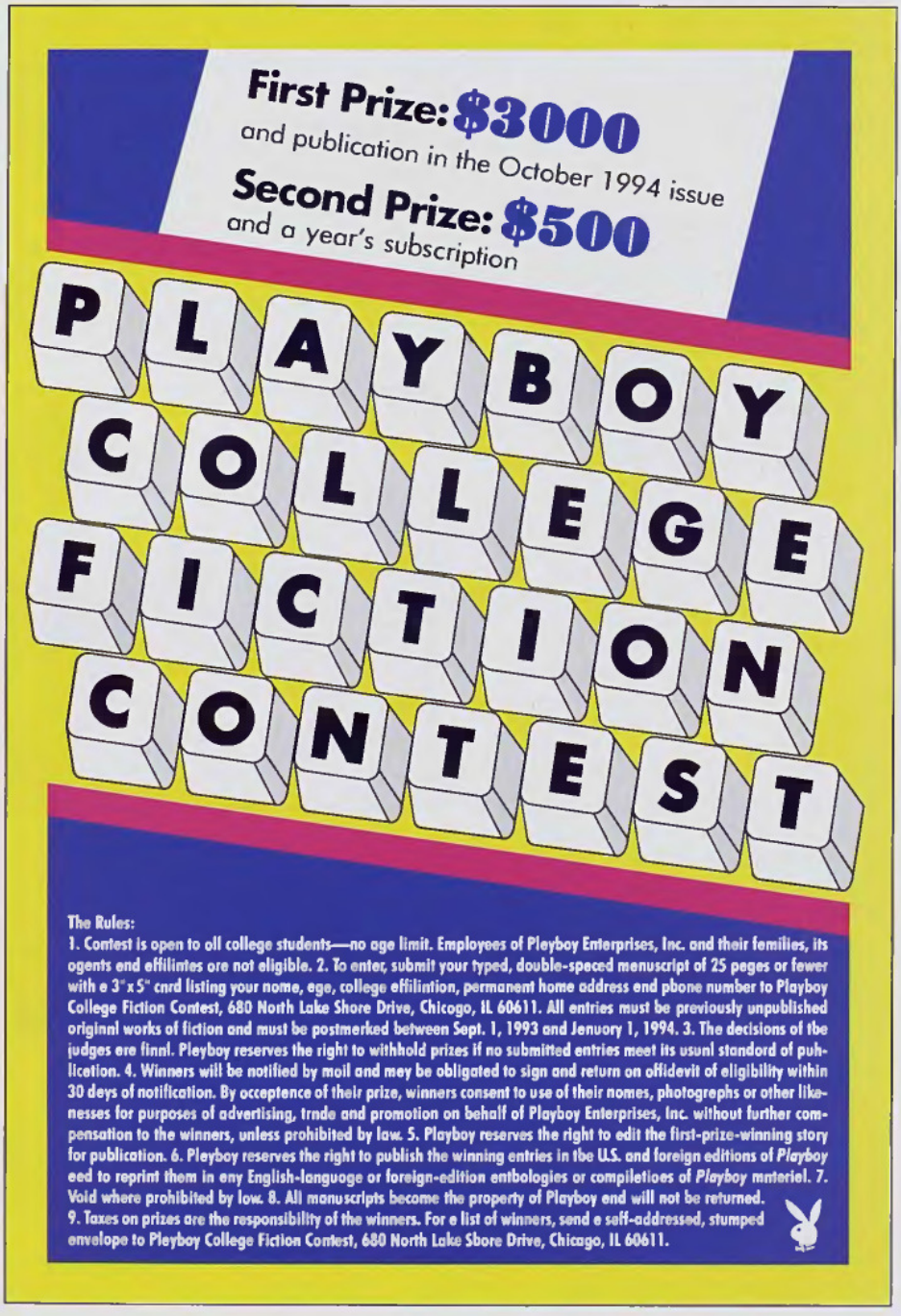
"Could you just spare me a couple minutes?"

Mary is silent. I press my fingers to the inner corners of my eyes. Without my glasses, everything near me is blurry.

"I miss the old Mary," I say.

"There is no old Mary," she says. "There is just me. I may have changed a little, but I'm the same person, Joey. You know that."

"Then I miss what we used to do. Or what you used to do, what you used to say to me. You used to keep a diary."


First Prize: $3000
and publication in the October 1994 issue
Second Prize: $500
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PLAYBOY
COLLEGE
FICTION
CONTEST
The Rules:
1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3"x5" card listing your name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between Sept. 1, 1993 and January 1, 1994. 3. The decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prize, winners consent to use of their names, photographs or other likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first-prize-winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish the winning entries in the U.S. and foreign editions of Playboy and to reprint them in any English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of Playboy material. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611.

"You read that, didn't you?"

"Not the whole thing," I say. "I took a few peeks."

"You shouldn't have," she says.

"Why?"

My neck feels hot. I put on my glasses and turn toward her. Mary leans back, places her hands behind her head. She stares at the ceiling.

"Because it was my private life, Joey. That's why. It's none of your business."

"But it is my business," I say. "It's my business to know what you think of me. Isn't it?"

Mary regards me distantly, her eyes direct, focused, motionless. She tilts her head to one side, squinting darkly. "If it was so important," she says, "why didn't you just ask me?"

I hadn't actually anticipated Mary's response, a question easily superior to mine. The advantage shifts in an instant. Just holding her gaze becomes a struggle.

I take a shallow breath that is meant to be deep. My left eyelid starts to twitch. "All right then," I say. "Why do you stay with me?"

"Joey."

"I mean it. I don't have much to offer you now. I'm no muscleman, my career is going nowhere, and even sex——"

"Don't talk like that," Mary says. She puts her hand to her forehead. "My God. You are so blind sometimes. You get fixated on one thing, and then you define the rest of the world that way."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen to yourself, will you? You're trying to fit me into some stereotype just because I work out. What makes you think I want a muscleman?" She shakes her head. "Jesus. I'm not that simple, you know. If you'd been paying any attention to me, instead of snooping around in my diary, you would know that by now."

I look away. Mary's portable TV stares back at me from the corner, distorting our reflections on its curved screen.

Her hand closes around mine and I tense.

"I don't know what it is you want anymore."

"Stop saying that," she says, her voice close to my ear. "It's so self-defeating, not to mention boring. This isn't a business. I don't want some kind of product from you. You're supposed to surprise me, remember?"

I feel her entwining our fingers together, clasping tightly.

"You're not who you've come to think you are, Joey. Give me credit for knowing at least that much about you. And give yourself a chance. Stop pretending that the past is romantic just because it's gone."

I am frightened by how patiently Mary can say these things. When she gets serious like this, she makes me feel naked, skinless even, as if she is shining a

bright light over everything.

"What about Stevie?" I ask.

She leans forward and kisses me on the cheek, resting her lips there momentarily, leaving a fine, moist sensation behind. "Now, *he*'s just a muscleman," she says. I glance down, half relieved to see her smile. "I've told you many times that Stevie is a friend, but just for you I'll repeat it. He's given me a lot of confidence. And," she draws away slowly, releasing my hand, "he just might get me a dancing gig so I can quit that ratty bar."

She stands abruptly, pushing her hair back behind her shoulders. "But I'm late now, Joeykins. I have to go." She pivots and heads for the front door, grabbing her keys from the hook on the wall. I watch as she stalls, placing one hand on the doorknob, adjusting the cross around her neck with the other.

"Maybe I'll tune in tonight," she says, looking down. "So play something for me, will you?"

•

In the elevator on the way up to the studio I scan over my interview notes one last time. My Gladstone angle is going to be jazz and the younger audience. Most of Bobby's listeners are older than he is, middle-aged or beyond, and they often ask him to play tunes that were popular 40 or 50 years ago. The music can't survive on nostalgia. Neither, it appears, can a DJ.

I am greeted by a yellow Post-it note attached to the glass of the studio door. "See me," it says. It is signed by Ernie, the new station manager. Inside the booth, Boommaster Billy is playing his funk-and-rap show, bobbing up and down to his throbbing headphones as he smokes a tiny hand-rolled cigarette.

Ernie is not usually here when I come in. No one is, in fact, except Billy. But there is light in the office across the hall, so I go over and tap on the door with my pen.

"Joe?"

"Uh-huh."

"Step inside."

Ernie is sitting behind a computer and a calculator and a mass of papers scattered over the top of his desk. He is a heavyset man in his early 50s and he is almost entirely bald. Tonight he is wearing a stiff white dress shirt with a dark bow tie. His sleeves are unbuttoned, rolled back above his wrists.

"Sit down," he says, still gazing into the computer screen and motioning to a chair filled with account books and assorted paraphernalia. He glances at the chair. "Ah, forget it. You've got your show coming up anyway, right?"

I nod. "Jazz."

"Right, right. Jazz." Ernie switches off the computer and swivels to his side to face me directly. He places his elbows on the desk and folds his hands. "Look," he says. "I am in the unfortunate and unenviable and highly unpleasant position of having to officially cancel your show." He spreads his palms out briefly, looking stern and apologetic at the same time. "Now, I want to put this to you straight: It is not a position I like, believe me. I'm a tired man. And I know you fellows work damn hard. Just today, in fact, I've been in here since six this——"

"I saw the memos," I say. "I don't mean to interrupt, but I was aware of the situation. I understand. At least I've got my regulars. I'll do the last show for them." I manage a pinched smile.

"Regulars, regulars," Ernie says, picking up his pen and pointing it at me. "You see, right there's your problem. Regulars aren't enough in a town this size." He drops the pen, scratches his brow and sighs. "It ain't Boston, you know. There aren't enough regulars to go around. Your show's for purists. You're a bit of a purist yourself, Joe. And what happens is, you get a tiny audience for this show, a tiny audience for that, but no definitive mass, no real numbers. And then," he gestures toward me with his index finger, "you're not getting any newcomers. No new listeners. That's the problem."

I smile again, wanting badly to leave. The studio door opens in the hall behind me. "Hey, anybody seen the swing guy?" Billy asks.

"He's right here," Ernie calls back.

"Tell him he's got 15 minutes."

Ernie rises, reaches across his desk and shakes my hand. "You better get in there," he says. "I'll tell you what. Come in on Monday. We'll talk, see if we can give you some office work till you find something new. How's that?"

I continue grinning and nodding as I turn toward the door.

"Oh, and by the way," Ernie says, "the Gladson guy won't be here. He, uh, got stuck down in New York. Other obligations. You know how these musicians are."

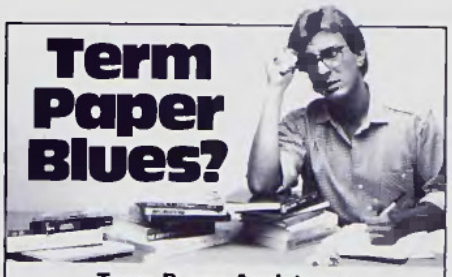
"Glad*stone*," I say.

"Right, right. The jazz guy."

•

I play the opening theme music—Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue*—and listen to my prerecorded voice-over introducing "two hours of hip and happening tunes." Mary once said I sound like I'd been smoking pot when I made the recording. Tonight the voice sounds exactly the way I feel: weary and distant, struggling in tape hiss.

"Welcome to *Joey's Swingshift*," I say, fading the introduction with one hand and presetting a commercial with the other. "We will be doing an all-request show tonight, so I want all you swingin' night owls and werewolves to get to the nearest telephone and give me a call. 555-9079 is the number. Show some life and let me know what it is you



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really need to hear."

I flick on the commercial tape and fine-tune the output frequency. If no one calls, I'll put on the Bobby Gladstone CD and crank it up here in the booth. What the hell.

While a woman's voice rambles on about the importance of environmental action, someone raps on the studio door. It is Ernie, dressed in a beige trench coat and smoking a pipe. He shrugs his shoulders at me, then breaks into a big, goofy smile that seems to say *"C'est la vie."*

I shrug and smile back. "Goodnight, Er-nee," I sing out, approximating the tune of *Goodnight, Irene*, the old Leadbelly classic. I wave my right hand in a broad, exaggerated way.

Ernie's smile evaporates. He gazes at me numbly for a moment, then turns and heads off down the corridor. Either he didn't think the joke was funny, or he didn't get it.

The McDonald's spot is the last in the series, and I am about to cue up Coltrane's *Giant Steps* when the red light on the studio phone begins to flash. I turn down the mike input and grab the receiver.

"ZSZ," I say.

There is silence on the other end.

"Hello?" I say.

"Uh, yes. Is this Mr. Swingshift?" The voice is slow and wobbly. An elderly man.

"That's actually the name of the show," I say. "I'm Joey."

"Oh."

"But that's OK," I add quickly. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I was wondering if you would play a favorite song of mine. An old chestnut. Goes way back." He chuckles.

"What is it?"

"It's a song called *Chelsea Bridge*, I believe. Has a nice saxophone melody and, I think . . . now, let's see if I can remember this right. Ah, I think it's Ben Webster who wrote it."

Chelsea Bridge. I reach for the Gladstone CD case and read through the track list. Number six. It's a beautiful rendition.

"Yes. Of course. I'll put it on. But it was written by Billy Strayhorn. Webster used to play it a lot and he recorded it. In fact, a lot of musicians have recorded it since, but Strayhorn wrote the tune."

"Oh, that's right," he says, and I imagine him glancing away, squinting, looking into himself, into the past. "Billy Strayhorn wrote that, didn't he? That's right."

"I'll play the song," I say. "But who is it for?"

"Beg your pardon?"

"Do you want to dedicate the song to somebody?"

"Well, no," he says, as if I'd just asked him something mildly embarrassing. He chuckles again. "No, this one's just for me, I guess."

Suddenly I realize I forgot to start the Coltrane record. The VU meters are motionless, stuck on zero. Nothing's playing. "I have to go," I say. "I . . . I'll play it." I hang up.

I fumble for the mixing board and hit the turntable with my elbow. The needle draws across the vinyl with a sickening scrape. I lift the stylus from the record, trying to steady my hand, and set it down on the opening grooves. Then I hit PLAY. The album spins, the music starts.

I lean back in the tattered studio chair and sigh. Three minutes of dead air, at least three. I let the airwaves go silent—no commercials, no DJ, no music. Nothing but hiss. If Ernie heard it he is fuming right now. Dead air is a no-no on any show, even after midnight.

I push off with my foot and wheel the chair over to the jazz library—two shelves of compact discs, one of vinyl. Ben Webster is nestled in the W's, right where he should be. I pull the record from its sleeve and dust it off. The label reads *Newport Jazz Festival, 1958*.

I decide to play both versions—Webster's first, then Gladstone's. As I place the vinyl over the turntable, then slip the CD into the player, I think about the man who called. What is a man of his age doing awake so late at night? He probably lives alone. Most of my listeners are like that, I'm sure: loners who use the music for companionship. Maybe his kids are grown, his wife is dead. Maybe she's away. Perhaps she left him.

But then, what can I ever really know about my listeners? I hear their voices, they hear mine. I sit inside this dark booth and imagine their lives.

Maybe the man who called is not at all who I think he is.

The Coltrane slows, his solo descends and fades. I adjust my headphones and lean over the mike. "We have a dual dedication tonight," I announce, lowering my voice to convey wee-hour intimacy. I have never dedicated a song to anyone before—it's against station policy for DJs to use the airwaves that way. But in less than two hours I won't be a DJ, at least not an employed one. "The first is for the swinging gentleman who requested the song, and the second——"

I set the turntable into motion with my free hand, raising the volume carefully. "The second is for the *Swingshift*'s most loyal listener, our A-number-one groove sister. This being the last night we all spend together, dear listeners, it's about time I sent one out to the sweetest soul ever to savor these smooth sounds: my Mary."

It is a winning dedication, I think. My delivery was impeccable.

I turn up the studio monitors, and Webster's full-bodied tenor breathes to life. The applause from years ago trickles away in the background. You can hear the air through his reed, and the sound aches.

•

Outside the apartment door I pause while fitting the key. There is no good reason for doing this. Mary's probably spending the night at Stevie's place, planning for their early departure together, planning for New York.

I turn the key and press the door open. The dark of the apartment recedes from the hallway light. Out of habit I creep in slowly, quietly, but there is no Madonna music playing and, I am quite sure, no Mary lying in wait. I keep my glasses on.

"Mary," I whisper. Nothing.

I straighten up and let my satchel drop to the floor. It lands on the carpet with a dull thud. This whole thing is absurd. There's no one here.

"Mary, Mary, come and scare me," I say aloud. My voice sounds singsongy, comical in this little apartment. "Come and scare me if you can, come and scare your only man." I'm beginning to feel light-headed. Giddy. It doesn't matter what I say now. I'm off the air for good.

I close the front door (the neighbors might think I'm nuts) and flick on the overhead light. Next to Mary's TV against the far wall is her big black boombox, surrounded by stacks of cassettes. I kneel down beside them and slip the top one into the deck, not bothering to see who it is. Surprise me. I press the power switch, I turn it up a little, I hit play. I feel like dancing.

The music starts in the middle of something I don't yet recognize. The beat is strong but bouncy. If it's not Madonna, it's close enough.

I rise to my feet and start doing a kind of wiggling thing, trying to get my body to move fluidly, down and dirty. I grind my hips, raise my arms above my head. My back arches as far as it will go. I'm a bit stiff and I'm sure I look like an idiot. But I close my eyes and refuse to think about it. I'm not doing all that badly.

"Shake your body," the singer says.

Suddenly, someone's hip slams into my own and I am knocked off balance. I steady myself.

"Use your knees, boy!" Mary commands over the music. "You're swaying like a tree."

A smile flashes across her face, then contracts into a grimace. She is dancing in her boxer shorts and an oversized T-shirt. Her eyes flutter shut. Her hair flops around unevenly, lank and matted on one side.

"You're here," I say dumbly, standing motionless while she gyrates only a few feet away. "It's you."

"Move, Joey, move!"

I hesitate, watching her as she whirls around and works her backside into the air. Mary has a way of inhabiting her dancing, of living inside the moves. It's

mesmerizing. I have questions to ask, but the rhythm seems to insist, so I start to dance again, using my knees as much as they will allow me to. "Shake your body," the voice sings over and over.

When the song finally finishes I reach down and click off the tape deck. Mary reaches for my free hand. "Come on," she says, pulling me toward the dark bedroom.

"Wait a minute," I say. "Hold on. What the hell are you doing here?"

"I live here," she snaps. She curls her arm round my waist and draws me to her side. She raises her chin provocatively. "Got a problem with that?"

"You were in the bedroom?"

"Bingo! That's where I was. Sleeping—or at least trying to. I thought you'd come in and crash. I didn't expect to be entertained."

"Are you still going to New York tomorrow? With Stevie?"

"Today. In a few hours, in fact. Six A.M. sharp. Stevie's picking us up. Got that? We have to catch an eight o'clock flight out of Boston, so I've already packed your duffel for the weekend: three pairs of underwear, three pairs of socks, four shirts and two pairs of pants, one casual, one formal. Oh, and also your blazer." She runs the tip of her index finger along my collarbone and stops at the base of my neck. "Unless, of course, you'd rather stay here and learn how to dance alone."

I search for the right response, a quick comeback, but I am totally unprepared. What I say emerges without prompting: "They fired me tonight, Mary. They let me go."

She presses her lips to my chest. "I know," she says. "I heard your announcement on Stevie's radio. I said, 'Isn't that great? Joey has no good reason to stay home this weekend. No more reasons to say no.'"

I encircle Mary with my arms and press my hands against her upper back. Her muscles relax, softening beneath my grip.

I whisper into her ear. "Did you hear the song? My dedication?"

She nods. "Mmm-hmm. At Stevie's. I heard the show."

"Did you like it?"

"Loved it, babe. *Loved* it."

I hold her to my chest with all my strength. Her body is solid, steady, warm. In a few hours the sun will rise. And I feel wide awake.

Other prizewinners in Playboy's College Fiction Contest: second, "A Cooking Man's Story," by Lee Harrington, Emerson College; third, "High Louisiana," by Ken Morris, University of Denver; "No Cause for Alarm," by Jay Prefontaine, University of Arkansas; "Damp Lace," by Joshua Talley, University of California, Los Angeles; "Nuts," by Caleb Wiggins, Harvard College.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 25, 26, 82–89 and 169, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

WIRED

Page 25: "Supercharged": **Earth-friendly computers:** By *AST*, 800-876-4278. By *IBM*, 800-426-3333. By *Hewlett-Packard*, 800-752-0900. By *Compaq*, 800-345-1518. By *Apple*, 800-767-2775. **Computer sound board** by *Creative Labs*, 800-998-5227. "The Orient Is Listening": **Speakers** by *Wilson Audio Specialties*, 801-377-2233. **Amplifiers** by *Sutherland Engineering*, 913-841-3355. "Wild Things": **Personal digital assistant** by *Tandy*, 817-390-3011. **Pocket fax machine** by *Telecraft Industries*, 718-972-0900. **Remote control** by *Gemstar*, 800-258-4827.

STYLE

Page 26: "It's a Stitch": **Jacket** from *J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Vest** and **jeans** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's. **Sweater** by *Assets London*, at Assets London, 464 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-874-8253. **Vest** from Shaka King, 207 St. James Pl., Rm. 3, Brooklyn, NY 11238. "Fine and Dandy": **Suit and vest** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein boutiques. **Jacket, vest** and **trousers** by *Style Counsel New York*, at Bang Bang Boutique, 37-08 82nd St., Jackson Heights, NY, 718-446-9711. **Vest** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Shirt** by *Camicia*, at 3311 N. Broadway, Chicago, 312-549-7701. "Hot Shopping: Dallas": Rancho Loco, 214-827-1680. Right Brain Left Brain, 214-748-4477. N-V-US, 214-748-4584. Blues Suede Shoe, 214-651-0710. Xeno, 214-744-1888. "Clothes Line": **Suit** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein boutiques. **Tuxedo** from Yohji Yamamoto, 103 Grand St., N.Y.C., 212-966-9066. **Tuxedo slippers** from Joan & David boutiques. **Boxer shorts** from Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-682-8800. "Hats All, Folks": **Hats:** By *Northern Cap*, at Urban Outfitters. By *Epperson*, at Charivari nationwide. By *Nick & Nora*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. By *Northern Cap*, at Urban Outfitters. By *Seifter Associates*, at Banana Republic. By *Makins Hats*, at Marshall Field's.

PHAT CHANCE

Page 82: **Leather jacket** by *Avirex*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Shirt** by *Axle Works*, at Merry-Go-Round stores. **Jeans** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. Page 83: **Shirt** by *Columbia Sportswear*, 800-622-6953. **Shirt** by *New Republic*, at New Republic, 93 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-219-3005. **Jeans** by *Perry Ellis Signature*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Boots** by *Na Na*, at Na Na, 1228 Third St., Santa Monica, 800-347-4728. **Neckpiece** from Urban Outfitters, 127 E. 59th St., N.Y.C., 212-688-1200. Pages 84–85: **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at Sunglass Hut stores. **Leather vest** by *French Connection*, at French Connection, 512 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C., 212-221-7504. **Jacket** by *Axle Works*, at Merry-Go-Round stores. **Shirt** by *International News*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Jeans** by *Guess Men*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Jacket** and **shirt** by *International News*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Jeans** by *Guess Men*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Boots** by *Dexter*, at A&S stores. Pages 86–87: **Vest** from Weiss-Mahoney, 142 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-675-1367. **Shirt** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Liberty House, 1032 Fourth St., Honolulu, 808-945-5110. **Jeans** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Boots** by *Georgia Boot*, 800-251-3388. **Jacket** at Kaufman's Army & Navy, 319 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C., 212-757-5670. **Shirt** by *Carhartt*, 800-833-3118. **Shirt** by *Guess Men*, at Macy's, 800-456-2297. **Overalls** by *Smith's Apparel*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Jacket** by *Disorder*, at specialty stores. **Vest** by *Schott N.Y.C.*, 800-257-2468. **Shirt** by *French Connection*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Jeans** by *Columbia Sportswear*, 800-622-6953. **Boots** by *Dickies*, 800-342-5437. Pages 88–89: **Sports coat** by *DKNY*, at Liberty House, 1032 Fourth St., Honolulu, 808-945-5110. **Shirt** by *Columbia Sportswear*, 800-622-6953. **Jeans** by *Calvin Klein Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000.

ON THE SCENE

Page 169: **Laptop computer** by *Canon*, 800-848-4123. **Portable color TV** by *Sony*, 800-937-7669. **Personal stereo** by *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. **Desk lamp** by *Bio-Lite Marketing, Inc.*, 800-678-8181.

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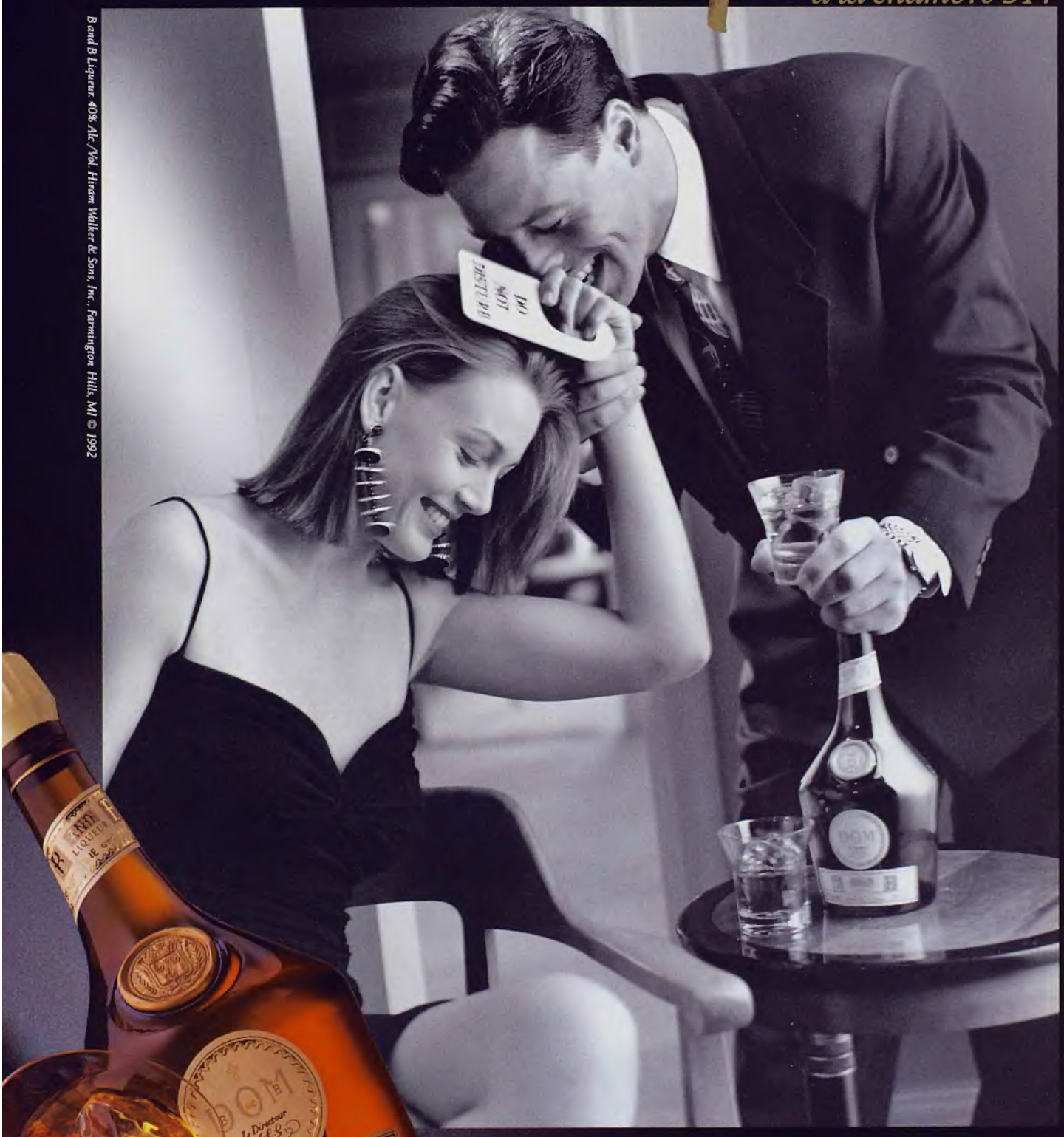

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DORM TROOPERS

Since most dorm rooms seem about as large as a microbiology textbook, the first thing undergrads learn is to pack smart. Fortunately, that lesson is easy when it comes to electronic gear. Manufacturers of everything from computers to personal stereos to desk lamps have come up with a lineup of tiny-yet-mighty products that are ideal for the campus man. Have a term paper to write? Canon has freed desk space by creating an all-in-one laptop computer and printer. A company called Bio-Lite Marketing has designed a reading lamp that reduces eye fatigue (perfect for all-nighters). There are also color TVs small enough to fit in your backpack and personal stereos that double as tape recorders. Both come in handy when the lecture is a snooze.

Below: Pictured up front is Canon's 7.7-pound Note Jet 486 laptop computer, which comes with four-megabyte RAM (expandable to 12), a black-and-white screen and a bubble-jet printer, about $2500. Next to it is Sony's FDL-K400 Watchman, a four-inch color active-matrix LCD-TV with on-screen channel display and remote control, $699. Below the TV: Aiwa's HS-JS415 personal stereo cassette recorder and AM/FM tuner, $150. Shedding light on all these goodies is the Bio-Lite, a desk lamp that minimizes eyestrain by converting AC current to DC, by Bio-Lite Marketing, $189.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

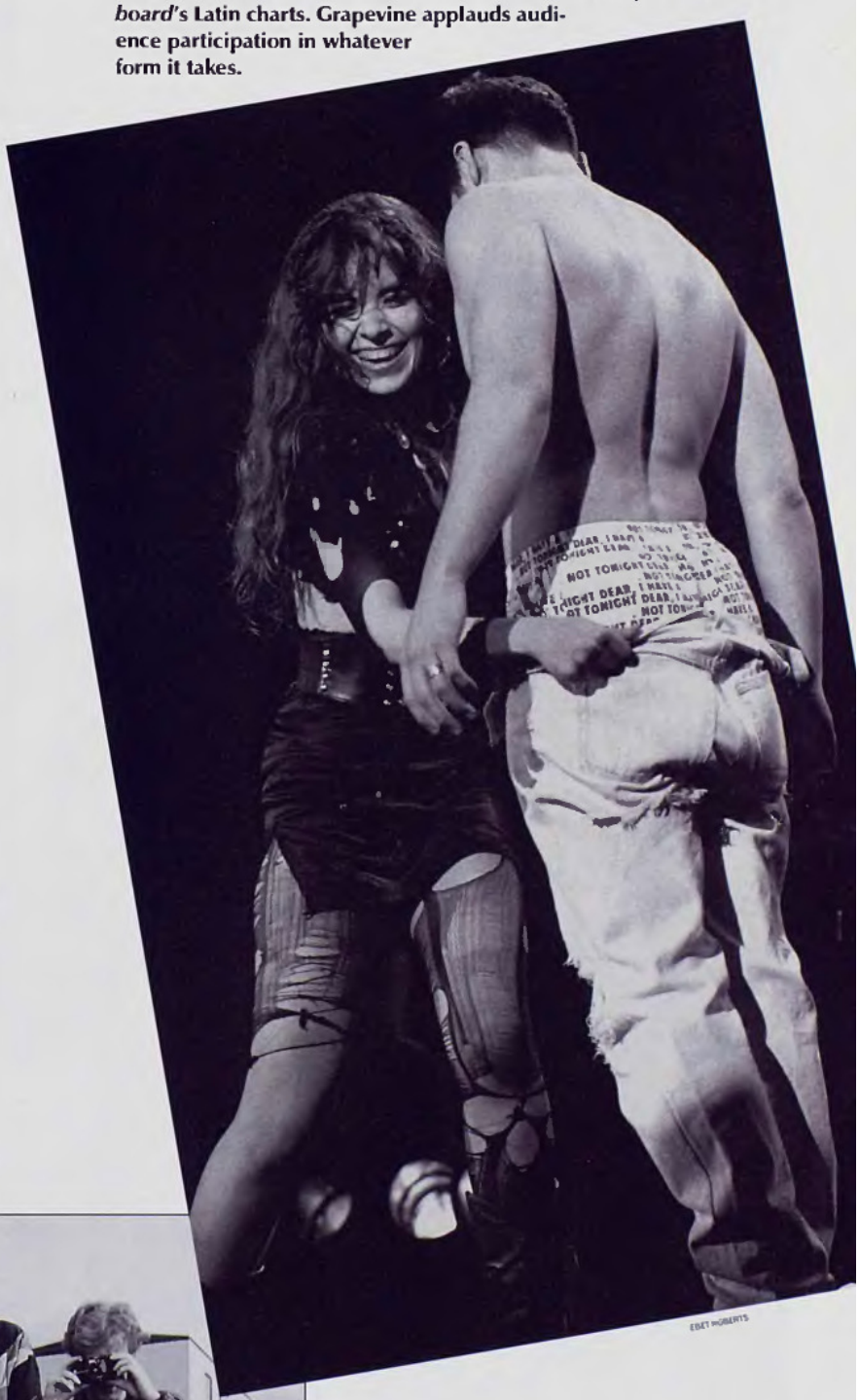
JEFF HYMAN

We See London, We See France, We See Alexandra's Underpants

British actress ALEXANDRA SCULLY has appeared in the theater in England and on American TV in *Wings* this past spring. For the camera, Alexandra proves the old adage: You can go anywhere in basic black.

Gloria in Excelsius

Mexican diva GLORIA TREVI is a pop sensation and sex symbol in Latin America. She is bringing her brand of cross-cultural delirium to the U.S. concert stage, from singing *Jailhouse Rock* in Spanish to getting her audiences to relax the dress code. Trevi is already on *Billboard*'s Latin charts. Grapevine applauds audience participation in whatever form it takes.



EDET ROBERTS

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Hot Shots

A critically acclaimed bunch of American and Irish lads called BLACK 47 are creating quite a stir. Look for their LP, *Fire of Freedom*. Catch them in clubs and concerts. See for yourself what all the fuss is about.

© LEWIS WINDWARD

Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

Mrs. Rod Stewart, a.k.a. supermodel RACHEL HUNTER, can answer that musical question without any help from her hubby. In fact, Mrs. S. hangs out better than most celebs and flashes a touch of skin, as if to say "a peek is all you'll get." It's enough.

Model A Plus

VENDELA is the Elizabeth Arden cosmetics model who graced the cover of the 1993 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Swedish by birth, international by acclaim, she's hot.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

The Cat in the Hat

DWIGHT YOAKAM is a songwriter, singer, performer and producer (along with Peter Fonda) of *Southern Rapture*, which had a theatrical run in L.A. Yoakam's LP *This Time* has gone gold. This cowpoke is no bumpkin.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Best Catch in Fishnet

Knockout actress SUZANNE SLATER had the lead in *Mind Twister*, co-starring Telly Savalas and Richard Roundtree, and co-starred in *Cartel* with Miles O'Keefe. She has appeared on TV in *Days of Our Lives*. She can appear with us any time.

RAUL VEGA

BREW BAEDEKER

"Civilization began not with wine, but with beer," argues Michael Jackson, one of the world's foremost authorities on brews and brewing. His latest book, *Michael Jackson's Beer Companion*, covers "more than 150 beers and 41 brewing styles from around the world." Wheat, smoked, fruit, steam, rye and black beers plus mild, bitter, pale, brown, barley, Scotch and Irish ales, as well as porters, stouts, lagers and more are all chronicled in a way that will leave you licking your lips for a foaming glass of suds. And there's also a wine lover's guide to beer, a gazetteer of sources of supply, a glossary of beer terms, a guide to cooking with beer and more than 200 color photographs, plus maps and pictures of bottles and labels. The price: $35 at bookstores. Or call Running Press in Philadelphia at 800-345-5359 to order.

CHILL OUT

Pack a Kool Kerchief before you head for the Keys and stay coolheaded all day long. Space-age chemicals enable the Kool Kerchief to retain its coolness for hours after being soaked in cold water. If there's a breeze, the Kool Kerchief will keep you even cooler. A variety of patterns are available, plus subtle solid colors and hot neons. The price: $14.95, postpaid, from the Guinn Co. in El Paso, Texas, at 800-756-7525.

BOB POST

DEATH BECOMES YOU

With Halloween looming ominously ahead, Jeff Death and his merry band of ghouls at Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, LaPorte, Indiana 46350 have returned to their gory drawing boards to create a quartet of full-head masks that are guaranteed to scare the bejesus out of guests at your costume bash. Up top is the ever-unpopular swamp witch ($74), who's not a pretty sight. Next to her: Nosferatu ($69), the infamous title character and silent stalker from the classic German vampire film of the Twenties. The hit-man clown is Shorty from *Killer Klowns from Outer Space* ($114). (It's about two feet tall, in case you like your hit men big.) And the evil scarecrow ($64) at the bottom of this nasty heap will frighten more than birds. To order, call Death at 219-362-4321. All prices postpaid. A flier listing about 68 other frightful items, including the truly hideous I, Madman mask (from the movie of the same name), costs $2.

DREAM HOUSE OF TERROR

Into computer role-playing games? Then you may never escape from *The Legacy: Realm of Terror*. It's an IBM-compatible, 3-D, animated horror adventure by MicroProse in which you explore hundreds of evil-infested rooms in the 400-year-old estate you've inherited. Gargoyles, surreal scenery, secret panels, eerie music and realistic sound effects make for a terrifying interactive experience. The price: $69.95 at computer and game stores.

WATERY GROOVE

If the phrase "spa at sea" brings to mind images of suffering and deprivation over the bounding main, think again. A multimillion-dollar Steiner health spa has just been christened on the QE2. Its chrome-and-mirrored walls, New Age music and young and attractive female staff give it the atmosphere of a hot club rather than a cold shower. Pre-sport energizing and after-sport aching-muscle treatments are available, along with a huge coed whirlpool and wake-up and morning-after specials that include an exhilarating "jet blitz" with a high-pressure hose. And your post-pampering appetite can be sated with choices from a nutritious spa menu. Call Cunard at 800-221-4770 to sign aboard.

GRINGO ZINGO

Caesar & Me Specialty Foods in Manhattan Beach, California has just turned up the heat with the introduction of Gringo Salsa, a sweet-yet-hot condiment containing five types of peppers and three kinds of vinegar that even the fiery-food freaks at *Chili Pepper* magazine labeled "truly different." Both medium and hot Gringo are available by calling 310-798-7223. Two 12-ounce jars of either cost $12, postpaid. Fire when ready.

JOHAN DALEY

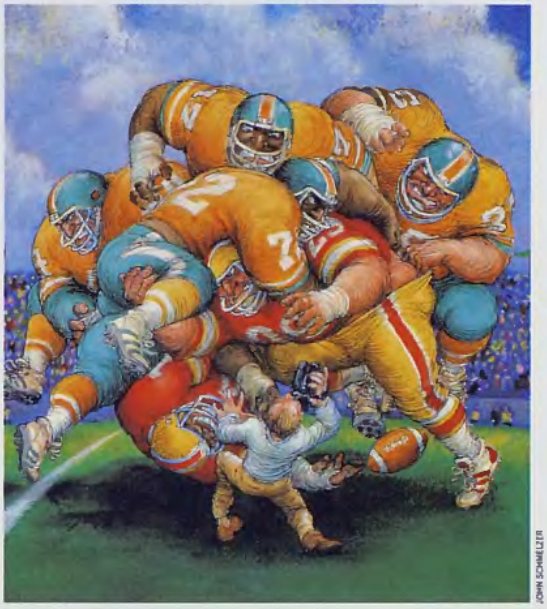
GLENN ARVIDSON

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLLS

Old Rolls-Royce leather seats never die, they're just sent to Groupe Trente, an exclusive German company in Hamburg that turns them into wood-veneer armchairs that electronically tilt, raise and lower and have Rolls ashtrays and lighters built in. All for just $29,000 a pair (or about one fifth the price of a new Rolls). Write Morris Diamond, Entertainment Today, P.O. Box 3216, Beverly Hills, California 90202 for more information.

VIEW ONE FOR THE GIPPER

If you don't know a nickel back from a running back, Regulation Enterprises' hour-long VHS tape, *Video Rules of Football*, with commentary by Bo Schembechler, covers everything that happens on the gridiron from terminology, rules and procedures to penalties and officials' signals. The price: $24, postpaid, sent to Regulation at 24471 West Ten Mile Road, Southfield, Michigan 48034. For fledgling duffers, a $27 golf rules video is also available.



JOHN SCHMELZER

OH, OH, OLIVIA!

"Olivia is for the Eighties and Nineties what Alberto Vargas was for the Forties and Sixties," wrote Hef in his introduction to *Let Them Eat Cheesecake: The Art of Olivia*. And as you know, her sexy color illustrations have appeared many times in PLAYBOY. Now, about 90 of Olivia's best bosomy lovelies have been collected into one special hardcover that includes comments by Olivia herself on technique, models and the creative process. Price: $34.70, postpaid, from Ozone Productions at 516-621-8484.

NEXT MONTH

RIO TRIO

CARIBBEAN CRISIS

NEIMAN'S PARIS

SEXY CINEMA

HOW IT ENDED—A LAWYER ON A CARIBBEAN VACATION POSES THE WRONG QUESTION TO NEWFOUND FRIENDS. IT'S NOT PRETTY—FICTION BY **JAY MCINERNEY**

SEX AND THE SINGLE PROFESSOR—IF THE SEX POLICE HAVE THEIR WAY, MAKING A PASS AT A UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA STUDENT COULD RESULT IN A PROFESSOR'S LOSS OF RANK AND TENURE. AN ALARMING REPORT FROM THE LATEST SEXUAL BATTLEFIELD—BY **DOUG HORNIG**

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY AND LINDA—PRESIDENTIAL PALS LINDA (*DESIGNING WOMEN*) BLOODWORTH-THOMASON AND TV MILLIONAIRE HUSBAND HARRY THOMASON HELPED BILL CLINTON WIN AN ELECTION. CAN THE WHITE HOUSE ROMANCE WITH HOLLYWOOD AND TV MONEY LAST?—ARTICLE BY **MICHAEL LEAHY**

BILL WALSH, FORMER GRIDIRON GURU OF THE 49ERS, HAD EVERYTHING A COACH COULD WANT: THREE SUPER BOWL RINGS AND A JOB AS A NETWORK COMMENTATOR. BUT HE WENT BACK TO STANFORD. WHAT A GUY—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **CRAIG VETTER**

LEROY NEIMAN'S PARIS—THE CITY OF LIGHT IS A FAVORITE HAUNT OF THE ARTIST AND ILLUSTRATOR. AN EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO OF FOLLIES, SHOWGIRLS, CAFÉS, RACING RALLIES AND HIGH-STAKES BACCARAT

BRIAN DENNEHY—EX-TRUCKER, EX-STOCKBROKER AND EX-MARINE, OUR MOST PRODIGIOUS CHARACTER ACTOR MOUTHS OFF ABOUT SHARON STONE, SINÉAD O'CONNOR, HOWLING COYOTES AND THE MILITARY. IT'S A 20 QUESTIONS YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

JOYCE CAROL OATES—SHE LIKES TO TACKLE BIG STORIES, FROM THE UNDERWATER TERROR OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK TO THE FASCINATING VIOLENCE OF BOXING. NO ONE WRITES MORE—FROM NOVELS TO ESSAYS—BETTER THAN THIS PROLIFIC TALENT. **LAWRENCE GROBEL** GOES THE DISTANCE IN A KNOCKOUT PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

INTERACTIVE HO!—THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY IS RUNNING FOUR LANES INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM. PLUG INTO WHAT TO EXPECT—BY **DAVID ELRICH;** PLUS, **500 CHANNELS**—YUP, THAT'S NEXT. AND THEY LEFT OUT *THESE*? **BOB WIEDER** HAS SOME TIPS FOR THE PROGRAMMERS

PLUS: PLAYMATE **JULIANNA YOUNG,** SEX IN CINEMA, THOSE AMAZING BRAZILIAN TRIPLETS, BOXER **LENNOX LEWIS** IN ROBES AND OUR FALL AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

NATURALLY

KOOL

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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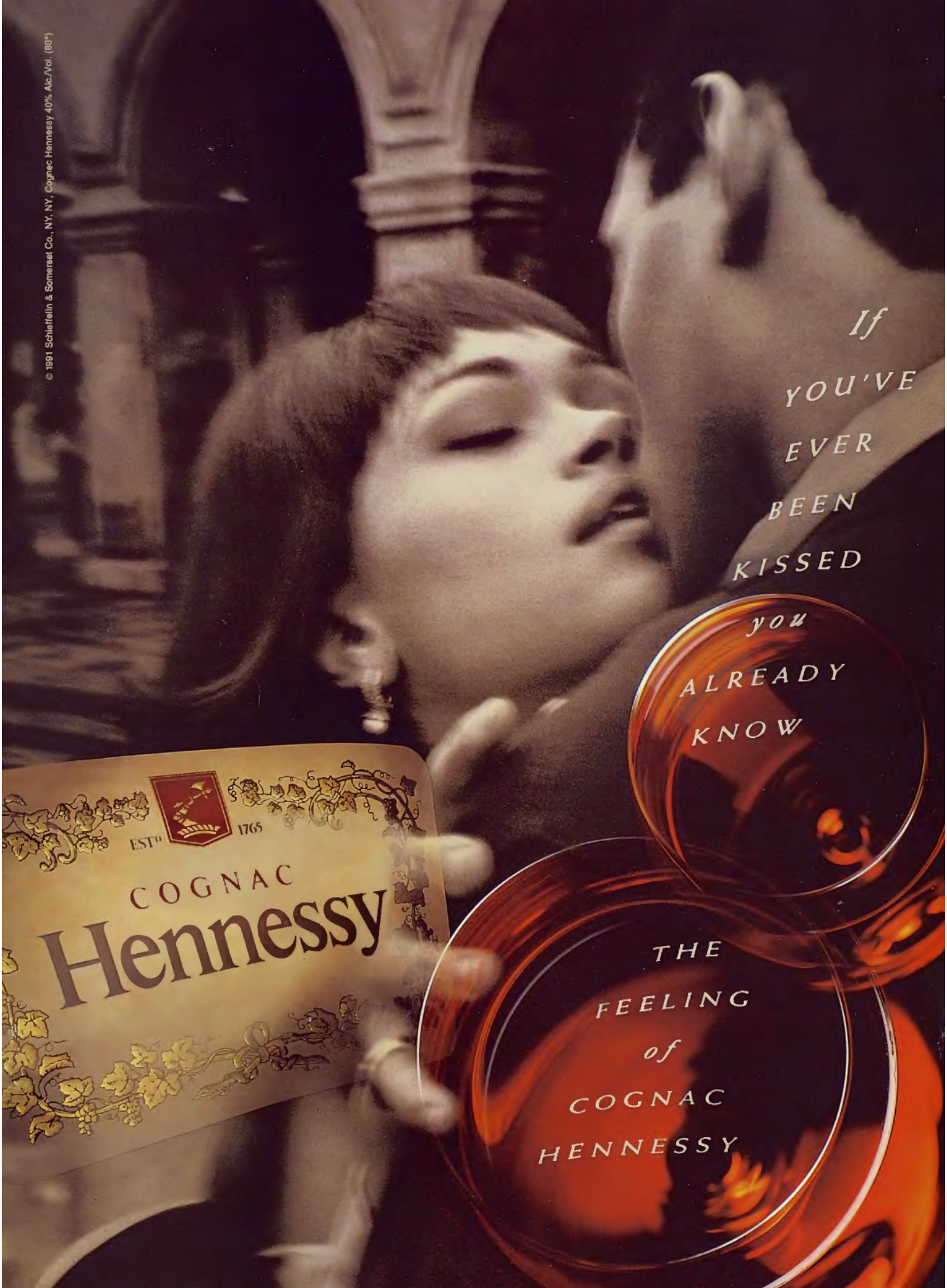

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